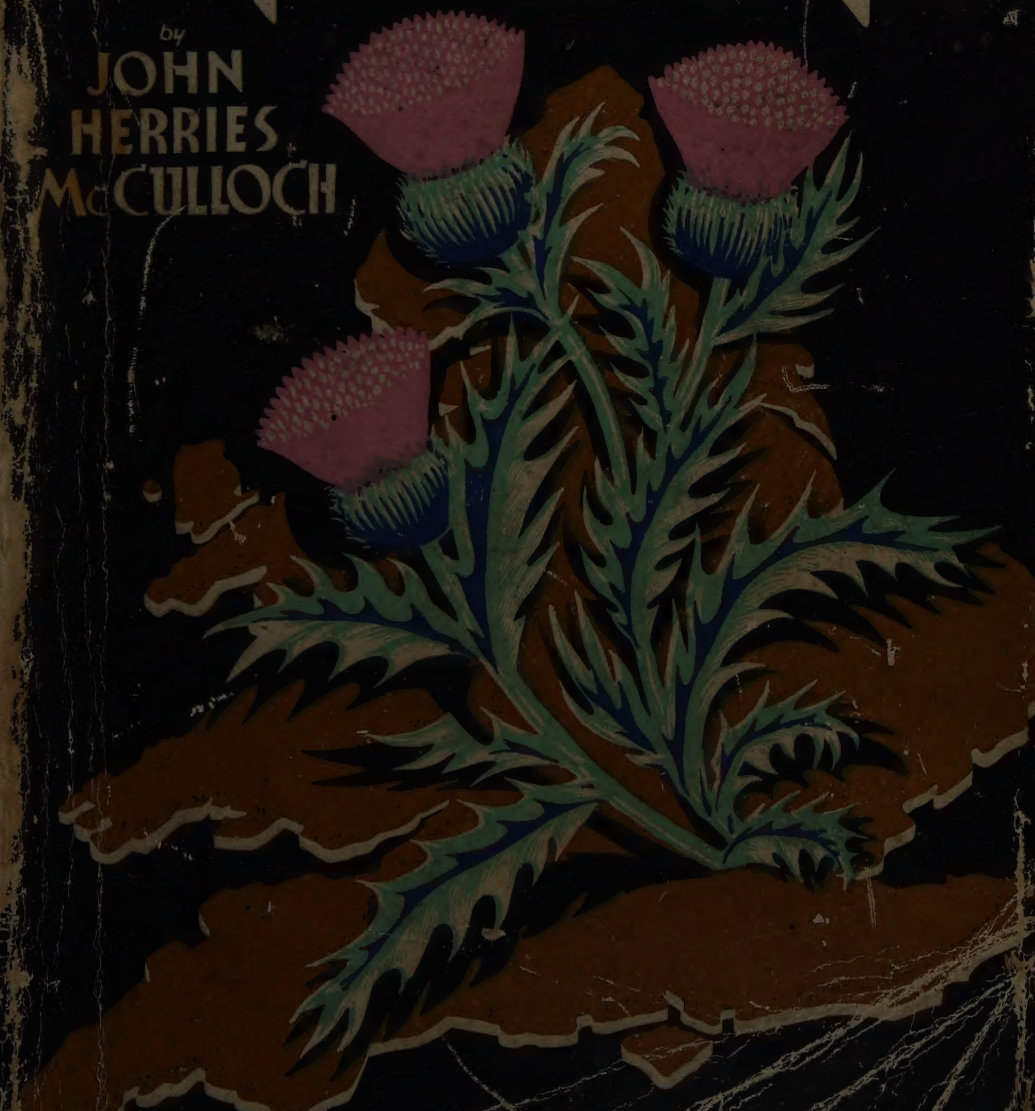
THE SCOT IN ENGLAND

by JOHN HERRIES McCULLOCH



A book that reflects the glory of Scotland and the incredible contribution she has made to England's development. Will stir every true Scot

THE SCOT IN ENGLAND

by

JOHN HERRIES McCULLOCH

Author of "The Men of Kildonan", "The Splendid Renegade", "A Million Miles in Sail", etc.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Club in London last winter, Mr. W. P. Normand, K.C., the Lord Advocate, asked: "Why have we no first-rate history of the Scot in London? There is a theme!"

A theme, indeed, and it has been developed into a first-class book by Mr. McCulloch. In his scholarly and racy survey of the accomplishments of Scots in England, the author leaves no doubt as to who were the real architects of England's greatness. He leads us down the centuries, showing us how his amazing little country poured men of genius into England, and how, in their various spheres, these men and their descendants laid the foundation and raised the noble structure of modern England.

Great scholars, physicians, statesmen, scientists, soldiers, sailors, and financiers move through the pages, a procession that indeed reflects the glory of Old Scotland and the almost incredible contribution she has made, and is still making, towards England's development. It is a record that will move every true Scot, for it is placed before us by a Scot who combines, in his writing, the rare gifts of a fine historical sense with humour and a sense of proportion.

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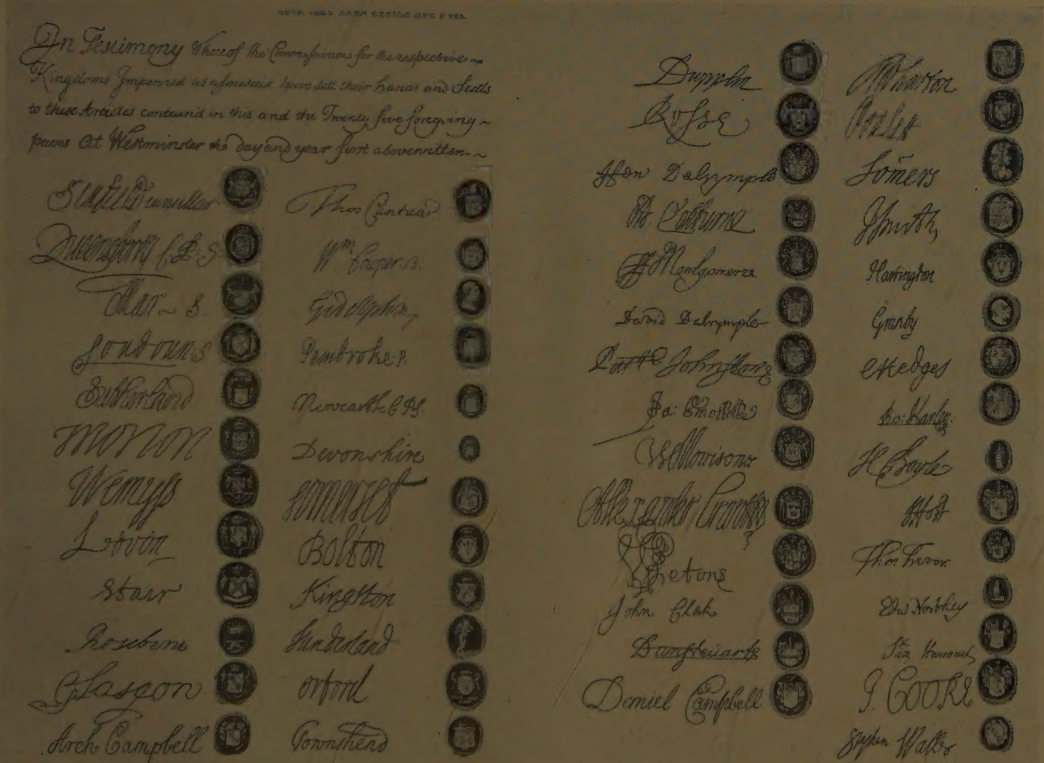
By the same Author:

The Men of Kildonan
The Splendid Renegade
A Million Miles in Sail
Etc.



SIGNATURES OF THE TREATY OF UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. SOME OF THEM WERE WRITTEN IN FEAR AND TREMBLING, AS MAY BE NOTED BY THE SHAKY CALLIGRAPHY

[By courtesy of the Curator, Register House, Edinburgh.

THE SCOT IN ENGLAND

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JOHN HERRIES McCULLOCH

WITH 17
ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

BELLE

"I desire and expect from my subjects of both nations that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that so it may appear to all the world they have hearts disposed to become one people."

—*Queen Anne, in giving assent to the Treaty of Union.*

PREFACE

To tell the story of the Scot in England, in all its detail, would be a formidable task, requiring the space of many volumes. I have contented myself with telling the story briefly, but have made an effort to touch on the various aspects of the Scots' influence on English life, in such a way that the whole picture is discernible in the background.

One pleasant feature in connection with the writing of the book has been the co-operation I have received from busy and distinguished men whom I have never met, and who were not even aware of the purpose of my inquiries. I am particularly indebted, for information that could not have been supplied without considerable trouble, to Sir Alexander Gibb, Queen Anne's Lodge, Westminster, London ; Alan C. Don, Chaplain, Lambeth Palace ; Mr. G. Bernard Nicolson, 57 Grosvenor Street, Toronto, Canada ; Alexander Dunlop Lindsay, Master of Balliol College, Oxford ; Sir E. John Russell, D.Sc., F.R.S., Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Herts ; Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., Monreith, Wigtownshire ; Mr. W. Robinson, Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, Sussex ; the Curator of Historical Records, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh ; Mr. Alexander Sutherland, Editor of the *Scottish Farmer*, Glasgow ; The Registrar, General

Medical Council, London; N. G. Horner, M.D., Editor of the *British Medical Journal*; the Institute of Historical Research, University of London; Mr. F. H. Allan, The Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh; and Mr. David Rorie, 17 Hazledene Road, Aberdeen.

In the preparation of a book of this sort it is advisable to find a librarian who can indicate useful references. It was my good fortune, at the outset, to enlist the co-operation of Mr. G. W. Shirley, Librarian at the Ewart Public Library, Dumfries. Few men have a wider knowledge of Scotland's history, and over a period of many months he has placed a great deal of invaluable information in my hands. I am also deeply indebted to the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, where many rare books were produced for my perusal, and where considerable research work was voluntarily undertaken on my behalf by Mr. Alexander R. Mirrilees.

It was my intention to append a list of the books which I have consulted, but when the number exceeded four hundred I gave up the idea. I do wish, however, to mention *History of Scottish Medicine*, by John D. Comrie, and *Publishing and Bookselling*, by F. A. Mumby. From these excellent histories I was able to glean a great deal of information, and to verify and co-ordinate my own researches. I am most grateful to both authors.

My feeling is that Scotland is at the beginning of an epoch. Her glory lies in the past. Her population is decreasing, her industries are disappearing, and her ancient vigour and independence become less and less noticeable as the years pass. That is the fate of every country which comes under the benign

but remote control of a government which is not, essentially, a part of the country.

> Our blood has been too cold and temperate,
> Unapt to stir at such indignities.

The older generations in Scotland have become so accustomed to this pleasant supervision that it is quite impossible, as the advocates of Scottish Home Rule have discovered, to rouse them out of their apathy, but there are signs that the younger generations are aware that their country is affected by creeping paralysis. Something will have to be done, and that soon, to save Scotland from becoming a summer resort, and it will not be done by staging amateurish and unwieldy historical pageants. These absurd demonstrations illustrate the sense of bizarre unreality that is encouraged in modern Scotland. We are cavorting clumsily on the sacred sods of Bannockburn while the silence of poverty steals up the Clyde.

Scotland, to-day, could do with less conceit and more pride. The quiet pride that once dwelt in cottages will come back to us again when we really understand the history of our wonderful little country —not the history of Edinburgh, with its endless list of vulgar political intrigues that have no meaning except for exclamatory tourists and keepers of curio-shops—but the history of the able and courageous men and women who have defended the honour of the country, and of those who have gone out from it to do things that have reflected honour upon our race. These Scots belong to the past, but, please God, we shall see their like again, if the youth of the country are taught to face realities and to

distinguish between the tinsel and gold that are so closely interwoven in Scottish history.

I have written this book for the youth of Scotland, and for Scotsmen who live in England and abroad, for with them lies the future of our country.

Colvend, via Dalbeattie,
Scotland.

J. H. McC.

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THE SCOT IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

AN UNCONQUERABLE BREED

THE history of the Scottish people is largely a history of Scotsmen who have emigrated from the land of their birth. The Fates decreed, apparently, that it was to be the dark lot of Caledonia to educate her sons and then send them to far places. All through the centuries this has been so, nor will we see it changed, for the practical genius of the Scot, and the more pleasing aspects of his nature, do not expand freely in Scotland. In order that he may grow, the Scot must be transplanted while young. Rooted in his native soil he remains hard, gnarled, and knotty, like a Scotch fir leaning stubbornly against the winds of a rocky headland.

During the past ten years, 391,903 Scots left their native land, reducing the population of the country from 4,882,497 to 4,842,980. Of the 391,903 emigrants, 328,000 sailed from these islands. What became of the remaining 60,000? There is only one answer—they trekked across the border and settled down in England. No other country in the world received such copious transfusions of vigorous blood at so little cost.

Yet Scotland, somehow, survives this perennial blood-letting. Indeed, in spite of her appalling losses of population, she has grown, slowly, like the oak, and, like the oak, hardening her texture in the tedious process. At the time of Parliamentary Union there were 1,093,000 people in Scotland; it has taken more than two centuries to achieve an increase in population of 3,749,980. When we compare these population figures with those of England, for the same period, we begin to understand what has been called The Tragedy of Scotland. Only a hardy breed could survive the conditions that these figures connote.

The earliest Scots did not leave their country. On the contrary, they clung tenaciously to their barren acres and their primitive huts, fighting savagely against a succession of covetous invaders. They defended their dismal hinterland against the disciplined Roman legions, and with a degree of success that puzzled and irritated the military masters of Europe. Agricola, with all his skill as a military strategist, had a hard time battling his way north to the Firth of Forth, and in that airt he ran into the red-headed Caledonians. It was no use pitting Romans against these wild men from the Highlands, so, just as a precautionary measure, Agricola built his line of forts from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde. The Caledonians remained in their mountains till Agricola went back to Rome, then they pushed the forts over.

Rome, however, was too proud to overlook this sort of thing, and the Emperor Hadrian went north to take a look at things. He must have seen a good deal of the Caledonians, for he backed up and built

his sod wall between the Tyne and the Solway. This soft barricade only aroused the curiosity of the Picts and the Scots of the Lowlands, and after inspecting it carefully they swarmed over it, invaded South Britain, did some killing, and headed home with booty. Another good Roman reputation was tarnished.

Lollius Urbicus was the next great Roman general to be sent against the tribesmen of North Britain. He followed Agricola's road to the Firth of Forth, and built another huge wall across the waspish waist of the country, naming it in honour of his emperor Antoninus. It was a fine achievement in military architecture, but it did not keep the red-headed raiders in their own territory, and Lollius had to admit that he was beaten. The Caledonians opposed his massed troops with guerilla tactics, and in this type of warfare, with cold steel to the fore, the men from the Highlands were, as they have always been since, unbeatable.

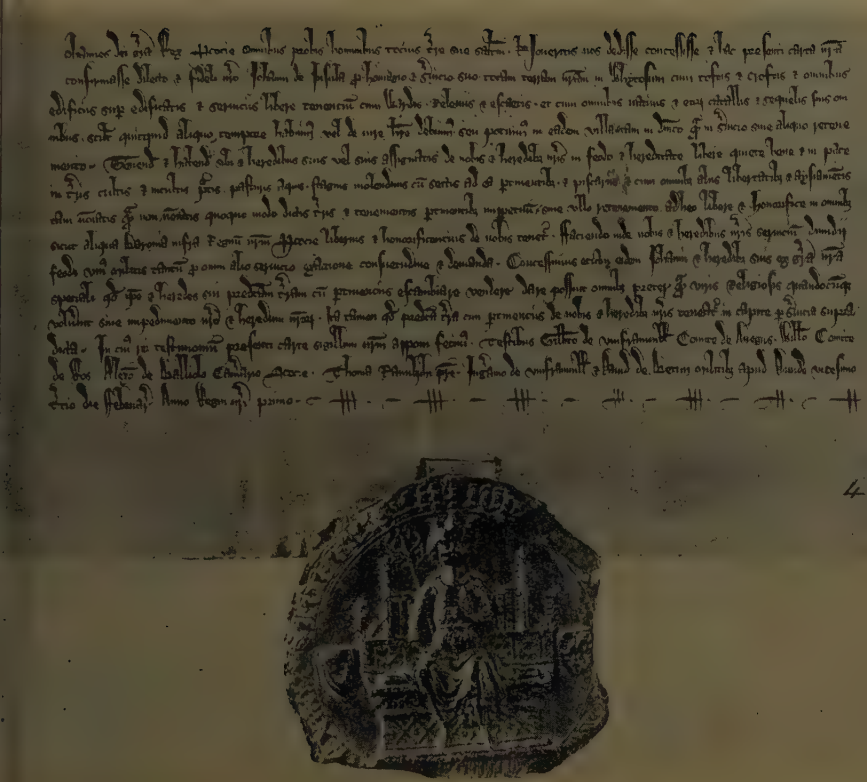
Something had to be done about them, however. The prestige of Roman arms was at stake. Ignoring his generals, the Emperor Severus took the problem in hand himself. With an immense army at his command, he marched into North Britain, and kept on marching till he was within sight of Lossiemouth. He had killed a number of Caledonians, but when he came to make a tally of his own army on the shores of the Moray Firth, he discovered that he had 50,000 fewer soldiers than when he started on his march. That settled Severus. He made a dignified but smartly executed retreat to the border, built a stone wall between the Tyne and the Solway, and sent his regrets to Rome. That was the last

attempt made to keep the Picts and Scots out of England. Rome, with trouble piling up nearer home, was quite content to leave the tribes of North Britain [1] to their own devices.

In their turn, the Norsemen and the Danes had their fling at Caledonia. Sometimes they met with success ; often they were repulsed ; always they were stubbornly resisted. They, too, left traces of their successive invasions, for many of them remained in the country to which they came to ravish, raising fair-haired, horse-faced, high-shouldered children. The blood of those vigorous pagans from across the seas flows strongly in the Orkneys to-day, and further south. Phlegmatic blood, but strong in courage and with the old love of questing in it. The pagan pirates came to North Britain to weaken and conquer it ; they left it stronger, and unconquered, but facing the worst enemy it had yet encountered—England. The fibre of the northern tribesmen was to be tested and toughened by nearly five centuries of savage warfare with their southern neighbours.

The lot of the common people of Scotland at this period was one of perennial poverty, but the stately ruins which dot the countryside are mute evidence of the certainty that civilizing influences were at work. The records of the benign and enlightened ecclesiastical outposts that were established were swept away by the raging fires of war and religious bigotry ; but there is not the slightest doubt that, nurtured by these centres of culture and

[1] This term is still used to signify Scotland, and the English are blamed for perpetuating its use. As a matter of fact, the diminutive letters "N.B." are printed on the notepaper of most of the county families and successful tradespeople of Scotland to-day.



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is is a grant from John, King of Scotland, to John de Lisle, for his homage and service, the whole of his land in Whytesum, Berwickshire, with tofts and crofts and all buildings nd services. Dated at Dundee, 23 February, 1st of his reign, l.e. 1292, with seal.

John (de Balliol) King of Scotland from 1292 to 1296 was the eldest surviving son of hn de Balliol, 5th baron, by his wife Dervergulla, third daughter of Alan, Lord of alloway. He was born in the year 1250, and became a "competitor" for the Kingdom Scotland in right of his maternal grandmother, Margaret, eldest daughter of David, arl of Huntingdon, and submitted his "petition" to the arbitrator, Edward 1st., king of ngland, at Berwick, on the 3rd of August, 1291.

His claim succeeded, and he was crowned at Scone on November 30th, 1292. He bdicated—l.e. resigned his realm, people, and royal seal to Edward 1st., King of England, y a deed signed in the castle of Brechin, 10th. July, 1296.

Note.—In this parchment the "J" at the beginning is missing. It was left off, viously, to be embellished, and was never put in.

learning, the long-repressed genius of the country flowered briefly in the twelfth century.[1]

We catch glimpses of this vague but interesting era in the ruins of beautiful monasteries, in convincing historical evidence that agriculture was on a diversified and progressive basis in the lowlands, and in the fact that scholars of wide renown came out of the country. Michael Scot emerged from the mists to impress England and Europe with his learning :

> A wizard of such dreaded fame,
> That when, in Salamanca's cave,
> Him listed his magic wand to wave,
> The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

It appears, also, that Michael studied medicine on the Continent, for he returned to Scotland with a reputation for the successful treatment of leprosy, gout, and dropsy, and he compounded a pill called "Pilulæ Magistri Michaelis Scoti", which, like some of these modern pills that are wrapped in pretty boxes, was both popular and potent. Michael assured Scottish sufferers that it was "guaranteed to relieve headache, purge the humours wonderfully, produce joyfulness, brighten the intellect, improve the vision, sharpen hearing, preserve youth, and retard baldness". Had he lived to-day, this healer would undoubtedly have thought of many other diseases that would have yielded to his powerful concoction.

This mysterious character was born in 1175, and was probably the first Scot who studied at Oxford

[1] King David I of Scotland (1124–1153) made ecclesiastical history by his whole-souled support of the Church. He almost beggared the country by building such famous monasteries as Melrose, Dundrennan, Holyrood, Dryburgh, and Newbattle.

University. His passion for mathematics, astrology, and the occult sciences took him to Paris and Rome, and his genius so impressed Europe that he was invited to join the glittering galaxy of savants that was a feature of the Court of Frederick II. While basking in the sunshine of that monarch's patronage, Michael translated Aristotle and wrote several books that dealt with astrology, alchemy, and his dark occult theories. He foretold Frederick's death in 1250, and having guessed well in that instance, set the date of his own departure from this sphere, adding the interesting detail that he would be killed by a stone weighing less than two ounces. From that day onwards he wore an iron helmet. Fate, however, caught him with his hat off. He was in church one day, and at the Elevation of the Host removed his helmet. Crack ! A small stone fell from the lofty roof of the church, killing him instantly but vindicating his reputation as a prophet of doom.

Another faded vignette salvaged from that remote era shows that the Scots had already begun to take a kindly interest in the education of the English. It is surely a curious historical fact that Lady Devorguila, daughter of Alan, the last of the old Kings of Galloway, was the benefactress of Balliol College, Oxford. Following the death of her husband, John de Balliol, in 1269, this devout lady built a house in Horsemonger's Lane, in St. Mary Magdalene's Parish, on the site of the existing college, and in 1282 gave her scholars statutes under her seal.

Two years later she purchased a tenement known as Mary's Hall, which was "to be used as a perpetual settlement for the principal and scholars of

the House of Balliol". This domicile was called New Balliol Hall. The revenues of the college in those days would not buy cigarettes for the brilliant lotus-eaters who stroll through their studies at Balliol to-day. They produced only one shilling and sixpence per week for each scholar. Lady Devorguila, however, made up the deficiencies by substantial gifts, and when she died the college was supported by her son, King Balliol of Scotland. The son's generosity, in fact, was so boundless that he ended up by handing Scotland over to the English, and we will catch a revealing glimpse of the conditions that produced the modern Scot as we pause a moment to see how Balliol was driven to the miserable extremity of bartering his country for his freedom.[1]

When that incorrigible meddler, Edward I of England, bullied the Scottish barons into accepting John Balliol as their king on the 17th of November, 1292, the bloodiest chapter in Scotland's history opened. Balliol was a weakling. He tried to stand out against Edward, and by way of counteracting the latter's pressure, established the Franco-Scottish Alliance. The fight for Scottish independence was on in earnest, and it proved to be the most gruelling test to which the tenacity of the race has ever been subjected. Edward led an army against the prosperous town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and to show the Scots that he was not a man to be treated lightly when he coveted new territory, he razed the town and put its inhabitants—men, women, and children—to

[1] Balliol College has retained its Scottish character. The scholarly Edward Caird, of Greenock, was Master from 1893 to 1907, and he was succeeded by James Leigh Strachan-Davidson, a Scot, who remained Master till 1916. The present Master of Balliol is Alexander Dunlop Lindsay, another Scot!

the sword. That slaughter completed, he led his army north to Perth, and there celebrated his victories. It did look as if he had crushed the Scots completely, and a day or two later Balliol, stripped to his underwear, handed the Bishop of Durham the white wand of abject surrender.

Edward, however, made the same mistake that so many other would-be conquerors of Scotland made—he underestimated the unconquerable spirit of the common people. Balliol had surrendered the independence of their country; they had not. So, just when Edward's English satraps thought they had the country tamed, Sir William Wallace drew his sword in the town of Lanark, and he did not lay it aside until he met England's soldiers "beard to beard", and had swept the hated invaders back into their own country. The first great hero of the common people of Scotland was betrayed by the landed class, who should have been the last to desert him, and by their connivance he was hanged, castrated, and beheaded in London; but he had shown England what made the heart of Scotland beat strong and true—the courage of the common people. It was this courage of which Robert Bruce became the symbol after Wallace's dismembered body had been scattered throughout Scotland; it was this courage which sustained the new King in his wanderings following his shabby coronation; and it was this courage which, at Bannockburn, on the 24th of June, 1314, inflicted upon English arms the greatest defeat they have ever sustained in fair fighting.

England had learned, as Rome had learned, that she was dealing with a race that would not

accept defeat. Well might Christopher Marlowe put these words into the mouth of Edward II :

> And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
> Whose great achievements in our forrain warre,
> Deserve no common place, nor meane reward :
> Be you the generall of the levied troopes,
> That now are readie to assaile the Scots.

The levied troops did not succeed, however. Scotland's independence had been fought for and won at terrible cost, and although the struggle against "the auld enemie" was to last for centuries, the country had been united by common sacrifice, its real strength had been revealed, and in the white heat of the endless war against a more powerful country the people were tempered to the hardness which was to make their descendants the wonder of the modern world.

Their determination to be free was immovable. A curious proof of this almost fanatical resistance to England's attempted domination may be seen in the letter which the Barons of Scotland addressed to the Pope in April of 1320 :

> We know [they wrote in Latin], and from the chronicles and books of the ancients gather, that among other illustrious nations, ours, to wit the nation of the Scots, has been distinguished by many honours ; which passing from the greater Scythia through the Mediterranean Sea and the Pillars of Hercules and sojourning in Spain among the most savage tribes through a long course of time, could nowhere be subjugated by any people however barbarous ; and coming thence one thousand two hundred years after the outgoing of the people of Israel, they, by many victories and infinite toil, acquired for themselves the possessions in the West which they now hold after expelling the Britons and completely destroying the Picts, and although very

often assailed by the Norwegians, the Danes, and the English, always kept them free from all servitude, as the histories of the ancients testify.

The sins committed by the Edwards against Scotland are solemnly enumerated to the Most Holy Father at Rome; Robert Bruce is praised for delivering the country from the oppressors; but this ringing declaration, which carries a warning to the Scottish King, follows:

> But if he were to desist from what he has begun, wishing to subject us or our kingdom to the Kings of England or the English, we would immediately endeavour to expel him as our enemy and the subverter of his own rights and ours, and make another our king who should be able to defend us. For, AS LONG AS A HUNDRED REMAIN ALIVE, WE WILL NEVER IN ANY DEGREE BE SUBJECT TO THE DOMINION OF THE ENGLISH. SINCE NOT FOR GLORY, RICHES OR HONOURS WE FIGHT, BUT FOR LIBERTY ALONE, WHICH NO GOOD MAN LOSES BUT WITH HIS LIFE.

Such was the spirit that sustained Scotland during the early part of the fourteenth century. In those dark days it could be kindled only in the hearts of a valiant and intelligent breed, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find the country giving promise of its future genius by producing, here and there, men who became eminent in the intellectual world. Even in those far-off days, these scholarly men found their way into England. One of the first of them was John de Duns, sometimes called Scotus. He was born at the end of the thirteenth century, and was the first of the long line of grim and learned Scots who have held Professorships at Oxford University. John was almost too good to be true, if we are to swallow the following tribute to his genius, penned by a contemporary Cardinal:

Among all the scholastic doctors, I must regard John Duns Scotus as a splendid sun, obscuring all the stars of heaven by the piercing acuteness of his genius ; by the subtlety and the depth of the most wide, the most hidden, the most wonderful learning, this most subtle doctor surpasses all others, and in my opinion, yields to no writer of any age. His productions, the admiration and despair even of the most learned among the learned, being of such extreme acuteness, that they exercise, excite, and sharpen even the brightest talents to a more sublime knowledge of divine objects, it is no wonder that the most profound writers join in one voice, "that this Scot, beyond all controversy, surpasses not only the contemporary theologians, but even the greatest of ancient or modern times, in the sublimity of his genius and the immensity of his learning !"

It is perhaps advisable to add that the testimonial was not written by a Scot. It may seem to be a trifle lacking in scholarly reserve, and the cynic might point out that John left very little evidence of his sublime genius. Nevertheless, this most subtle doctor was an authentic character, for he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Oxford University in the year 1301. Only a hazy picture of him comes across the intervening centuries, but it is one, if we may judge by his writings, of a monkish, pragmatic pedant who specialized in turgid denunciations of unbelievers.

Three centuries were to pass before Scottish scholars were heard of again, for the weary struggle with England reduced the country to a state of poverty and ignorance. The clashes became more serious as the years rolled on. Hatred of England had been bred into the blood and bones of the Scots ; from the end of the thirteenth century they hated their southern neighbours with a hatred that lay cold in their very vitals. Back in 1388, just before

the bloody battle of Otterburn, the Earl of Douglas said to his French ally, De Vienne: "My friend, you shall see that our army shall not be idle, and as for our Scottish people, they will endure pillage, and they will endure famine, and every other extremity of war, but they will not endure English masters."

In view of the almost magical manner in which Scotsmen rise to positions of authority in England to-day, the last observation of the Douglas was prophetic.

War had become the normal condition in Scottish life. Armies moved back and forth across the border, leaving chaos and death behind them. Raiders rode at night through the debatable lands. There was no peace or security for anybody, and under these disturbed conditions of existence trade languished, agriculture became a lost art, and the people sank deeper and deeper into the mires of poverty and ignorance.

Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius II, paid the country a visit in 1413, and he had this to say about it when he got back to Rome:

> It is an island joined to England, stretching two hundred miles to the north, and about fifty broad, a cold country, fertile of few sorts of grain, and generally void of trees, but there is a sulphureous stone dug up which is used for firing. The towns are unwalled, the houses commonly built without lime, and in villages roofed with turf, while a cow's hide supplies the place of a door. The commonalty are poor and uneducated, have abundance of flesh and fish, but eat bread as a dainty. The men are small in stature, but bold; the women fair and comely, and prone to the pleasures of love, kisses being esteemed of less consequence than pressing the hand is in Italy. Nothing gives the Scots more pleasure than to hear the English dispraised.

WILLIAM WALLACE

The first great champion of Scottish independence

Much blood was to be spilled on both sides of the border before the ancient enmity was softened ; but even so, it is possible to discern, in the turbulent reigns of the Stuart kings, a gradual but inevitable converging of the destinies of the two countries. Perhaps the feeling grows upon the student of history because the Stuarts, with all their faults, indicated that they had a larger conception of statesmanship than the great majority of the rowdy Scottish barons who surrounded them.

So, as we enter the sixteenth century, we see the dawn of peace glimmering dimly on the border. The darkness lifted when James IV of Scotland married Margaret Tudor in 1503. That talented man died at Flodden, and his son, James V, died at Solway Moss ; but the very violence of the fighting which these tragic events connoted seemed to presage the end of it all, and the light still glimmered over the Pentland Hills.

Mary, the infant daughter of James V, succeeded to the throne, and the curtain rose slowly on the most poignant tragedy of Scottish history. Both countries drifted further into the angry waters of religious intolerance :

> And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Inflamed by the harsh eloquence of John Knox, Scotland rallied to the Reformation. In England the fanatics burned bishops at the stake, and Queen Elizabeth became head of the Anglican Church.

The drama of the century rushed to its climax. Mary came back from France, married the

degenerate Darnley, fought her protracted duel with the implacable Knox, and at the end of the pathetic struggle abdicated the throne in favour of her infant son James. For Mary Stuart nothing remained but the insults of the Scottish rabble, the long years in English prisons, and the axe at Fotheringay. For her son James a great destiny loomed up, for on the night of 24th March, 1603, Sir Robert Carey, riding a jaded horse, arrived at Holyrood Palace with the news that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and two days later another messenger brought the Scottish King word that the Privy Council of England had chosen him to succeed the Maiden Queen.

CHAPTER II

WE GIVE ENGLAND A KING

THE assumption of the throne of England by James I marked the commencement of the first tide of emigration which flowed from Scotland towards London. Poverty and distress were acute in the country he had reigned over for thirty-five years, and it is not surprising, therefore, that when he set out for London on 5th April, 1603, his ponderous equipage was followed, at a discreet distance, by a long train of penniless but hopeful Scottish adventurers. The Scots had found the road to England, and they never allowed it to become grass-grown.

James did not enter his new kingdom humbly. He was a Stuart and the son of the most beautiful and entrancing Queen that Europe has ever known. He had ruled the turbulent Scots for a third of a century, and had a good opinion of himself and his countrymen. He has been painted, by successive historians, as a clown and a fool ; but his record, as we shall see, indicates that he had more sagacity than his new subjects gave him credit for, and at least as much culture as the Tudor boors who preceded him on the English throne.

He had time to think about the future on the way south, for the journey occupied more than a

month. Day after day the clumsy procession floundered slowly over roads that were little better than ditches. Some of the mud was churned up by curious and ambitious Englishmen, who ploughed northward to meet the new monarch. At Theobalds, where a halt of four days was made in the first week of May, hundreds of fore-handed English nobles and squires surrounded the royal cavalcade. They did not understand the terse, sharp-tongued man who had come south to rule over them ; but he seemed to understand them pretty well, for he proceeded to distribute knighthoods with a prodigality that has never been equalled. There were two hundred and thirty-seven new knights in England by the time he reached Stamford Hill, and if an outbreak of plague had not prevented the stately entry into London which had been planned, as many more empty but coveted honours would have been distributed by the kingly hand.

There were murmurs of protest from the Scottish courtiers as these titles were flung about so recklessly, but the King offset his seeming partiality towards his new subjects as soon as he assumed the throne by appointing six of his Scottish favourites members of the Privy Council. He was shrewd enough to see that he would be safer with Scottish advisers around him than with Englishmen, whose mincing language he could scarcely understand. He even took Scottish medical advisers south with him, for Gilbert Primrose acted as his sergeant-surgeon, and John Naysmyth filled the position of royal herbalist. Both these Scottish men of medicine served the King until he died, and they may be said to be the first of the long and almost unbroken line

of Scottish physicians and surgeons who have served the royal household throughout the succeeding centuries.

It is a pity that King James was not so happy in his choice of political advisers, for there is no disguising the fact that the small Scottish claque that surrounded him contained a good many dolts and a few dangerous scoundrels. The most notorious of them all was Robert Carr, or Ker, who followed his royal master to London as a page. Carr was an ignorant coxcomb, but he was ambitious and had a way with him. He ingratiated himself to such an extent with the King that he woke up one morning to find himself bearing the titles of Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Carr continued to soar, until he married the divorced Lady Essex. Soon after that event he became involved in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. Unable to clear himself of the charge of murder, he threw himself upon the mercy of the King. James, however, had to draw the line somewhere with his favourites, and his memory of Scottish assassins and would-be assassins was too vivid to enable him to be lenient with a murderer found in his own Court. Carr pleaded, like the poltroon he was, but the King was adamant, and the Earl of Somerset was seen no more in the royal household.

James Stuart gave England a shock. That country had not been accustomed to handsome rulers, but the physical peculiarities of the new King gave him a monstrous aspect. He had a huge head, a lumpy body that was swathed deeply in a cocoon of dirty quilting, and rickety legs that did not seem equal to the task of supporting his body when he walked.

His tongue was too big for his mouth, saliva dribbled from the corners of his lips, and when he talked it was with a raucous Scottish accent that baffled the majority of his courtiers. His belly was padded deeply because, ever after the attempt of the sons of the Earl of Gowrie to stab him to death at Perth, he was haunted by the fear that some other disgruntled noble would attempt to knife him. The chilly feeling that lay in his bowels need not be attributed to cowardice; any man who had lived as long as he had among the assassins who surrounded the Scottish Court was morally entitled to all the quilting his stomach would stand.

That he was uncouth, clownish, and stubborn, combining some of the wrong-headedness of his proud mother with the timidity and physical weaknesses of his degenerate sire, cannot be denied; but withal, he was the first educated monarch that England had seen. His mind had been crammed by the erudite Buchanan, and while his conversation indicated that much of the learning he had absorbed lay raw and undigested in his mind, he was a scholarly figure in comparison with the illiterate numskulls who flittered sneeringly about his grotesque Court. He has suffered at the hands of historians because his character has been judged by the memoirs of men like Sir John Harington and James Howell, both of whom deal with trivial matters in a trivial way. Harington's *Nugae Antiquae* and Howell's *Epistolae Ho-Elianae*, in their original editions, lie before us as we write, and although we have read their dreary pages dutifully, they leave no impression upon our mind except the vague

feeling that the Court of King James was one of foolishness and vulgarity, and that courtiers are gossips rather than historians.

Another book, published in 1616, entitled *The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James*, lies before us. It was written by the King himself, and containing, as it does, his considered views on questions ranging from the use of tobacco to the rights of kings, it gives us a much better opportunity to assess his mentality and character.

Let us turn the yellowed pages. Here is a sonnet, to "His Dearest Sonne Henry, the Prince" :

> God gives not Kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
> For on His Throne His Scepter doe they swey :
> And as their subjects ought them to obey,
> So Kings should feare and serve their God againe :
> If then ye would enjoy a happie raigne,
> Observe the Statutes of your Heavenly King,
> And from His Law, make all your Lawes to spring :
> Since his Lieutenant here ye should remaine,
> Reward the just, be stedfast, true, and plaine,
> Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right,
> Walke alwayes so, as ever in His sight,
> Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane :
> And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
> Resembling right your mighty King Divine.

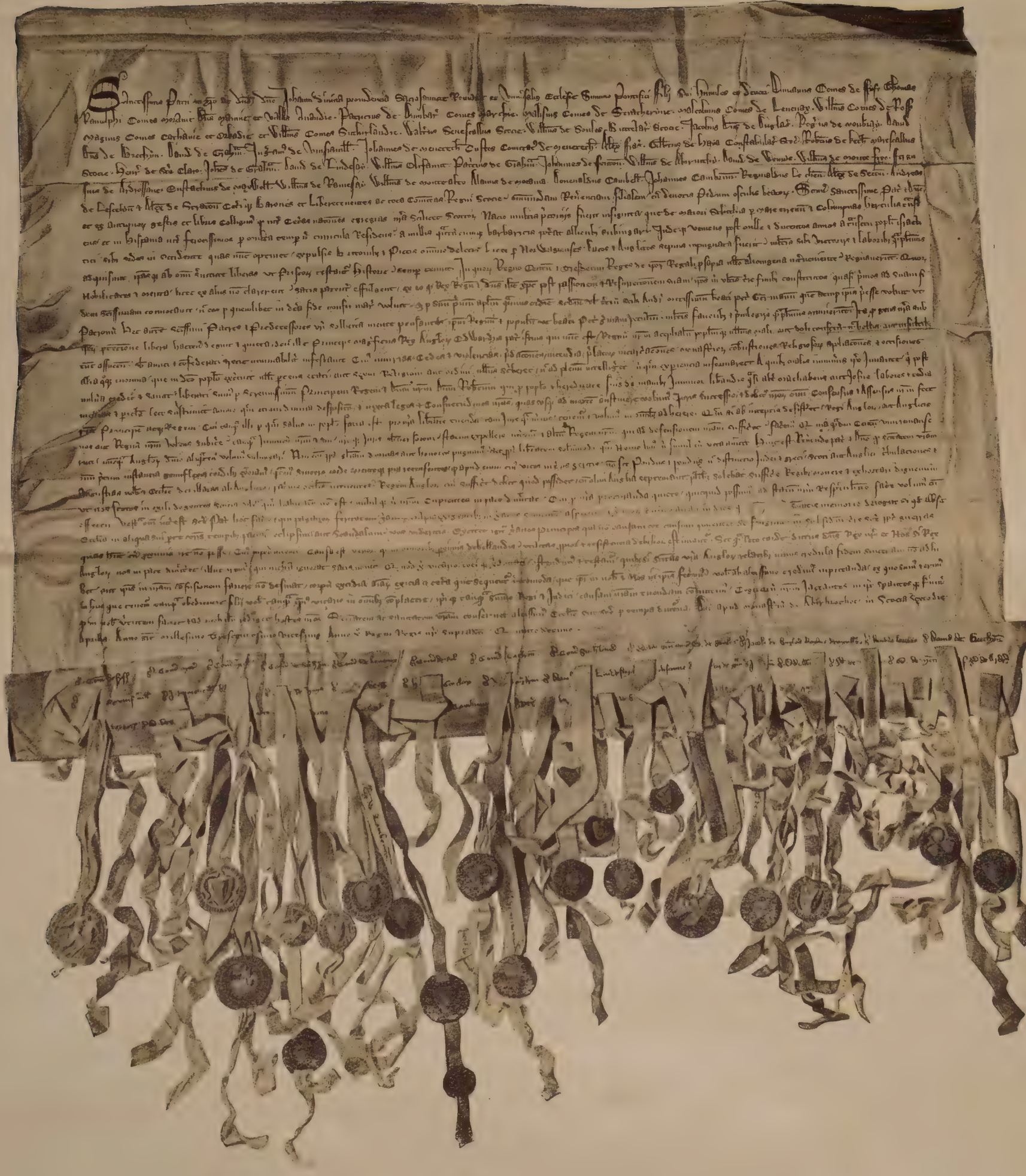
Whatever criticism may be levelled at these words as poetry, they are certainly not the words of a fool or a profligate. They stick in one's mind, leaving the conviction that the royal composer was a man who had serious and sincere ideas of kingship. Sounder advice, surely, was never given by King to Prince.

We read on. Here is his lengthy "Defense of the

Right of Kings". We may disagree with his views on that subject, but consider this excerpt from his dissertation, purely as terse, sardonic argument and the telling use of words :

But I have been ever of this mind, that when my goods are at no man's command or disposing but mine own, then they are truly and certainly mine own. It may be this error is grown upon me and other Princes for lacke of brains : whereupon it may be feared, or at least conjectured, the Pope means to shave our crowns, and thrust us into some cloister, there to hold rank in the brotherhood of good King Childeric. For as much then as my dull capacity does not serve me to reach or comprehend the pith of this admirable reason, I have thought good to seek and to use the instructions of old and learned experience, which teacheth no such matter ; by name, that civil wars and fearful perturbations of State in any nation of the world, have at any time grown from this faithful credulity of subjects, that Popes in right have no power to wrest and lift Kings out of their dignities and possessions. On the other side, by establishing the contrary maxims, to yoke and hamper the people with Pontifical tyranny, what rebellious troubles and strifes, what extreme desolations hath England been forced to feare and feel, in the reigne of my predecessors, Henry II, John, and Henrie III ? These be the maxims and principles, which under the Emperor Henrie IV and Frederick the 1st, made all Europe flow with channels and streams of blood, like a river with water, while the Saracens by their incursions and victories overflowed, and in a manner drowned, the honour of the Christian name in the East. These be the maxims and principles, which made way for the wars of the last league into France, by which the very bowels of that most famous and flourishing kingdom were set on such a combustion that France herself was brought within two fingers' breadth of bondage to another Nation, and the death of her two last Kings most villainously and traitorously accomplished. The Lord Cardinall then giving these diabolical maximes for means to secure the life and estate of Kings, speaketh as if he would give men counsel to dry themselves in the river, when they come as wet as a water spaniel out of a pond ; or to warm themselves by the light of

To the Most Holy Father in Christ, our Lord the Lord John by Divine Providence of the Holy Roman and Catholic Church Supreme Pontiff, his humble and devoted sons, Duncan Earl of Fyf, Thomas Ranulph Earl of Moray lord of Man and of Annandale, Patrick of Dumbar Earl of March, Malise Earl of Stratheryne, Malcolm Earl of Lennox, William Earl of Ross, Magnus Earl of Caithness and Orkney, and William Earl of Suthirland, Walter Steward of Scotland, William de Soules Butler of Scotland, James Lord of Duglas, Roger de Mowbray, David Lord of Brechyn, David de Graham, Ingeram de Umfravill, John de Menetethe Warden of the Earldom of Menetethe, Alexander Fraser, Gilbert de Hay Constable of Scotland, Robert de Keth Mareschal of Scotland, Henry de Saint Clair, John de Graham, David de Lindesay, William Olifaunt, Patrick de Graham, John de Fentoun, William de Abirnithy, David de Wemys, William de Montefixe, Fergus de Ardrossane, Eustace de Maxwell, William de Ramesay, William de Montealte, Alan de Moravia, Donald Campbell, John Cambrun, Reginald le Chen, Alexander de Setoun, Andrew de Lescelyn and Alexander de Stratoun, and other barons and free tenants and the whole community of the kingdom of Scotland, send all manner of filial reverence with devout kisses of your blessed feet. We know, Most Holy Father and Lord, and from the chronicles and books of the ancients gather, that among other illustrious nations, ours, to wit the nation of the Scots, has been distinguished by many honours; which passing from the greater Scythia through the Mediterranean Sea and the Pillars of Hercules and sojourning in Spain among the most savage tribes through a long course of time, could nowhere be subjugated by any people however barbarous; and coming thence One thousand two hundred years after the outgoing of the people of Israel, they, by many victories and infinite toil, acquired for themselves the possessions in the West which they now hold after expelling the Britons and completely destroying the Picts, and although very often assailed by the Norwegians, the Danes, and the English, always kept them free from all servitude, as the histories of the ancients testify. In their kingdom one hundred and thirteen kings of their own royal stock, no stranger intervening, have reigned, whose nobility and merits, if they were not clear otherwise, yet shine out plainly enough from this that the King of Kings, even our Lord Jesus Christ, after His passion and resurrection, called them though situated at the uttermost parts of the earth almost the first to His most holy faith, nor would He have them confirmed in this faith by any one less than His first Apostle, although in rank second or third, to wit, Andrew the most meek the brother of St. Peter, whom He would have always preside over them as their Patron. Moreover, the most holy fathers your predecessors, considering these kings with anxious mind, endowed the said kingdom and people, as the peculiar charge of the brother of St. Peter, with many favours and very many privileges. So that our nation under their protection has hitherto continued free and peaceful, until that Prince, the mighty King of the English, Edward the father of him who now is, under the semblance of a friend and ally, in most unfriendlywise harassed our kingdom, then without a head, and our people conscious of no guilt or guile, and at that time unaccustomed to wars or attacks: and the injuries, slaughters and deeds of violence, plunderings, burnings, imprisonments of prelates, firing of monastries, spoliations and murders of men of religion, as well as the other outrages which this Prince perpetrated on the said people, sparing no age or sex, religion or order, no one could describe or fully understand but he who has learned it from experience. From these evils innumerable, by the help of Him who, after wounding, heals and restores to health, we were freed by our most gallant Prince, King and Lord, our Lord Robert who, to rescue his people and heritage from the hands of enemies, like another Maccabaeus of Joshua endured toil and weariness, hunger and danger, with cheerful mind; him also the Divine Providence and according to our laws and customs which we will maintain even to the death, the succession of right and the due consent and assent of us all have made our Prince and King; to whom, as to him by which deliverance has been wrought for our people, we, for the defence of our liberty, are bound, both by right and by his deserts, and are determined in all things to adhere. **But if he were to desist from what he has begun, wishing to subject us or our Kingdom to the King of England or the English we would immediately endeavour to expel him as our enemy and the subverter of his own rights and ours, and make another our king who should be able to defend us. For, so long as a hundred remain alive, we will never in any degree be subject to the Dominion of the English. Since not for glory, riches or honours we fight, but for liberty alone which no good man loses but with his life.** Hence it is, Reverend Father and Lord, that we beseech your Holiness with all urgency of entreaty, on the bended knees of our hearts, that you, reflecting with sincere heart and pious mind how, with Him whose place on earth you hold, there is no respect of persons, nor distinction of Jew or Greek, Scots or English, and looking with fatherly eyes on the sufferings and straits brought on us and the Church of God by the English, would deign to admonish and exhort the king of the English, for whom that which he possesses ought to suffice, seeing that of old England used to be enough for seven Kings or more, to leave in peace us Scots dwelling in this little Scotland, beyond which there is no human abode, and desiring nothing but our own; and, for procuring peace, we are heartily willing to render him whatever we can, having regard to our estate; for it concerns you Holy Father this to do, who seest the cruelty of the Heathens raging against the Christians, whose sins demand such punishment, and the bounds of the Christians narrowed day by day and how much it would derogate from the memory of your Holiness, if, which God forbid, the Church, in any part of it, suffer in your times eclipse or scandal, judge ye. Stir up therefore the Christian Princes who, alleging no real cause, pretend that they cannot go to the succour of the Holy Land on account of the wars which they have with their neighbours, of which impediment the truer cause is that the subjugation of their smaller neighbours they reckon the advantage nearer and the resistance feebler. But with how joyful heart our said Lord the King and we, if the King of England leave us in peace, would go thither. He who knows all things knows well. This we declare and testify to you the Vicar of Christ and to all Christendom; and if trusting too much the reports of the English, your Holiness do not give to this implicit belief, and abstain from favouring them to our confusion, the loss of life, the ruin of souls, and other evils that will follow which they will inflict on us and we on them, will, we believe, be laid to your charge by the Most High. Wherefore we are and shall be, in those things wherein we are bound, as sons of obedience to do your pleasure in all things as His Vicar; and to Him, as the Supreme King and Judge, we commit the defence of our cause, casting our care on Him and firmly trusting that He will give courage to us and bring our enemies to nought. May the Most High long preserve Your Holiness in Health to His Holy Church. Given at the Monastery of Abirbrothoc in Scotland the sixth day of April in the year of Grace One thousand three hundred and twenty, and of the reign of the King above mentioned, the fifteenth.



LETTER OF THE BARONS OF SCOTLAND TO THE POPE, DATED APRIL 6, 1320.

(By courtesy of the Curator, Register House, Edinburgh.)

the moone, when they are stark-naked, and well-near frozen to death.[1]

Huntingdon called the author of these words "the wisest fool in Christendom", which merely adds point to the French diction, that the epigram is a device used by weak men against those that are stronger.

Prior to his assumption of the combined thrones, literature in England was a despised and degraded art. The majority of the literary figures of the period were little better than mendicants, and none of them had ever dreamed of such a thing as royal patronage. King James was the first occupant of the English throne to encourage the art of letters. It is to his credit that he saw something of national value in the writings of men like Shakespeare, Bacon,[2] Spenser, and Jonson,[3] and that he gave kingly encouragement to these creative giants who were laying down, in such dreary surroundings, the enduring foundations of our literature and our drama.

There were other features of this greatly ridiculed

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[1] King James was accustomed to crossing swords with religious bigots. During the early years of his reign in Scotland the rudeness of the clergy towards the Crown was notorious. Inspired by the hectoring Knox, they harangued King James from the pulpit in St. Giles' Church, but he used to make sardonic and disconcerting retorts from the Royal Gallery.

[2] Howell, in his *Familiar Letters, Domeftic and Forren*, reveals the critical mind of King James in recounting an amusing discussion that took place between the King and Sir Francis Bacon regarding M. Cadenet, who had recently arrived in London as the Ambassador from France. The King asked Bacon what he thought of the Frenchman.

"He is a tall, proper man," replied Bacon.

"Aye," said the King, "but what think you of his headpiece ? Is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador ?"

"Sir," replied Bacon, "tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished !"

[3] Ben Jonson (1573–1637), whose lovely poem, "Drink to me only with thine eyes", has come down through the centuries with undiminished charm, was a Scot. His grandfather was a native of Annandale, and belonged to the powerful Johnstone family of that district.

monarch which made him symbolize the Scottish genius that was destined to play its part in England's development. He was a pacifist. He desired peace, not only between England and her hereditary enemy in the north, but also between England and the foreign nations with whom she had been wrangling at such great cost. It certainly cannot be argued that James Stuart was afraid of the clanging of arms, but he brought to English statecraft, for the first time, a sense of the shrewdness of calculated pacifism. We shall discern, in the Scotsmen who were destined to lead England in the centuries that followed, this same spirit—a tendency to calculate the cost of war, a cautious respect for the rights of other nations and a desire to keep a bellicose race out of costly mischief.

There was nothing very timid in the method he adopted in dealing with the internal troubles of the country he had been called upon to rule. One of his first tasks was to put the gloomy and stubborn Puritans in their places. He had noticed them when, in Lancashire, they prohibited recreation on Sundays, after church, and issued a declaration setting forth that the harsh restriction

> barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for war, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them ; and in place thereof sets up filthy tiplings and drunkenness, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their ale-houses ; for when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sunday and holidays, seeing they must apply their labour, and win their living, in all working days.

No prelate could have put the thing more succinctly, but the Puritans were so persistent that

James decided to rid the country, once and for all, of the trouble-makers. He accomplished that at the Hampton Court Conference, and out of that rowdy scene came the Authorized Version of the English Bible, still printed with the inscription: "To the Most High and Mighty Prince James". Pious historians have blamed him for sending the Pilgrim Fathers to America, but the hegira of these refractory zealots was probably a good thing for England, for the exiles soon developed into an insufferable sect in New England. Indeed, traces of their long régime of harsh piety and self-interest may still be seen in the United States, in numerous "Blue Laws" that no enlightened nation would tolerate, in mouldering stocks and whipping-posts, and in systems of State government, notably in Maine and Massachusetts, which still retain traces of the selfish rapacity of these gentle people.

Towards the Catholics the attitude of James was one of tolerance, but instead of showing their appreciation, they tried to blow him up, and nearly succeeded. It is no wonder that from the date of the Gunpowder Plot onward he displayed less patience with religious factions.

He proceeded on the assumption that he was the ruler of England and Scotland by divine right. His first parliament made him slobber and curse, for after meeting five times it rejected his plan of free trade with Scotland and squashed his scheme for placing Scotsmen on the same legal footing as Englishmen. The impasse indicated, surely, that the King had a much clearer conception of statesmanship than the garrulous obstructionists who sat in parliament.

His quarrel with the elected representatives of the people became more bitter as the years passed. Between 1611 and 1620 there was only one session of parliament—"the Addled Parliament" of 1614—and even that brief display of pomp and popular authority made James swear heartily in broad Scotch. "As it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do," he exclaimed in the Star Chamber, "so it is presumption and a high contempt in a subject to dispute what a King can do, or to say that a King cannot do this or that."

In these enlightened times, of course, such a declaration would amuse the public, yet the fact remains that we have seen one country after another brought to chaos by fumbling parliaments and restored to order and vitality by dictators who have assumed more power than King James ever aspired to wield.

He was never stabbed while he ruled the English, but his reputation has been stabbed again and again by historians in the traditional Oxford manner.[1] It is well to remember that this grotesque Scot had great difficulties to contend with. He was desperately short of money, and his pecuniary problems were aggravated by the Scottish sycophants, debt collectors, and ambitious scions of noble families who trailed after him into England. Nearly all of them were penniless, and they formed a besieging army that gave the King no peace. The ubiquitous debt

[1] The tradition is that he was not held in high esteem in Scotland, but when he visited Edinburgh in 1617, the Town Clerk delivered an address in which he declared fervently that "the very hills and groves, accustomed before to be refreshed with the dew of your Majesty's presence, and not putting on their wonted apparel, but with pale looks representing their misery for the departure of their royal King—a King in heart as upright as David, wise as Solomon, and godlie as Josias"!

collectors were the bane of the King's existence in London. They were constantly intruding upon his royal privacy, presenting their soiled accounts. So persistent were they, that, to get rid of them and their irritating claims, James had the following Proclamation issued by the Lords of the Council :

> That in consideration of the resort of idle persons of low condition forth from His Majesty's Kingdom of Scotland, to his English Court, filling the same with their suits and supplications and dishonouring the royal presence with their base, poor, and beggarly persons, to the disgrace of their country in the estimation of the English ; these are to prohibit the skippers, masters of vessels, and others, in every part of Scotland, from bringing such miserable creatures up to Court, under pain of fine and imprisonment.

The proclamation also contained this clause :

> That such idle suitors are to be transported back to Scotland at His Majesty's expense, and punished for their audacity with stripes, stocking, or incarceration, according to their demerits.

There was also a clause which made even darker threats against the besieging army of importuning Scots suitors "who shall be so bold as to approach the Court, under pretext of seeking payment of old debts due to them by the King, which is, of all kinds of importunity, most unpleasing to His Majesty".

These stringent measures against collectors from Scotland did not always have the desired effect, if we are to believe Sir Walter Scott, and sometimes the *modus operandi* of the approach to the royal presence left something to be desired in the way of diplomacy. Young Lord Nigel was one of the adventurers who followed King James to London, carrying a supplication on behalf of his father. The actual presentation

of the unpaid bill to His Majesty was left in the hands of Nigel's Scotch manservant, and the following discussion, which took place in the home of Master George Heriot, another Scot who had followed the King south, illustrates the predicament of the royal debtor and the dogged self-interest of his pursuers.

Master Heriot: "I am given to understand that you yesterday presented to His Majesty's hand a supplication, or petition, from this honourable lord your master."

Moniplies: "Troth, there's nae gainsaying that, sir—there were enow to see it besides me."

Master Heriot: "And you pretend that His Majesty flung it from him with contempt? Take heed, for I have means of knowing the truth; and you were better up to the neck in the Nor-Loch, which you like so well, than tell a leasing where His Majesty's name is concerned."

Moniplies: "There's nae occasion for lease-making about the matter. His Majesty e'en flung it frae him as if it had dirtied his fingers."

Master Heriot: "Answer me this farther question—when you gave your master's petition to His Majesty, gave you nothing with it?"

Moniplies: "Ou, what should I give wi' it, ye ken?"

Master Heriot: "That is what I desire and insist to know."

Moniplies: "Weel, then—I am not free to say, that maybe I might not just slip into the King's hand a wee bit sifflication of mine ain, along with my Lord's—just to save His Majesty trouble—an' that he might consider them baith at ance."

Lord Nigel Oliphant: "A supplication of your own, you varlet?"

Moniplies: "Ou, dear, ay, my Lord—puir bodies ha' their bits of sifflications as well as their betters."

Master Heriot: "And pray, what might your worshipful petition import? Speak out, sirah, and I will stand your friend with my Lord."

Moniplies: "It's a lang story to tell—but the upshot is, that it's a scrape of an auld accompt due to my father's yestate

by Her Majesty the King's maist gracious mother, when she lived in the Castle, and had sundry providings and furnishings forth to our booth, whilk nae doubt was an honour to my father to supply, and whilk, doubtless, it will be a credit to His Majesty to satisfy, as it will be grit convenience to me to receive the saam."

Lord Nigel Oliphant: "What string of impertinence is this?"

Moniplies: "Every word as true as ever John Knox spoke. Here's the bit double of the sifflication—'Humbly showeth—um-um—His Majesty's maist gracious mother—um-um—justly addebted and owing the sum of fifteen merks—the compt whereof followeth—twelve nowte's feet for jellies—ane lamb, being Christmas—ane roasted capin in grease for the privy chalmer, when my Lord of Bothwell suppit with her grace."

Master Heriot: "I think, my lord, you can hardly be surprised that the King gave this petition a brisk reception, and I conclude, Master Page, that you took care to present your own supplication before your master's?"

Moniplies: "Troth, I did not. I thought to have given my Lord's first, as was reason gude, and besides that, it wad have redd the gate for my ain little bill. But what wi' the dirdum and confusion, an' the loupin' here and there of the skeigh brute of a horse, I believe I crammed them baith into his hand cheek-by-jowl—and maybe my ain was bunemost."

With such sly, sententious, and implacable collectors on his trail, it was no wonder that King James led a hunted life and rebelled against his countrymen. "One would think they had a mind to squeeze my puddings out, that they may divide the inheritance," he complained to Master George Heriot. "Ud's death, Geordie, there is not a loon among them can deliver a supplication as it suld be done in the face of majesty!"

Master George Heriot, whose name has already been mentioned, and whose activities in London created material—not all of it strictly in accordance

with facts—for the pen of Sir Walter Scott, was one of the first Scotsmen to establish himself in business in London. He was a goldsmith, and was known as "Jingling Geordie". He was a shrewd, industrious, and generous man, was a competent artisan, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of King James. Heriot befriended many of his less fortunate fellow-countrymen in London, and his house was a rendezvous for Scots who were waiting patiently for favours at Court. Master Heriot never looked behind him after he established his business in London, and that he had not been warped by the doctrines of John Knox is indicated by an invitation to dinner which he extended to his young compatriot, Lord Nigel.

"I am glad to see you smile, my lord," says Master George ; "and it emboldens me, besides, to bring out a small request—that you would take a homely dinner with me to-morrow. I lodge hard by—in Lombard Street. For the cheer, my lord, a mess of white broth, a fat capon well larded, a dish of beef collops for auld Scotland's sake, and it may be a cup of right old wine, that was barrelled before Scotland and England were one nation. Then, for company, one or two of our own loving countrymen—and maybe my housewife may find out a bonny Scots lass or so !"

There is no mention of music in the prandial programme suggested by the pawky George, but it was probably forthcoming ! Unquestionably, he was a man who knew how to entertain young blood from Scotland.

Another Scot who followed his King to London, and who succeeded in business there, was David Ramsay. He was born in Dalkeith, and blossomed out in the metropolis as a watchmaker and horologer

to the King. He had his little shop in Temple Bar. east of St. Dunstan's Church, and by skill and frugality managed to become moderately wealthy. That he enjoyed the royal patronage did not turn David's hard head. He solicited other business with avidity. When his apprentices were not occupied with work in the shop, they were out in the street soliciting customers, with the old cry: "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack? Clocks—watches—what d'ye lack?"

David Ramsay had such a profound admiration for his royal patron, and such a firm belief that a high destiny awaited him, that he sold clocks and watches on condition that they need not be paid for until King James sat on the Pope's throne at Rome. That very un-Scottish proceeding soon involved him in financial difficulties, and he made an effort to retrieve his fortune by searching for treasure in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. The treasure was supposed to be buried there, and the resourceful Ramsay tried to find it at night by using a Mosaical Rod. The nocturnal search did not produce the desired result, but it produced a good deal of amusement in London, and the eccentric clockmaker was regarded as a harmless imbecile:

> For he by geometric scale,
> Could take the size of pots of ale,
> And wisely tell what hour o' th' day,
> The clock does strike by algebra.

Truth to tell, however, David Ramsay was a genius whose experiments were far ahead of his time. When his name is brought out of the dusty archives of history, it is usually for the purpose of

alluding to the eccentric aspects of his character. The significant fact that he was one of our very first inventors is seldom brought to light. Yet between 1618 and 1638 this Scot obtained eight patents, and the numbers of the first two were five and six respectively, proof that he was more than a mere pioneer in the movement of Scottish men of business to London. The wide range of his mind is reflected by the nature of the patents he secured ; they had to do with ploughing land, fertilizing barren land, raising water by fire, propelling ships, manufacturing saltpetre, making tapestry without a loom, refining copper, bleaching wax, separating gold and silver from the base metals, dyeing fabrics, heating boilers, kilns for drying and burning bricks and tiles, and smelting and refining iron by means of coal. The man was a century and a half ahead of his time. His inventive genius would have found a practical outlet in that astounding period, to which we shall refer in due course, in which England was made rich and powerful by Scottish inventors.

We leave David Ramsay among his clocks and watches. It may be said of him that he was the first Scotsman who established a business in England, and a very worthy pioneer he was. He died in 1653, just a year after his son William took his medical degree at Montpelier. The son, it is worth adding, was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to King Charles II, and by gaining that exalted distinction became the first of the long and almost unbroken line of Scottish physicians and surgeons who have served the royal household throughout the centuries.

King James, with all his faults, had introduced a new vigour to English political life, and had shown

that he was not lacking in statecraft. He had opposed religious fanaticism, had established important new colonies in Virginia and Nova Scotia, had kept the English out of wasting wars, had made the Highland Chiefs of Scotland toe the line of good citizenship by forcing them to report periodically to the Privy Council, had put the fear of the Lord into the Lowland rowdies who terrorized the Border country, and had advocated the union of the English and Scottish Parliaments. He was one of the few Stuart rulers who died in his bed, but they got at that heavily quilted stomach of his after all, for Howell, in his diary of 11th December, 1625, writes :

> It was my fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at Theobalds, when his late Majesty King James departed this life and went to his last rest. A little before the break of day, he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his bed and came in his Night-Gown ; the King seem'd to have som earnest thing to say to him, and so endeavoured to rouse himself upon his pillow, but his spirits were so spent, that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a Feaver which began with an Ague, and som Scotch Doctors mutter at a plaster the Countess of Buckingham applied to the outside of his stomach. There are great preparations for the Funeral, and ther is a design to buy all the cloth for Mourning White, and then to put it to the Dyers in gross, which is like to save the Crown a good deal of money, the Drapers murmure extreamely at the Lord Cranfield for it !

The colony of Scots in London survived, but following the death of the King who brought about its establishment, it faded into the intricate background of the metropolis, and for the remainder of the century the majority of its members were anonymous figures in a grim struggle for existence. It is pleasant to record, however, that while poverty and destitution overtook many of them, the helping

hand was always extended to them by the more fortunate members of the community. The charity was symbolized by the Scots Poor Box, which had been established in 1613 by a group of Scottish journeymen who pledged themselves to help each other, and so avoid becoming a burden upon strangers. The entrance fee to this curious friendly society was five shillings, and each member contributed sixpence per quarter to the common fund. The money thus accumulated was lent out on bond, without interest, to needy members of the fraternal group; a considerable portion of it was used to meet the expenses of sickness and burial. On October 5th, 1658, the money in the box was counted—in the presence of the members—and found to amount to £61 3s. 6d.

The society, in 1665, was granted a Charter of Incorporation under the title of The Scottish Corporation, and was empowered to hold lands and to erect a hospital for the reception of the objects of its charity. That very year the Great Plague swept through London, and more than three hundred Scottish people were buried in London at the expense of the Scots Poor Box.

Better days were at the dawning, however. The membership of the society increased steadily—a sure sign that Scots were invading London in increasing numbers—and the canny officers deemed it prudent to declare that

wee doe require and command the Masters, Governors, and Assistants of the said Hospital[1] and their successors, that they doe from tyme to tyme take special care not to encourage

[1] The Royal Scottish Hospital, built by the society in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, a few years after it secured its first charter.

or receive any vagrant beggars or other idle and dissolute persons of the Scottish Nacion who are able to worke, and who are not fitte to receive the charity erected and established by these our Letters Patent.

Greedy and thankless hands were dipping into the Scots Poor Box, but its hard-headed custodians soon changed that, and the fund continued to grow. Scots of wealth and influence were beginning to join the Society, for Dr. Gilbert Burnet,[1] the famous Bishop, appears as a patron of the organization in 1682, to the tune of a pound, half-yearly. Substantial gifts swelled the fund, and it grew steadily as the years passed, till, in our time, it assumed the status of an opulent and carefully managed trust. The original Scots Poor Box still exists, and it comes down to us as a striking symbol of the independence and kindliness of the first Scots who settled in England.

In the realm of politics, the death of King James marked the beginning of a long period of confusions and alarms, and as we glance back we see the country being hammered out on the anvil of internal struggle and strife. Charles sits on the throne and, like his father, has pushed the Royal Prerogative to the utmost, doing without a parliament between 1629 and 1640 and tyrannizing the people. Laud has forced his prayer-book upon the Scottish people, and Jenny Geddes has thrown her stool at the head of the Edinburgh minister who had the temerity to

[1] Bishop Burnet had a remarkable career. He took his M.A. at Edinburgh at the age of fourteen, and soon after entered Holy Orders. As a result of his forceful and independent utterances on religious questions, he was obliged to leave Scotland. In England he wrote a history of the Reformation. His denunciations of the Catholics resulted in his being accused of treason, and he fled to Holland. To avoid arrest there he became a Dutch citizen, but fate brought him back to England, as the friend and adviser of King William.

"say mass at her lug"! It is war again. The Covenanters, under Alexander Leslie, have scattered the English levies at Newburn; the proud Charles has begged for a truce, and as a result of that war of the Bishops the Scots have established, for England, the authority of parliament in these islands.

The Short and Long Parliaments have come and gone; the shadow of Cromwell has fallen across England; Charles Stuart, "that man of blood", has been executed; and the Commonwealth is under the heel of a ruthless military dictator. The Scottish Army has been scattered at Worcester; Charles II has scurried to France; the Scots Parliament has been abolished; and Cromwell has bawled the Rump Parliament out of the House of Commons. A dictator straddles England, and the mailed fist bears so heavily upon the people that they have discovered that the Stuarts were not dictators at all. Cromwell has gone to his reward, Charles II has come back to the throne, the Great Plague and the Great Fire have swept London, the Dutch fleet has sailed up the Thames, the "Popish Plot" has thrown England into one of its recurrent panics, the King himself has checkmated the slavering Whigs, and with that act of common sense and toleration to his credit has passed for ever from the stage.

The pregnant years slip past. King James II has come to the throne, determined, like his grandfather, to put parliament in its place. Monmouth has been disposed of; Judge Jeffreys has completed his reign of judicial terror; the attempt of the royal zealot to foist Catholicism on the country has failed; the nobles, alarmed by the birth of James's son, have invited William of Orange to come over the sea;

James, frustrated, has left hurriedly for France; and William and Mary, after making a declaration that was drawn up for them by a Gilbert Burnet, have been acclaimed King and Queen of England and Scotland.

The harsh drama continues down the years. In Scotland, the persecutor of the Covenanters, Viscount Dundee, has been shot at Killiecrankie, and the Highland Army he raised for King James has been scattered. "That set of thieves", the Macdonalds of Glencoe, has been extirpated by the Campbell butchers; William has beaten James at the battle of the Boyne, and one of the first reasonable Kings that the country has ever seen sits securely on the throne, smiling tolerantly at the efforts of parliament to re-establish its long-lost dignity and authority.

The turbulent century is drawing rapidly to a close, but before it runs its course several notable Scotsmen have made important contributions to the intellectual life of England. John Napier of Merchiston [1] has published his *Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio*. Sir Robert Murray, sometimes called Moray,[2] has founded the Royal Society, and has been elected its first President. Gilbert Burnet, who came over the sea with William and Mary, has been consecrated to the See of Salisbury by a commission of English Bishops; has established the School of Divinity at Salisbury; and has proven himself to be a worthy forerunner of the succession of Scottish ecclesiastical statesmen who were destined to assume

[1] Napier, whose invention of logarithms was published in 1614, may be safely described as the greatest mathematical genius that this country has produced.

[2] The Royal Society met for the first time on 28th November, 1660, and its establishment was the result of the efforts of Sir Robert Murray, who became its first President on 6th March, 1661.

the leadership of that august spiritual army, the Church of England.[1]

James Gregory, born at Drumoak, Aberdeenshire, in 1638, has turned up in London at the age of twenty-four, with an intricate scientific paper in his pocket—and little else. Fortunately, friendly Scotsmen dominated the council of the Royal Society, and the young Aberdonian succeeded in getting his queer paper printed. It was a description of the reflecting telescope, which he invented.

David Gregory, another Aberdonian, has become Professor of Astronomy at Oxford University, on the recommendation of Sir Isaac Newton.

James Gibb, another Aberdonian, has gone to London to seek an outlet for his architectural genius, and has designed the famous Radcliffe Library at Oxford.

John Arbuthnot, the son of a Kincardineshire minister, has taken his medical degree at Aberdeen, and the closing years of the century find this urbane and talented man teaching mathematics and administering physic in London in order to earn his bread. These poor Scottish physicians in London, however,

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[1] The record of Scotsmen in the Church of England is indeed a proud one. Until the year 1864 no priest in Scottish Orders was permitted to hold a living in the Church of England—a disability imposed upon the Scottish clergy as a result of their Jacobite leanings in the preceding century. Four years after the restriction was removed, a Scotsman occupied the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury. This was Archibald Campbell Tait, who was born in Edinburgh on 21st December, 1811. He was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1868 to 1882. In 1903 another Scotsman, the late Randall Thomas Davidson, born at Muirhouse, near Edinburgh, on 7th April, 1848, became Archbishop, and this great ecclesiastical statesman occupied the See for twenty-five years. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, Cosmo Gordon Lang, who succeeded the late Archbishop Davidson, was born at Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, on 31st October, 1864—in the year that saw the removal of the English Church restrictions against priests in Scottish Orders. In the seventy intervening years, therefore, three Scotsmen have occupied the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury during forty-five years.

JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND

As James I of England, he united the Crowns, 1603

seemed to have the habit of attending important horse-races. It may have been in the capacity of horse-doctors. At any rate, the good Doctor Arbuthnot was at Epsom one day. Prince George of Denmark was there also, and apparently he had backed the wrong horses or mixed his drinks badly, for he suddenly became ill. There was a hurried search for physicians, but as most of them were probably arguing with bookmakers, Arbuthnot was the only one forthcoming. He felt the royal pulse, calmed the royal mind, and went home with his patient. No more teaching mathematics to morons for John Arbuthnot! He became the favourite physician of Queen Anne, and in his spare time collected coins and wrote philosophical brochures and humorous squibs that contained a core of shrewd and kindly philosophy. It was one of these latter, entitled *The History of John Bull*, that sent his name sounding down the corridors of British history, for it conferred upon the Englishman his familiar sobriquet.

In the realm of commerce it fell to the lot of a Scot to lay the foundations of the most austere and powerful financial institution ever established in the British Empire—the Bank of England—but the story of William Paterson, of Dumfriesshire, takes us far into the eighteenth century, and will be told later.

We look forward into the new century, so fateful for Scotland—and England. The year is 1706. A great event dominates everything. The complete union of the two countries is about to be consummated. The accelerating drift towards the fusion of the two parliaments is caused by mutual fears and suspicions. England, still in the coils of religious fanaticism, is haunted by the dreadful thought that the Stuarts

still coveted the throne. Scotland, still dominated by her corrupt nobility,[1] and suspicious of everything English, is afraid that she will be overrun by the ancient enemy. That fear, in the light of subsequent developments, turned out to be one of the greatest jokes of history !

We need not do more than mention, in passing, the gross bribery and corruption that were a feature of the negotiations leading to union. English bribery and coercion were equalled by the shabby veniality of the Scottish gentry who shared in "The Equivalent", a paltry sum of £398,000, of which some bonnet lairds were mean enough to accept, as their payment for furthering the *coup d'état*, sums less than twelve pounds.

The unholy alliance was consummated, in darkness and fear, the commissioners moving at their task like furtive figures in a conspiracy. They proceeded, doubtless, in the comforting philosophy that the end justified the means. When at last the time came for the Scottish commissioners to affix their signatures to the Treaty, they were in a state bordering on nervous collapse, so fearful were they of the state of public opinion. The Treaty may be seen in Edinburgh to-day, and the shaky signatures it bears are curious reminders of the craven feelings of the so-called statesmen who cowered behind the document. The final proceedings were carried out in secrecy, the commissioners affixing their palsied signatures to the parchment in the summer-house of the garden of the Earl of Seafield. Even in this sequestered spot, the

[1] It is not too much to say that the odious record of Scottish noblemen in pre-Union days is responsible, to a large extent, for the strange paralysis of Scotland's political genius to-day. The lively advocates of Home Rule are beginning to find this out.

menacing growl of the Scottish mob reached their ears, and in a fresh access of terror they scurried to safer rendezvous, the remaining names being added to the Treaty in a cellar opposite the Tron Church, in High Street. *Jacta alea est!* It had cost England money to accomplish what her soldiers had never been able to accomplish, but it was probably the greatest political achievement of her entire history, for, as will be seen in the pages that follow, it brought her power and wealth beyond her wildest dreams.

From the period of the Roman occupations to the dawn of the eighteenth century, Scotland's history was an almost unbroken record of internal strife and scheming in high places, savage religious conflicts which repressed the people and endowed them with the dourness which is still one of their most noticeable characteristics, and fruitless wars with England. Few countries have come through so many centuries of turmoil and misery. Certainly no country on the face of the earth ever fought so stubbornly and at such great cost to maintain its independence. Adversity makes men, however, and out of the long years of struggle and bloodshed a glorious fact emerged—the fact that the common people never failed to rise up in defence of the honour of their country. Adversity, long sustained, had not crushed them. On the contrary, it had hardened them. Fired in the crucible of a thousand years of war, the peasants and artisans of the country had preserved, untarnished, that inner integrity of the soul that is the hall mark of a dominant and unconquerable breed.

The common people. We are to hear more about them, and less about the inept and corrupt nobility,

in the new century. The true genius of the country is about to flower in full profusion at last. A new Scotland emerges from the reeking débris of the centuries—not the Scotland of vicious assassinations and religious bigotry, but the Scotland of industry, learning, and strict but healthy piety.

The blooms of the new genius came out of the soil, in a thousand places. From remote cottages, where poverty dwelt, came distinguished scholars,[1] physicians, inventors, engineers, financiers, and statesmen—the richest and most varied crop of practical genius that ever sprang from the soil of this or any other country. It was as if Scotland was making a superhuman effort to counterbalance the dismal succession of tragedies that had brought her to darkness and despair in the preceding centuries. A terrific virility pounded in the veins of the people. Little Scotland could not harness it. It flowed across the border like a molten stream, changing England, changing the Empire, changing the world. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed since the dawn of history. Rome was a mighty growth of opulent centuries when she straddled the world with the

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[1] A striking illustration of the mysterious way in which genius bloomed in Scotland at this period is afforded by the career of Alexander Murray, D.D., the great linguist. He was born on 22nd October, 1775, at Dunkitterick, in the loneliest wilds of Galloway, where his father was a shepherd. A delicate child, he was unequal to the long walk to the nearest school, and his father taught him the alphabet at home, drawing the letters on the floor of the cottage with a burnt stick. At the age of seventeen the boy had had only thirteen months of schooling, but he had made himself proficient in English, and had, in addition, mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and German. With the help of Robert Burns, the poet, and the parish minister of Minnigaff, he was sent to Edinburgh University, where he astounded the examiners by his knowledge of languages. He had a command of every European language, including the Lappish tongue. In 1811 he translated an Ethiopic letter for George III, and at that time he was the only man in Great Britain capable of translating it. This self-taught shepherd's son eventually became Professor of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh University.

naked sword. Scotland, when she unleashed her power, was the poorest country in Europe, with only a million inhabitants. Yet by the sheer compression of her awakened genius, and the terrific impact of her composite character, she laid the foundations and raised the proud structure of modern England. As we move into the new century we shall see the proofs of that statement accumulating thick and fast.

CHAPTER III

WE GIVE ENGLAND A PRIME MINISTER

It is strange, and yet not strange, that the flowering of Scotland's genius began in the dark period that followed the Union of Parliaments, and it is nothing less than a tragedy that, like that of Ireland's, its rich harvest was reaped by another country.[1] The Union left Scotland in an economic and political coma. The protracted scheming and chicanery that culminated in the signing of the Treaty seemed, for a while, to drain the country of its national *élan* and initiative. It was as if the people had been sapped of their vigour by a process of political osmosis. The ancient trade with France dwindled, no new trade took its place, and the whole country lapsed into a condition of almost hopeless poverty. It was one of the most dismal periods in the history of Scotland.

A succession of historians have attempted to show that Scotland gained, ultimately, from the Union, but they merely credit the political coup with the natural and inevitable advancement of the country during one of the most progressive centuries

[1] The phenomenon of the practical genius that grew out of the impoverished soil of Ireland, and which flowered in the United States, has scarcely been noticed by Irish historians, yet it is a fact that illiterate Irish emigrants and their descendants became the most aggressive racial group in the republic, displaying boundless genius in business and practical politics.

that the world has ever seen. It could be proven that Afghanistan, Nigeria, and Madagascar have shown great progress in the same period—probably more progress, relatively, than Scotland. To arrive at an intelligent estimate of the benefits of Parliamentary Union accruing to Scotland, one must make use of comparisons, and if we compare Scotland's progress in the past two centuries with that of England, we must inevitably conclude that the northern partner did not gain materially from the alliance. To retort that England's progress has been Scotland's progress—the two countries being one—is merely to avoid the vital question. We must consider what Scotland could have accomplished for herself had she remained out of the alliance. That is a question that no man can answer confidently, but this much is certain : had she retained on her own soil even a substantial portion of the practical genius which she exported in an ever-widening stream to England, she must, inevitably, have become a dominant country in the world's affairs, instead of a land of pretty sentiments and stirring traditions, with one-sixth of her area entirely depopulated and given over to tourists and kilted deer-stalkers from London.

Echoes of the hereditary incompatability of the two races were heard on both sides of the border for many a day to come. The Act of Settlement had declared the House of Hanover to be heirs to the throne, but, nevertheless, the last few months of Anne's reign were clouded with apprehension. The sinister shadow of Bolingbroke lay across England, and, marplot that he was, he was soon plotting with the Jacobites on behalf of the Pretender. Anne died, upsetting his schemes, and George I, with an accent

more raucous and less intelligible than that of King James, assumed the throne.

The rumblings of war were still heard north of the Cheviot Hills. The Earl of Mar assembled the Highland chiefs, occupied Perth, and looked threateningly towards the south, but all he did was to prove that he was better fitted for deer-stalking than leading an army. A more miserable braggart never stood at the head of a Scottish army. Some of his ragged rebels went south, joined others raised on the border, and an undisciplined mob of three thousand invaded England. They got as far as Preston before they were checkmated by the King's forces.

The contemptible Mar, with ten thousand men at his back, moved against Argyll, who had less than three thousand men to fall back on. Even so, Mar was beaten at Sheriffmuir, and in that defeat of 1715 the cause of the Jacobites was lost. It was at that black moment that James Edward, the Pretender, reached the land of his fathers. It did not take him long to see that he had no leaders in Scotland, and he returned to France. Mar deserted his army to follow the royal exile, but it was just as well that he took that craven course out of a difficulty far beyond his courage and talents, for if he had not deserted his army it would have deserted him. Thus ended the fiasco of "The Fifteen". The rebellion was just one more example of the incompetence and shabby self-interest of the Scottish noblemen of the period.

Thirty years passed away. Marshal Wade quietened the Highlands, scattering the remaining rebels and building forts and roads. The Hanoverian kings consolidated themselves. Sir Robert Walpole gave the country years of peaceful and intelligent

rule. The Union still rankled in the minds of the common people of Scotland, but its somewhat obscure blessings were extolled by the upper classes—largely because Walpole, with a shrewd knowledge of the people he was dealing with, conferred the chief offices in Scotland on Scotsmen.

Britain and France were at peace, so the Old Pretender was muzzled. But in 1739 Britain was at war with both France and Spain, and, seizing his opportunity, Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, made his romantic bid to re-establish the house of Stuart in its ancient stronghold. The clans rallied. With a handful of Camerons the Prince took Edinburgh, then smashed Sir John Cope's army at Prestonpans. It looked as if the Stuarts were coming back again, but the Prince made the mistake of trying to keep a Highland army intact during an invasion of England. He did take Carlisle, and he did get as far south as Derby, but he had timid officers with him, and on their advice turned back towards Scotland. The little force of five thousand men was gradually manœuvred between the pincers of the Duke of Cumberland's army and that of Marshal Wade. The Highlanders retreated, and beat off an attack of Cumberland's Horse at Clifton, near Penrith. It was the last fight to take place on English soil—the last struggle between England and Scotland. Then came Culloden Moor, the final rout, and the attempt of the Government to exterminate the Gaelic civilization. For the Highlander, it was "Lochaber No More" and the road to far, cold places[1]; for the Lowlander, the

[1] In Scotland to-day there is a strange reluctance to face the historical realities of the Highlands. The sentimental wellsprings of every Scottish child are primed by endless references to the Massacre of Glencoe, but few

road of destiny was the dusty highway leading to the south.

Pioneers of the second peaceful invasion of England by Scots were already impressing their personalities upon London. One of them was Alexander Cruden, sometimes called "Alexander the Corrector". This quaint character was a product of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1700, and while he was not interred in Westminster Abbey, nor remembered by historians, he comes into this record because his career illustrates the ease with which Scotsmen got ahead of Englishmen at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Alexander studied for the Church in Aberdeen, but became so irrational, even for an Aberdeen divinity student, that he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum. Immediately upon his release he headed for London, on the advice of well-meaning friends who assumed, naïvely, that even a demented Aberdonian could compete with the Sassenachs. The assumption was correct, for Alexander became tutor to the sons of a titled gentleman of Hertfordshire, and when he had filled the heads of his pupils with knowledge he moved into London, where William Ged, the Edinburgh Scot who invented stereotype printing, was rapidly going bankrupt printing Bibles and Prayer Books for Cambridge University, and established himself as a bookseller. He was in one of his dark moods at this time, which entitles him to the dubious distinction of being the first definitely insane man—though certainly not the last—who took up book-

of them are told that the notorious Highland Clearances that followed the '45 Rebellion drove whole parishes of worthy people out of the country for ever. Within a decade 15,000 crofters were driven out of Sutherland alone, to make way for sheep!

selling in London. Even with his handicap he became so successful in the literary world that he was appointed bookseller to the Queen.

Having found the selling of books so easy, he made the mistake of tackling the infinitely more difficult business of writing them, and lost his fortune and his reason at one fell swoop. The fell swoop was his *Concordance of the Bible*. Following another period in a lunatic asylum, this poor soul began to write pamphlets—a sure sign that his mind had dissolved completely. He had to be locked up again until he became manageable. Free to walk around again, he began to call himself "Alexander the Corrector", and went about exhorting people to keep the Sabbath Day holy. Then he conceived the idea of getting a title, but the only politician who did not dodge him was the Earl of Paulet, who had gouty feet ! Failing to get a title, where so many imbeciles had succeeded, Alexander ran for Parliament for the City of London in 1754, and almost succeeded in winning a seat in the House of Commons. He had a wide following in London, of rich and poor alike, and was regarded as a philosopher. He died, after damning John Wilkes in a pamphlet, and one cannot help but ask the question : If a demented Scot could do so much in London, what could sane Scots not do ?

They were doing a good deal. David Hume had come down from Edinburgh in 1738, at the age of twenty-seven, with the manuscript of his monumental *Treatise on Human Nature* in his pack, and when his philosophical thesis got into print Great Britain heard, for the first time, a counterblast to the warped and warping orthodoxy of religious fanatics like Knox and Laud. Hume's great book sounded the

battle-cry of free-thinking in Great Britain. It was a great and courageous adventure into the unknown realms of spiritual emancipation, and, as might have been expected, it immediately plunged its young author into the tempestuous waters of ill-natured criticism. Here was heresy!

The brilliant young Scot survived the storm of abuse, although it troubled him.

> I am first affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed in my philosophy [he wrote], and fancy myself some strange uncouth monster, who, not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expelled all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate. Fain would I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth, but cannot prevail with myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join me in order to make a company apart, but no one will harken to me. Everyone keeps at a distance, and dreads that storm which beats upon me from every side. I have exposed myself to the enmity of all metaphysicians, logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians, and can I wonder at the insults I must suffer? I have declared my disapprobation of their systems, and can I be surprised if they should express a hatred of mine, and of my person?

David Hume reasoned fearlessly and wrote with a refreshing clarity. In addition to opening up new vistas of philosophical conjecture for Englishmen, and making a wide and permanent breach in the dark wall which successive religious bigots had built around the minds of the people, this pioneer in the realm of human philosophy found time to write the first comprehensive and scholarly history of England which that country had seen—a work so well executed that it was accepted as a standard work long after its author's death.

Another Scot of this period who laid rare gifts

at the feet of the English was James Thomson. Born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in 1700, Thomson was educated at Edinburgh University for the ministry, but he was so eloquent and persuasive that he was advised to go to London. He took the advice, and in the year 1725 arrived in the metropolis, with a manuscript entitled *Winter* among his scanty belongings. That manuscript, an important contribution to English literature, was published in 1726. Its young author, like the majority of the literary figures of his day, dedicated his efforts to men of wealth. *Winter* was laid at the feet of Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the House of Commons. The great man acknowledged the honour by sending Thomson twenty guineas ! It was with a profound feeling of relief that we discovered that Sir Spencer was not a Scot !

Struggling in poverty, Thomson put out, in succession, *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn*, but the quartette of literary achievements brought him small reward, for in the spring of 1738 he was arrested for a debt of seventy pounds. Still, this harassed Scot had something to bequeath to England. Before me, as I write these words, lies a curious and very rare little book bearing the following title :

ALFRED—A MASQUE

REPREFENTED BEFORE
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
THE
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
AT CLIFFDEN

ON THE FIRST OF AUG. 1740

Let us turn the frail and yellowed pages of this masque by James Thomson and David Mallet. Ah, here it is ! An ode. It is worth reproducing, just as it was spoken for the first time on that night of August nearly two hundred years ago.

I

When Britain firſt, at heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain :
Rule Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be ſlaves.

II

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee
Muſt, in their turn, to tyrants fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, etc.

III

Still more majestic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke :
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, etc.

IV

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, etc.

V

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine ;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.
Rule, etc.

VI

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair :
Bleſt iſle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And many hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be ſlaves.

Thomson's "Bleſt iſle" left a good deal to be desired, especially for the "Muſes", and his grandiose predictions about England's invulnerability were knocked somewhat askew soon afterwards by the American Revolutionary War, but the fact remains that Arbuthnot's John Bull had been presented with a song of the sea that was to become the perennial battle-hymn of Great Britain's proud sea-dogs—Rule Britannia !

The spirit of the proud sea-hymn written by the Scot was in curious contrast to that of another national pæan of praise sung for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, five years later, where, the *Daily Advertiser* tells us, "the universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denotes in how just an abhorrence they hold the arbitrary Schemes of our insidious Enemies, and detest the despotick Attempts of Papal power". The title of this anthem was "God save the King", and there was evidence to indicate that the old

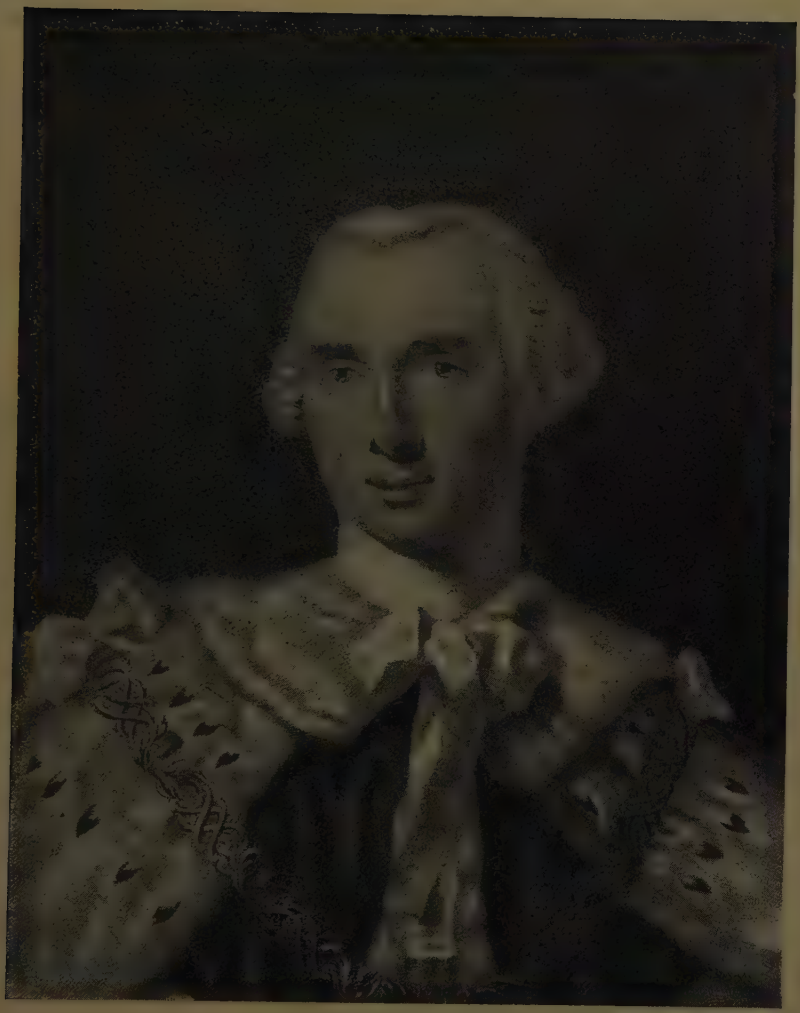
Scottish song had been tampered with, for the fourth verse, which made the theatre resound with excited huzzas, ran thus :

> Lord grant that Marshall Wade,
> May by Thy mighty aid,
> Victory bring.
> May he sedition hush,
> And like a torrent rush,
> Rebellious Scots to crush,
> God save the King.[1]

While Thomson was composing his famous ode to the glory of England, another Scot of a very different type was playing the part of a lotus-eater in London, all unconscious of the high destiny that awaited him. This was John Stuart, the third Earl of Bute. He was born in Edinburgh on 25th May, 1713, received the customary education deemed suitable for the sons of Scottish noblemen, and then proceeded to drift around aimlessly in the social backwaters of his class. A political mediocrity, veneered in English schools and English society, Bute might never have got beyond the ante-room of some friendly minister's office but for the same sort of fortuitous accident that changed John Arbuthnot's career.

It happened in 1747, when Bute was attending a race-meeting in England. The weather was unsettled. Just as the horses appeared the rain began to fall in torrents, on lords and commoners alike. It fell on Frederick, Prince of Wales, and His Royal

[1] Englishmen have gone to a great deal of trouble in efforts to prove that the National Anthem was composed by one or more of their countrymen. Their evidence is not very convincing. On the other hand, the words of "God Save the King" were found cut into the glass of an old drinking-cup preserved at Fingask Castle, in the Carse of Gowrie, and part of the air they are set to was found in a collection of Scottish music published in the reign of William and Mary.



THE EARL OF BUTE

The first Scotsman to become Prime Minister, 1762

Highness, not in the best of humour, took refuge in a tent. The rain continued. The Prince fumed. Time grew heavy on his hands. An obsequious flunkey suggested cards. The Prince was pleased to play—but with whom? There was a bit of a flurry as the flunkey cast about for a suitable partner for the royal gamester. Several gentlemen of breeding were available, but they were loud, horsy fellows, quite unfit to sit across the table from a polished gentleman like Prince Frederick.

Suddenly the suave and immaculate Lord Bute appeared on the scene. The flunkey's problem was solved. The Scottish flaneur was brought to the Prince's table. He played cards well—and not too well! His manners were easy and engaging. His conversation was intelligent, and ranged over a wide variety of subjects. The Prince was impressed.

All might have ended happily in the tent, but the Prince made the same mistake that many another married man has made—he invited the handsome and debonair bachelor to his house. Bute played his cards as skilfully at Leicester House as he played them in the tent at the racecourse. In 1750 he had sufficiently ingratiated himself in the Royal Household to be appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales. It would appear that he performed his duties with more than perfunctory skill, for he became the lover of the Princess. The illicit liaison was the scandal of London and the secret joke of Leicester House, and it added to the *bons mots* of the period the artificial and suspiciously dubious one about the Princess and the Duchess of Kingston, who was one of her maids of honour. The easy virtues of another maid of honour were under discussion, and

the story goes that the Princess inquired into "*les raisons de cette conduite.*" "Ah, Madame", replied the Duchess, with feminine malice, "*chacun a son but !*"

The phonetic play on the French dicton somehow does not seem to ring true, nor does it seem to fit the cultural background of Leicester House in the year 1749, but it serves, at least, to reflect with sufficient sharpness the notorious manner in which John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, advanced his political fortunes in England.

Pitt's sun was setting. Intrigues and dissensions were breaking down the cohesion of his cabinet. The public were restive. When George III came to the throne in 1760, Bute had entrenched himself in the favour of the King. He was the oracle of the Royal Household—a sort of debonair Rasputin. Two days after his royal master came to the throne he was made a member of the Privy Council, and in that capacity became the mouthpiece of the King. He immediately joined in the intrigues against the mighty but tottering Pitt. Basking, as he was, in the sunshine of the royal favour, nothing could impede his progress in politics. With no experience of statecraft, he became Secretary of State. His intrigues against Pitt continued, for it seemed impossible for Scottish noblemen of that period to be other than treacherous. The oak shook and began to fall. In 1762 Lord Bute, a Scottish Tory, succeeded Newcastle as Prime Minister of Great Britain. He was the first Scotsman to win his way to that exalted office ; his record as the head of the Government was such that Englishmen prayed fervently that he would be the last Scot to rise to such a height.

Lord Bute was the central figure, and the most

influential figure, in the Scots colony that had grown up in London at the middle of the eighteenth century. He was more than that. He was the symbol of Scotland in England, and, as such, stirred up a storm that beat fiercely upon his countrymen in England for nearly a decade after he became Prime Minister.

The country has never had a more unpopular Prime Minister. There have been senseless spasms of public abuse of men high in the public service—one immediately thinks of the opprobrious epithets hurled at Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by the jingoes during the South African War, but these outbursts of berserk party hatred were confined to certain classes in the community, and were transformed, in time, to grudging praise. It was different in the case of the Earl of Bute. He was hated, primarily because he was the King's favourite, but also because he was the *amant* of the Princess Dowager. Public opinion in such matters is generally inconsistent and grossly insincere, and on grounds of morality the outburst against Bute, by Englishmen of the type of John Wilkes, was simply grotesque. Nevertheless, the popular resentment against him became a frenzy, and all the savage party prejudices of the English public were sublimated in this new paroxysm. Nothing quite like it had ever been seen before in British politics ; nothing like it has been seen since.

Bute, with the cynical and stupid arrogance of his type, was quite incapable of meeting the situation. His mode of living did not change. His contempt for the common people became more and more evident. He still hid behind royal robes—perhaps behind royal bed-curtains ! As the political dictator of the

moment, he made new enemies by clearing out the Whigs in wholesale fashion, and replacing them with Scotsmen of very mediocre talents. His system of patronage was odious, even if we bear in mind the balancing fact that his loudest and bitterest critics were disappointed English politicians. On one memorable occasion he filled a list of sixteen important offices with eleven Stuarts and four Mackenzies! Under his ministry, an office was opened at the Treasury for the purchase of members, and this office of transparent bribery—it was established to win support for his Continental policy—spent twenty-five thousand pounds in one day. The fact has been deplored with due horror by Bute's detractors; the opposing fact, that there were plenty of Englishmen in the House of Commons willing to accept the bribes, is conveniently overlooked. Bute, at least, had a patriotic motive in distributing the money; those who accepted it could not offer so plausible an excuse for their veniality.

The roar from the English public became a scream. Scurrilious demagogues like John Wilkes and Charles Churchill poured abuse upon the Prime Minister. Nicknames like "John Thistle" and "The Scotch Thane" were hurled at him by stump speakers and hired pamphleteers. He was attended by a bodyguard of ruffians when he appeared in the streets, and even after taking that precaution against mob violence he was attacked by Whig hooligans. Jackboots and petticoats were burned publicly near his residence—a broad hint that the public were aware of his amours with the Princess Dowager. Dire anonymous threats reached him through the mail.

He had apobates on his creaking political chariot.

The Scots of London, stung by the racial nature of the attacks made upon him, hit back at the maligners. Tobias Smollett, the Scottish novelist and historian, had established a newspaper called *The Briton*—it made its appearance on the very day that Bute became Prime Minister, which leaves in one's mind the suspicion that it was a subsidized political organ—and when the storm broke he filled its pages with articles that were calculated to enhance Bute's reputation and tone down the malignancy of the criticism which was being voiced against his character, his administration, and the character of the Scottish race.

It was a praiseworthy effort, but it failed to stem the rising tide of the Englishmen's wrath. It had not been published a week when John Wilkes established another political organ, to which he gave the satirical name of *The North Briton.* This villainous sheet was devoted to bitter denunciations of Bute and the Scottish race.[1] The London public hailed it with delight. Indeed, it flourished so well that within nine months poor Smollett had to admit that the game was up. He published the last copies of *The Briton* in February of 1763, leaving Wilkes free to damn the Scots to his heart's content, while he went abroad himself to damn the Pantheon. All in all, it was a damnable period.

Despite all this hysteria of hatred and condemnation, Lord Bute's political record has points where a defence of him may be honestly undertaken. He assumed office at one of those periods which invariably spell disaster and obloquy for the ablest ministry—

[1] The Scots had become so unpopular that when Lord Hertford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, suggested taking David Hume to Dublin as his secretary, there was such a roar of ill-natured protest on racial grounds that Hertford had to drop the idea.

the unsettled and querulous period of convalescence that followed the costly excitement of protracted war. He was confronted by the open sores left in the body politic by the masterful and pugnacious Pitt, and in the words of Samuel Butler, he believed that

> A skillful leech is better far
> Than half a hundred men of war.

He stood out stubbornly for peace and retrenchment—never popular policies while the reverberations of war still echo throughout the land—and, paying scant attention to the warmongers, kept England out of further trouble by negotiating the Peace of Paris. Although the policy was obviously a sound one for a country exhausted by a long succession of wars, its successful culmination only incensed the English jingoes. A cyclone of vilification swept towards the hapless Prime Minister, and when it passed on he was finished. His Ministry had been demolished by the whirlwind. His own unpopularity was so intense, and so fixed, that he had to beat a retreat.

Such was the outcome of what Englishmen were pleased to call "Bute's shameful peace", but when the country blundered into war again, which it did in the same year that Thomas Campbell, the Scottish author of "Ye Mariners of England"[1] was born, many of the best minds in England had good reason to regret that a peacemaker like Bute was not at the War Office, for in that quarrel that began three short years after he retired Great Britain was soundly beaten on

[1] Thomas Campbell, author of "Ye Mariners of England", "The Soldier's Dream", "Hohenlinden", "Lord Ullin's Daughter", and other poems of enduring merit, was born in Glasgow on 27th July, 1777. He moved to London as a young man, and on his death in 1844 his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey.

land by George Washington, saw, for the first and only time, English men-of-war beaten off the English coast in fair fighting by a Scotsman,[1] and at the end of it all lost the richest colonies she ever possessed.

Lord Bute's eclipse was brought about almost entirely by the literary piranha who infested London. Yet, ironically enough, Bute, as we have already noted, was the first Prime Minister of Great Britain who had displayed a genuinely sympathetic interest in men of letters. Samuel Johnson had some harsh things to say about him and his administration, but it was Bute who granted the needy old lexicographer a pension of three hundred pounds a year, thus rescuing England's most illustrious literary figure from the quagmires of poverty. Moreover, Bute did not attach any political strings to his munificence. "It is not for anything that you may do," he told Johnson, not once but several times, "but for what you have done." That was not the language of a dissembler, and indeed the spirit of the bargain was never changed by any subsequent action of the Scottish Prime Minister.

His machinations at Court, and his mesalliance with the Princess Dowager, deserved emphatic condemnation, but the treatment he received from the English public was no less deserving of the scorn of fair-minded people. His political achievements were not in any way brilliant, as we have already noted, but the jaded period in which he served England as

[1] John Paul Jones, of Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, who fought for the American Colonies and founded the United States Navy, raided the coast of Great Britain repeatedly during the American War of Independence. He was the hero of the most spectacular sea-duel ever fought, when his man-of-war, the *Bon Homme Richard*, captured the British man-of-war, the *Serapis*, off Flamborough Head. In that terrific fight the victorious ship sank, but the Scots sea-wolf boarded the *Serapis* and took her to France.

Prime Minister offered few opportunities for dramatic political achievements. It was his misfortune that he rode the subsiding but still angry waves after the storm, and the hero of the storm, had passed on. Only a miracle can save such statesmen from the stigma of mediocrity, and there was no miracle in the case of Bute.

He had cut a wide swath in the matter of political patronage, but apart from that questionable use of his office he kept his political skirts clean. Indeed, literary blunderbusses like Wilkes, who could be depended upon not to be too squeamish about their methods of assassination by slander, were at a loss to find the sort of evidence of ministerial perfidy that would further inflame the minds of the demagogues they led. Here Bute became the victim of monstrous injustice, for failing to find the evidence they sought, his critics changed their tactics and directed their venom against the Scottish race in general. Bute became the target of this race hatred. He could not, like Pitt, stand up and scornfully denounce the rabble who were vilifying the Scottish race, largely through his personality and political record. He chose to withdraw from public life.

He passed into a lonely retirement on the brink of the cliffs at Christchurch, Hampshire. He remained a political pariah, and nursed any sense of injury he may have felt for many a year, for he lived to the ripe age of seventy-nine. We leave him to stalk sadly through the long night of obloquy, with the thought :

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonsoir !

The storm of popular abuse no longer beat about his head, but it did not subside, and for several years following his retirement England continued to indulge in one of the most disgraceful outbursts of race hatred that these islands have witnessed since medieval times.

The collapse of the Bute régime marked the end of the second period in which Scotsmen were the central figures in English politics. Ninety long years were to pass away before the country saw another Scot occupying the office of Prime Minister,[1] but, curiously enough, the link that bridged the years had already appeared, for in the very hour of Bute's downfall, John Gladstones, son of Thomas Gladstones, of Leith, Scotland, was born.

[1] John Gladstones, son of Thomas Gladstones, of Leith, was born on 11th December, 1764. His fourth son was William Ewart Gladstone, Prime Minister of Great Britain. The Gladstone family illustrate, in a striking manner, the vast contribution which Scots have made towards England's development. Establishing himself as a corn merchant in Liverpool, John Gladstones (the name was changed to Gladstone) brought six of his brothers from Leith and set them going in Liverpool. By his second wife, Ann Robertson of Dingwall, he had four sons and two daughters, and three of the sons became members of the House of Commons. To-day the wide-spreading branches of the family reach into every part of England.

CHAPTER IV

A FESTIVAL OF RACE-HATRED

BEMOANING the state of affairs in England at the middle of the eighteenth century, a gloomy critic remarked in the presence of Doctor Samuel Johnson : "Poor old England is lost !" "Sir," retorted the crusty old oracle severely, "it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it !"

The Scots had, indeed, found England, and Johnson's jibe reflected the feeling which had arisen in England towards the invaders. The animosity which the English entertained against the competitors from beyond the Cheviot Hills had hardened into race hatred of a type almost comparable with the insensate malice which has pursued another wandering and acquisitive race in many parts of the world since the dawn of the Christian era.

One searches in vain for valid reasons for the Englishman's inflamed state of mind. It might as well be admitted at once that a considerable number of the Scots were mean, snivelling, uncouth fellows, fired with the overmastering desire to make money in the soft south. In point of fact, the majority of them were meanly-equipped pedlars. So numerous were these beggarly vendors of cheap trinkets and trivial household devices that the term "Scotchman" replaced

the term pedlar along the Great North Road. When an English child saw a man with a pack on his back in those days, and for many years afterwards, it would run to its parents with the announcement that "a Scotchman was coming to the door". Still, it must be remembered that a great many of these pedlars were worthy men who were so poor when they set out for London that they made their living on the road by selling goods. Their mode of entry into the new country was not a dignified one, but they did not molest the people whose trifling patronage they solicited. They were, however, constantly under the notice of the English, and harmless though they were, had a great deal to do with fixing the unpleasant picture of the Scottish race which developed in the minds of the inhospitable people among whom their lot had been cast.

Smollett tells us that, when travelling to and from Scotland, he found, "from Doncaster downwards, all the windows of the inns scrawled with doggerel rhymes in abuse of the Scottish nation". Other revilers of the race were more subtle. John Wilkes told a friend at table, who was admiring the demagogue's stewed pigeons, that he had tried to establish an improved breed of that bird by importing several pairs from France and other Continental countries, but they always flew back to their Continental cotes. At last, however, he solved the problem. He imported pigeons from Scotland, and the Scottish birds never showed the slightest inclination to fly back to their own country !

Old Doctor Samuel Parr expressed his opinion of the Scots in canine terms. "I hate Scotch dogs !" he snarled. "They prowl like lurchers, they fawn like

spaniels, they thieve like greyhounds; they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pugs!"

It has been shown that this fever of hatred against the Scots took possession of the English during the régime of Lord Bute, and it was during that unsavoury period that the most notable lampooners of the race came to the front. At that time London was overrun with half-starved writers. Among them were stars like Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Lamb, but for the most part the gaunt and ragged army consisted of obscure meteors who flickered dimly across the literary firmament for a moment, to fade into oblivion. The latter were a colourful feature of London life, making Grub Street a place to be reckoned with. Their audacity reached the point where it became almost sublime. They wrote on any subject under the sun, if there was a buyer ready to pay them a few shillings for their labour. With no knowledge of art, they composed erudite essays on art. They dashed off barbed reviews of books they had never read. They penned virulent satires around the characters of men they had never met, and turgid encomiums about mountebanks who were willing to pay for a leg-up in society. They even translated languages of which they had only a superficial knowledge.

These industrious scamps, some of whom were Scots, were willing to act as literary assassins for a good dinner. They were particularly active when a new book appeared, and, unless placated by trivial bribes, were sure to pursue the author and his sponsors with venomous abuse. Fielding tells us that one bookseller, Lintot, hit on the happy idea of silencing

the dogs by throwing them bones while he launched a new book. He would invite them to a dinner, stuffing them with beef and pudding and cheap ale. It was sufficient to keep them quiet for a while. Lintot was the first man to discover that literary nonentities can be successfully bribed by the mere shadow of a reward, and his rather crude method of reaching their consciences by way of their stomachs has been employed ever since, in a more elaborate form, by certain types of men who wish to take the edge off hostile Press criticisms.

It was this scabrous legion of London scribblers who, during the régime of Lord Bute and his merry men, stirred up the storm of animosity that broke upon the heads of the Scots. The most notable of all were the notorious John Wilkes and his poet-laureate, Charles Churchill. As types of the period in which they blossomed forth, they deserve to be enshrined in the history of England. Wilkes, viewed from this distance, appears as nothing more than a dangerous demagogue and profligate. He left abundant evidence of his tawdry character in the annals of his time, but he became popular and powerful because he led the rabble against Parliament, and because he was the central figure in the vicious drive against the Scots. He had the demagogue's ability to ride a wave of popular passion, wielded a vitriolic pen, and talked convincingly. Like all demagogues, he ended up in the shallows, but while the wind was in the shoulder of his sail he was the idol of the London apprentices. His fiery protests and vulgar defiances broke down the despotism of the House of Commons to some extent, tore the veil of secrecy from parliamentary proceedings, and established the right of the Press

to discuss public affairs. He deserves credit for these achievements, but seldom, in the history of any nation, have reforms been brought about by the efforts of such a shallow windbag.

Wilkes' outrageous libels and defiances of constituted authority had made him an idol, but they also involved him in grave charges. He was obliged to flee to France in the year 1764. At the conclusion of a discreet period of exile in that country, however, he returned to England and was elected to Parliament for Middlesex. The King had not forgotten the misdemeanours of his troublesome subject, however, and Wilkes was clapped into prison as an outlaw. His supporters rose up in wrath, and serious riots resulted. At that time the Scots Guards were stationed in London. They were called out by the terrified authorities, and, in quelling the ugly disturbances, killed one man. Instead of being thanked for knocking some sense into the heads of the rioters, these heroes of Hougomont were denounced as inhuman murderers —because they were Scots![1]

The demagogues had frightened the Government, and with appropriate noise they tried to secure an acquittal for Wilkes by vilifying the Earl of Mansfield, who represented the implacable power of the law. Mansfield's ability and courage were far above the ordinary—so much so that he was the *raison d'être* of Johnson's famous remark: "Much may be done with a Scotchman, if he be caught young!" Mansfield had been educated in England.

This distinguished Scot became Lord Chief Justice

[1] Scotsmen have continued to play a big part in maintaining law and order in the metropolis. To-day London's Chief Magistrate is Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell, of Argyllshire, and John Gilbert H. Hackett, a Perthshire man, is Metropolitan Police Magistrate for Marylebone.

of the King's Bench in 1756,[1] and when he presided at the famous trial of Wilkes the English mob attempted to terrorize him. The apprentices had picked the wrong man, for Mansfield met the storm of abuse with an unruffled temper, and faced a succession of dire threats with calm disdain. He was a great judge. "I honour the King and respect the people," he declared, "but many things acquired by the favour of either are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after !"

The cold courage and judicial poise of this man upheld the honour of the law in the face of a popular and dangerous rebellion that had put terror into the hearts of weaker characters, but he was pursued by malicious slander and race hatred for years afterwards. As late as 1780, when London was almost overpowered by banditti, his house was burned down.

The cause of all the turmoil came before the bar of the House of Commons in 1769, was charged with libel, and solemnly expelled from Parliament. As a politician, however, he had as many lives as the proverbial cat. He appealed to his constituents, and Middlesex promptly re-elected him, despite the stigma of expulsion. Parliament again dealt with him,

[1] Lord Mansfield is frequently listed as Lord Chancellor, but he never occupied that office, although the Seals were repeatedly offered to him. The error probably arises from the fact that he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1757. The list of Scotsmen who have served as Lord Chancellors is as follows :

Alexander Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough), 1793–1801.
Thomas Erskine, Lord, 1806–1807.
Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, 1830–1834.
John Campbell, Baron, 1859–1868.
Hugh McCalmont (Lord Cairns), 1868.
Robert T. Reid (Lord Loreburn), 1905–1912.
Richard Burdon (Viscount Haldane of Cloan), 1912–15, 1924.
Robert Bannatyne (Viscount Finlay), 1916–1919.

ruling, "That Mr. Wilkes, having been in this session of parliament expelled the House, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in the present parliament."

There was another election in Middlesex, and Wilkes was again returned with an emphatic majority ! Once again Parliament expelled him. Once again the matter was referred back to the people, and once again Wilkes went back to Parliament with a whacking majority. Parliament, however, had the last word, and it was determined to cast out the troublesome intruder. It ruled that Colonel Luttrell, the man who had been defeated by Wilkes, was the legal representative of Middlesex. In doing that, of course, Parliament had gone too far itself. Middlesex county rose up in wrath against the dubious ruling, and Wilkes was elected an Alderman of London. It was the first move of this colourful trouble-maker towards oblivion. He had had his fling. The rabble soon forgot him, and without a rabble at his back he was just a forlorn figure moving through the obscuring fogs of London.

In his campaign against the Scots, Wilkes was ably assisted by Charles Churchill. This poet, who had a strong infusion of Scottish blood in his veins, rose to fame as a satirist. It was the quickest way to gain literary fame in those days, for the English public had a voracious appetite for everything that was mean and cruel, and their idols, pompous fops like Garrick, were excessively sensitive to adverse criticism. The day of Pope had passed. That of Byron had not yet dawned. It is a fitting commentary of the low state of English morals and mentality at the time that a satirist of Churchill's mediocre talents should have been accepted as the connecting link between the

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1756

star that preceded him and the still more glittering one that succeeded him.

He was born in Vine Street, Westminister, in the year 1731, and was the eldest son of the Reverend Charles Churchill, rector of Rainham, in Essex. Young Charles was educated at Westminster School, where he rubbed shoulders with Warren Hastings, Cowper, and George Colman. At the early age of eighteen he made an unfortunate marriage, and from that time onward struggled in obscurity and penury. At last the elder Churchill took the young couple under his wing, providing them with their greatest need—food and a roof over their heads. It was decided that Charles should prepare himself for Holy Orders. He was ordained a deacon, and his first curacy was South Cadbury, in Somersetshire. He officiated there until the year 1756, but the Church cramped his style. He left holy affairs to holier men, and became a teacher. Years of poverty followed, during which he was dogged by duns and bailiffs, but at long last his old schoolmaster came to his rescue. His creditors were scattered, and Charles took to writing poetry.

He had found himself, but he did not find sympathetic publishers. His first effort, *The Bard*, came back to him. His second, *The Conclave*, a satire on the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, was declared good but held out of print because it was deemed too libellous. It must have been vicious! His third effusion, *The Rosciad*, raised him to sudden fame. *The Rosciad* was a defence of the theatre, and its barbed stanzas contained a biting reference to the lordly Garrick, who was then strutting across the stage in vainglorious absurdity. The attack suited the

depraved appetite of the London public. Garrick lampooned? It was the talk of the taverns, and Churchill found himself a celebrity. There were counterblasts, of course. Churchill's shady past was raked up by the pamphleteers. It was pointed out by one of Garrick's hired literary gunmen that Churchill had let two corpses lie for hours in a churchyard awaiting burial because he, the officiating clergyman, had been in the orchestra of Drury Lane when he ought to have been at the graveside reading the Burial Service. Another blast from the Garrick camp pointed out that Churchill was severe on actors "because they had the impudence to dine on fish and fowls in a superb apartment, while he was obliged to duck into a cellar in St. Giles, where the knives and forks were chained to the table for fear the company should steal them, and there dine sumptuously upon ox-cheek"!

All this exchange of delicate criticism only stirred the great English satirist to fresh efforts, and when next he deigned to discuss Garrick it was in these words:

> Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
> His puny green-room wits and venal bards,
> Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
> And for a playhouse freedom lose their own.

The poetic dart may not have carried the sting of one launched by Pope or Byron, but it put panic into the breast of Garrick. He had had enough. Calling his hired wits and venal bards to heel, he called off the fight and cringed to the poet. Churchill was made. A thousand pounds in royalties came to him. Could it be true? In a daze he got rid of his clerical garb, replacing it with a blue coat with metal

buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, and a gold-laced hat and ruffles. In this brave livery of moral and intellectual emancipation he strutted around London, carrying a stout cudgel as a restraining hint to the men he had satirized.

To advertise his consuming hatred of the Scots, he hit on the device of dressing his little boy in a plaid. Curious people would sometimes stop to ask the poor child why he was dressed in such an outlandish manner. The boy would parrot: "Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!"

Charles Churchill had broken with the past. He was a new man, glorying in his success. He got rid of his humdrum wife and became a gay dog, emulating the profligate Wilkes, who boasted that he could seduce any woman he chose to seduce. Churchill did not display the amatory finesse of his master, however, for at the very outset of his career of freedom he seduced a stone-cutter's daughter with results that involved him in deeper trouble than his cast-off wife had ever caused him.

In the meantime, he had turned his poisoned pen against the hated Scots, and from it came, in 1763, his masterpiece, entitled, *The Prophecy of Famine*. This long and bitter diatribe may not be great poetry, but it has this distinction—it is the most sustained hymn of hate that has ever been sung against Scotland and the Scottish race, and it reposes on the dusty shelves of literature as evidence of the intense hatred of the English people of that period towards the invaders from the north.

As a rule, bitter and uncompromising denunciations of a country and its people percolate into that dark and stagnant cesspool of literature which is fed

by scurrilous and fugitive writings. Because of its curious historical significance, Churchill's masterpiece narrowly missed that fate, and while the dust gathers on its yellowed pages it has a perennial interest.

It appeared in January of 1763, was inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq., and the second edition carried this heading: "*Nos patriam fugimus-Virgil.*"[1] We are not surprised, therefore, when, after warming to his task, Churchill addresses the hated race as follows:

> To Northern climes my happier course I steer,
> Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year;
> Where, undisturbed by Art's rebellious plan,
> She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan.
> To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
> What mighty blessings doth not England owe!
> What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
> Doth each revolving day import from thence!
> To us she gives, disinterested friend,
> Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
> When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
> Come not her generous sons and take a share?
> And if, by some disastrous turn of Fate,
> Change should ensue, and ruin seize the State,
> Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
> Such refuge as the holy martyr found?
> Nor less our debt in science, though denied,
> By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
> Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
> Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote:
> Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of prayer,
> For loving plays, though no dull dean was there:
> Then issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
> That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal:[2]

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[1] "We all get out of our country as fast as we can."

[2] James Macpherson, born 1738, who published his spurious Epic poems of Fingal Temora in 1763, and who was scathingly denounced by Doctor Samuel Johnson.

Thence Malloch, friend alike of Church and State,
Of Christ and Liberty, by graceful Fate,
Raised to rewards, which, in a pious reign,
All daring infidels should seek in vain.

Having scarified a few of the Scots who were enjoying a dubious fame in London, the poet turns his heavy guns towards the north:

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share,
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown among the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves,
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought,
Whom still with unslacked hate we view, and still,
The power of mischief lost, retain the will:
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors who for love of gold,
Would sell their God, as once their King they sold,
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and hear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land;
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fixed term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns;
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship interest and our track pursue;
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece ;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown ;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsman reap what they disdain'd to sow ;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill ;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil ;
When to our wishes, nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies,
His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain ;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost powers,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours ;
For us the oak shall from his native steep,
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep :
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurled,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world ;
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach ;
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach ;
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint !

Here we shall leave the good Charles and his poisoned quill, for he had become a great man. England made him her poet-laureate. It was not because she had no other poets to turn to. While Churchill ranted, a shaggy and threadbare poet called Oliver Goldsmith was working in the back shop of Ralph Griffiths, the bookseller, for his board and lodging. Griffiths, oddly enough, was not an exploiting Scot ! Samuel Johnson was in a worse plight, for about this time he was not getting enough to eat, and he tells us how he walked around St. James's Square one chilly night, with the luckless Savage—because they had no place to sleep—inveighing against the minister, but "resolved to stand up for the country". What a country !

Charles Churchill died at Boulogne, France, in his thirty-third year, while paying a visit to Wilkes. His body lies in St. Martin's, Dover, and is marked by a tombstone that bears this enigmatic and sardonic inscription :

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF THE CELEBRATED
C. CHURCHILL

LIFE TO THE LAST ENJOY'D, HERE CHURCHILL LIES

Let him lie. "He has shown more fertility than I expected," Samuel Johnson said of him. "To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit, he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few !"

So violent was the English prejudice against Scotsmen at this period that many timid immigrants from the north deemed it prudent to anglicize their names. David Malloch, for example, changed his to Mallet, which was probably a good thing—for Scotland. Mallet was, beyond doubt, one of the most successful literary buccaneers then residing in London, and his casual cheek and downright dishonesty tinged his career with humour. In 1744 this brazen customer got wind of the fact that the old Duchess of Marlborough had put aside a thousand pounds to cover the cost of preparing a laudatory biography of the Duke. Mallet was the biographer chosen—a most appropriate choice, considering the nature of the task. He entered upon his duties. The enthusiastic Duchess advanced him money and arranged a pension for him. Mallet took up his quill. Several years passed.

The Duchess made inquiries from time to time. Mallet was busy. A really great biography was not written in a day. Patience, Your Grace ! The Duchess was indeed patient, for Mallet devoted himself to the biography for twenty years, and at the end of that period had not produced one chapter. It is quite possible that Mr. Winston Churchill feels grateful for the fact.

Other Scotsmen of more consequence than Mallet saw fit to change their names. Meikle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, changed his to Mickle. William Strachan, the famous London publisher, changed his to Strahan—a poor shift. John MacMurray, another Scot who opened up a shop in Fleet Street, cut himself adrift from his Mac, and became plain John Murray. John MacMillan, who published James Thomson's *Winter*, also dispensed with the Scottish prefix to his name, and prospered as John Millan—obviously an unnecessary precaution, because another Scot called MacMillan won enduring success in London as a publisher without doing damage to his good name. When Garrick produced Home's *Fatal Discovery* in London, he was so nervous about the unpopularity of the Scots that he decided to conceal the fact that a Scot had written the play. This was accomplished by the shady device of naming an Oxford University undergraduate as the author. The play was a success until the public learned that a Scot wrote it. The discovery was indeed fatal, for *The Fatal Discovery* died as soon as it was linked with its real author.

Indeed, the fact that so many astute Scots in England changed their names during this period has completely obliterated a great deal of the history

attending the success of Scots in England during the succeeding century.

The complaint of the English was that the wealth of their country was being gobbled up by the invading Scots. "While they confine their benevolence, in a manner, exclusively to those of their own country," said Doctor Samuel Johnson to Boswell, "they expect to share in the good offices of other people. Now, this principle is either right or wrong; if right, we should do well to imitate such conduct, if wrong, we cannot too much detest it."

The lexicographer, of course, belittled the Scottish people at every opportunity, and bemoaned the fact that they were waxing fat in the country of their adoption, while Englishmen went hungry. That view, however, did not square with the facts of history. England was not a land flowing with milk and honey at the middle of the eighteenth century. Her own most distinguished literary figures were on the verge of starvation. Unemployment was a stark and insoluble problem. Hordes of hungry soldiers, demobilized and thrown upon the thin charity of a thankless country following Pitt's wars, roamed the country. Agriculture was in a primitive and unprosperous condition. Factories were hovels of inefficiency, and the wages paid to the workers who toiled in them were scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Foul contagious diseases swept the population in recurrent pandemics. England, indeed, was "a fen of stagnant waters". There were less than 6,000,000 people in the country, and out of this number every fifth person was dependent upon parochial charity in order to live. England, we repeat, was no Promised Land for the Scot, but there

is this astounding fact to be added—all the deplorable conditions just enumerated were swept away by the constructive genius of the invaders against whom the English railed.

The case of Doctor Samuel Johnson himself is a striking enough illustration of the thin justice which Scotsmen received at the hands of Englishmen during the period under discussion. No man has been more gleefully quoted against the Scots than the crusty old scholar. His lusty lunges at the alleged barbarisms of Scotland and its people have been the stock-in-trade of Englishmen who seek sound authority for belittling the northern race. True, there is no malice in Johnson's blows, and we have it on the authority of his famous biographer that, "All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile which showed that he meant only wit," but :

> The Moving Finger writes ; and having writ,
> Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit,
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
> Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

Justifying his perennial prejudice against the Scots, Johnson put it in these words to the attentive Boswell : "When I find a Scotchman to whom an Englishman is as a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be as an Englishman to me." That algebraic statement implied, of course, that the lexicographer was suffering cruelly, like other Englishmen, at the hands of the Scots. Let us look at the record.

It has already been noted that Lord Bute, a Scot, granted Johnson a pension that rescued him from

poverty, a generous act curiously at variance with the shabby treatment which the lexicographer received at the hands of his own countrymen.[1] When Johnson began the monumental task of compiling the First English Dictionary, he employed six scholarly amanuenses—and five of the six were Scots—the two Mac-Beans, Shiels, Stewart, and Maitland. When the Earl of Chesterfield, with calculated malice, called him "a respectable Hottentot", Englishmen were silent, but a Scotsman, the great Sir David Dalrymple, arose to defend insulted genius.

Scotsmen, in fact, became Johnson's guardian angels, probably because the Scot has always been quick to recognize and venerate scholarship. The experiences of the lexicographer with London publishers were pathetic, until he made contacts with Scotsmen who had entered the publishing field in the metropolis. From that moment onward Samuel Johnson's fortunes took a decided upturn. Mr. Andrew Millar, a Scot, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of the great dictionary, and he remained the trusted friend of its author. The same may be said of William Strachan, who, in addition to being Johnson's banker and friend throughout his life, tried to get his idol a seat in Parliament.

We come to the final chapter in this strange record of the generosity and loyalty of Scotsmen towards their greatest detractor. We know what Johnson said about the Scots because an Ayrshire laird, James Boswell of Auchinleck, recognized his

[1] Lord Chesterfield deserted Johnson in his hour of need, and Boswell tells us that, "No royal or noble patron extended a munificent hand to give independence to the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country."

genius and set down the small gossip of his life with meticulous and loving care. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is recognized as the greatest biography in our language. It preserves, for England and the world, the revealing conversation of the man who organized our language and added to its lustre. All the harsh things that he uttered about our little Scotland are preserved because a Scotsman preserved them. Without Boswell the Scot, Johnson the Englishman would be merely a name, an obscure scholar who wrote a dictionary.

It would be idle to deny that the Englishman had some justification for his prejudice against the Scots. Authentic records of the period indicate that too many of the invaders were mean, greedy fellows who were so desperately anxious to "get along" that they were contemptuous of all the rules of conduct generally observed by civilized people. Marching south with these were a goodly number of sententious windbags who considered themselves scholars, snivelling sycophants who ousted Englishmen by their ability to fawn, and hard-headed, rapacious scoundrels who simply shouldered their future competitors aside in the scramble for fortune. We hear about these types in the complaints of the English who were jostled by them on the Great North Road, but we do not hear, until later, about the kindly, honourable, industrious, and immensely capable Scots who really formed the peaceful army of whom the objectionable types we have mentioned were merely the camp-followers.

The real reason for the Englishman's animosity towards the Scots lay deeper than the surface irritations mentioned. It was psychological. Two races had

clashed in London. One was proud, easy-going, and a little jaded, with a system of education that left its lower classes illiterate and ignorant. The other was proud too, but it was also immensely virile and practical, and its poorest representatives were educated. In spite of poverty, Scotland had built up a system of free schools that gave every child, however poor, a chance to receive a sound elementary education. The humble parish school, and the able and devoted "dominies" who ruled them, became one of the glories of Scotland, and the chief bulwark of its democratic, independent, and enlightened character. In these modest little stone buildings, all children were equal before the master, and they were taught to work hard and to think clearly. Put through these sound and democratic little workshops of education, the Scottish child received a training in citizenship that years of polishing in private schools never completely eradicated; it made him, if he was sound at the core, for ever a part of Scotland.

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson to Boswell, in discussing Scottish education, "their learning is like bread in a besieged town; every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal. There is a diffusion of learning, a certain portion of it widely and thinly spread. A merchant has as much learning as one of their clergy."

There was a grain of truth in Johnson's remarks, but what higher praise could be given a poor country than to point out that it had placed education within the reach of all? It is this principle of the Scottish educational system that makes Scotland a truly educated nation; it is this principle that has been

the immovable corner-stone of her democratic social structure.[1]

This was the power that the Scots took with them down the Great North Road. A lean, penniless, and determined breed. They had to succeed, and they did succeed. Deep down, the Englishman knew that these earnest and resourceful men from beyond the Cheviots were the stronger breed, and it was the impact of the disturbing fact upon his subconscious mind that caused him to cry out upon them, and gnash his teeth.

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[1] A few weeks before this book was published, we were shown through the Glasgow High School by the Depute Rector. Among the portraits of former pupils of this ancient and democratic school which hang on the walls of "the hall" were those of Sir Colin Campbell, Sir John Moore, and Sir Thomas Munro, the great soldiers; Andrew Bonar Law and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who served the country with distinction in the office of Prime Minister; Viscount Bryce, the great diplomatist; Thomas Campbell, author of "Ye Mariners of England"; George Buchanan, the erudite tutor of King James I of England; Sir William Hamilton, the distinguished philosopher; Sir James Guthrie, the famous painter; the Very Rev. P. McAdam Muir, D.D., the distinguished churchman; Professor Hales, the distinguished educationist of King's College, London; William Gunion Rutherford, the famous headmaster of Westminster School; John C. Watt, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge; Sir Malcolm Watson, the distinguished authority on tropical medicine; Lord Weir, the famous ironmaster, and Lord Maclay, the equally famous shipping magnate.

In this abbreviated list of names of former pupils of Glasgow High School we catch yet another glimpse of the immeasurable contribution which Scottish public schools have made to the development of England—and we also catch a glimpse of the true glory of Scotland.

CHAPTER V

SCOTTISH SUPPORT FOR ENGLISH ART

We have seen that men of letters were in the vanguard of the peaceful Scottish army which had been let loose on England. They had good reasons for joining the southward trek, for there was nothing but starvation for them in their own country. Allan Ramsay's really worth-while poems did not bring in sufficient cash to enable him to give up wig-making. Robert Ferguson, the Edinburgh copying clerk who broke the hard ground which Robert Burns cultivated, lived under conditions of extreme poverty and died in a madhouse at the early age of twenty-four. The erudite Thomas Ruddiman was paid five pounds a year—in oatmeal!—as a teacher at Laurencekirk, but when he moved on to Edinburgh to become assistant in the Advocate's Library his annual income jumped to eight pounds. Robert and Andrew Foulis, the finest printers in Europe, had had to close up their Glasgow shop for lack of business. Many other instances of the hopeless conditions which men connected with the world of letters had to face in the Scotland of that day could be cited.[1] Starved in such a lean field, the ambitious ones

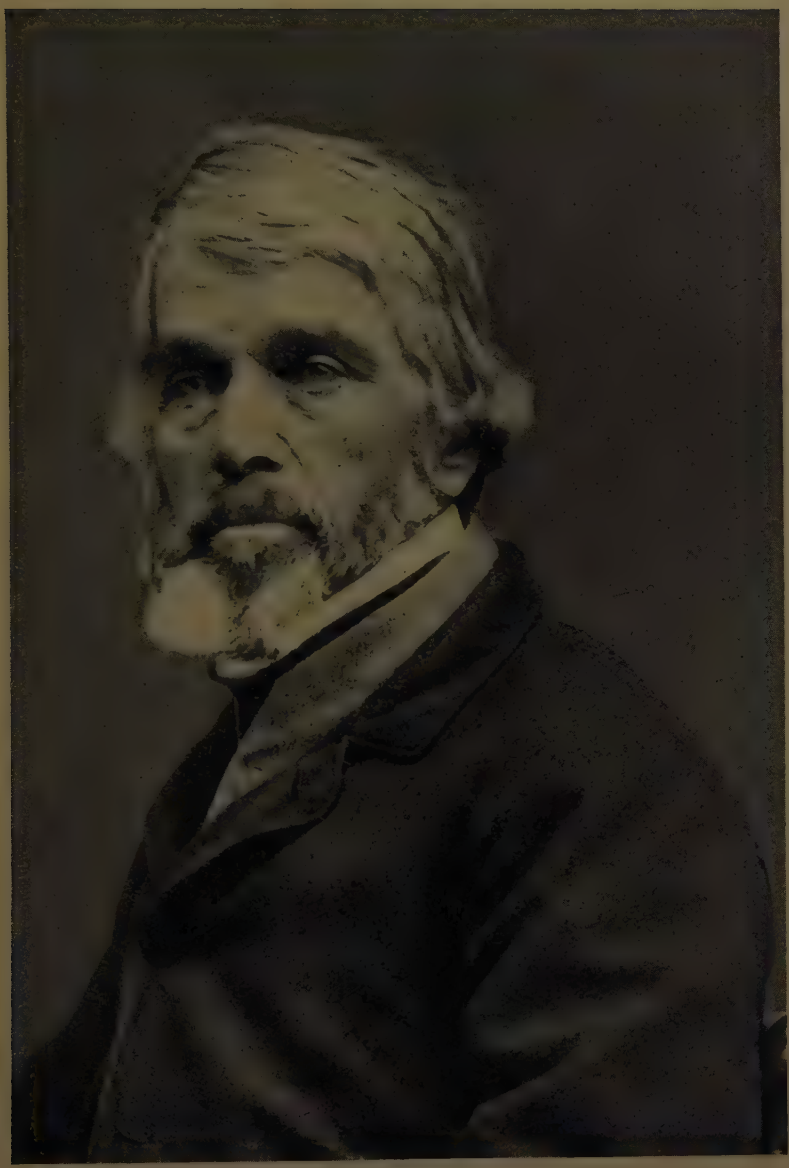
[1] The conditions are not much better to-day. The modern Scot has no interest in modern literature, and Scottish writers of distinction are obliged to seek support in England. The Scottish way of supporting them is to claim them—after they are dead!

packed up their belongings and headed for London. The majority of them were penniless when they crossed the Border, and some had to learn the English language, but in spite of these handicaps they played a prominent part in fashioning England's literature.

There were some weak spots in the structure which they reared. Mallet had weakened the foundations, and the débris of his unscrupulous work had not been cleared away when another wrecker came down from Scotland to vindicate the Englishman's assertion that the Scots were a pack of impudent impostors. This was William Lauder, a bad-tempered, assertive customer who stumped around on a wooden leg. Unable to secure a position as a teacher in the metropolis, this scholarly charlatan drifted into Grub Street and became a pamphleteer. He was in his proper place. Not much was heard of him until he published Latin originals of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Here was a sensation indeed. Milton's masterpiece a plagiarism ! The pamphlet electrified the literary circles of London. Its ponderous Latin verses seemed to prove, beyond all doubt, that Milton had been a sanctimonious old humbug after all, and Doctor Samuel Johnson, who had a fatal weakness for getting himself involved with Scots scribblers of dubious character,[1] was so impressed by the significance of the exposure, that he wrote a preface for Lauder's work, commending the courage and perspicacity of the pamphleteer. It was the lesson that taught the lexicographer never to speak kindly of Scotsmen again. Lauder's impudent fraud was discovered by another scholarly Scot, and the charlatan stumped

[1] Johnson's quarrel with James McPherson over the latter's spurious collection of Gaelic poems is famous.



THOMAS CARLYLE

A remarkable photograph of the philosopher in his later years

angrily into oblivion. Happily for the honest Scots who were working out their destinies in London, no more Lauders of literature appeared to undermine them.

At this period Scots elbowed their way into the majority of London's newspaper offices, where they worked hard and wrote themselves into oblivion. A few, however, rose above the dead level of mediocrity, and of those pioneers and builders who left their marks on English life, Alexander Chalmers deserves special mention, for his record as a producer of literary goods was enough to make a modern writer turn pale. Chalmers was born in Aberdeen in 1759, where his father was a printer, and headed for London in 1777. For some years he lived precariously as a freelance, but his ability had not passed unnoticed, for the day came when he was able to inform his sceptical friends in Aberdeen that he was editor of the *Public Ledger* and the *London Packet.*

Editors were supposed to be tremendously busy fellows in those days, arriving at their offices at eight o'clock of a morning and penning pungent leaders till the shadows of night fell over London. Chalmers, however, must have been a fast worker or a good manager, for here is the record of his spare-time achievement :

1793—Wrote a history of England—two volumes.
1797—Wrote a glossary to Shakespeare.
1798—Wrote a book about the Isle of Wight. Edited Barclay's *Universal English Dictionary.*
1803—Edited forty-five volumes devoted to British essayists. Edited a new edition of Shakespeare, in nine volumes.
1805—Wrote a Life of Robert Burns. Wrote a Life of Doctor Beattie.

1806—Edited ten volumes of Fielding's Works. Edited twelve volumes of Samuel Johnson's Works. Edited fourteen volumes of Warton's Essays.

1807—Edited twelve volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

1808—Edited forty-five volumes of Walker's Classics.

1809—Edited eight volumes of Bolingbroke's Works.

1810—Wrote a history of the colleges, halls, and public buildings attached to the University of Oxford.

1811—Revised six volumes of Bishop Hind's edition of Addison's Works. Revised eight volumes of Pope's Works. Wrote three volumes of his own Essays.

One would be justified in thinking that such a solid accomplishment would have satisfied the editor of the *Public Ledger*, but it was only a preliminary canter for this Aberdonian, for in 1812 he began to write *The General Biographical Dictionary*. The very thought of such a compendium is enough to numb a writer and send him to bed—or to the nearest tavern! But the industrious Chalmers compiled thirty-two volumes of his dreary but useful catalogue of the activities of human ants. The work contained nine thousand biographical articles, and of that number the author, with Scottish meticulousness, pointed out, 3934 were entirely his own compositions, 2176 were rewritten by him, and the rest revised and corrected by his indefatigable quill. This remarkable machine must have been built of stout materials, for it continued to run until 1834.

Aberdonians had a good deal to do with the London newspapers of the eighteenth century. James Perry, who was born in the city of granite and apocryphal jokes, proceeded to London in 1777, and got a job at a guinea a week writing for the *London Evening Post*. A few years later we begin to hear of him as the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*. How

he managed it, on a guinea a week, is one of the perennial mysteries that attend the careers of a certain type of self-made Scot, at home and abroad. It is probably just as well, all things considered, that the upward climb is veiled.

Howbeit, James Perry made a success of the *Morning Chronicle*. One of the first men he engaged was John Black, who had walked from Berwickshire to the English metropolis with the proverbial three halfpennies in his pocket.[1] Black's mind was not as empty as his pockets. He had learned six languages, and with that educational equipment soon became editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. During his long occupancy of the editorial chair he surrounded himself with Scots, but among these earnest plodders was a young Englishman who, in the opinion of Black, had "conseederable abeelity". The young reporter's name was Charles Dickens, and he proved, later on, that he had considerable ability.

George Smith, the son of a Morayshire farmer, was the founder of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Fired with patriotic motives, he endeavoured to make the publication mirror the best thought of England, and with that commendable object in view surrounded himself with brilliant writers. Alas! Smith made the discovery that London was not yet ready for a Press that took the serene and lofty view, and he sank a fortune in his austere organ of progress. Still, the *Pall Mall Gazette* helped to fashion the larger enterprise of England, and George Smith was never

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[1] John Campbell, born at Cupar-Fife on 15th September, 1779, was another protégé of Perry's, working on the *Morning Chronicle* as a theatrical critic. By wire-pulling and assiduous solicitation he got into politics and became, in turn, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor. His *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* is a masterpiece of dullness.

heard to regret having spent so much hard cash to voice his ideas of practical patriotism.

These men were fairly representative of the capable and industrious Scots who entered the journalistic field in London, and who continued to exert an increasing influence in the business and editorial management of the newspapers and magazines of the metropolis. It would be difficult, to-day, to find a London publication that does not carry its quota of Scots.[1] Indeed, they add so much to the congestion of Fleet Street that they have been cursed bitterly for entering that journalistic Golgotha. In his urbane book, *The Unspeakable Scot*, Mr. Crosland has this to say about the Scottish journalist in London :

> He is punctual, dogged, unoriginal and a born galley-slave. You can knock an awful lot of work out of him, and no matter how little you pay him, he may be depended upon to sustain "the dignity of the office" in the matter of clothes, external habits of life, and a dog-like devotion to the hand that feeds him and the foot that kicks him. In short, he is a capital routine man, and if you have a journal which you wish to maintain on the ancient lines of stodge and flatfootedness, the Scotchman does you admirably. But it is impossible to get away

[1] Among the Scots who occupy dominant positions in the field of journalism in London to-day may be mentioned Mr. W. Lints Smith, manager of *The Times*; Mr. Walter Grierson, joint managing-director of George Newnes, Ltd., the well-known periodical and magazine publishers; Mr. William Will, general manager of the important publications controlled by Allied Newspapers Limited; Dr. J. M. Bulloch, formerly editor of the *Graphic* and now literary critic of Allied Newspapers Limited; Ian Colvin, chief leader-writer of the *Morning Post*; Mr. D. S. Meldrum, literary critic of the *Morning Post*; Mr. James Bone, London editor of the *Manchester Guardian*; Sir Alexander Mackintosh, parliamentary correspondent of *Liverpool Daily Post* and *British Weekly*; Mr. James Milne, formerly literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and now literary correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*; Howard Alexander Gray, leader-writer on the *Observer*; Mr. Peter B. M. Roberts, London correspondent of the *Scotsman*; Mr. Ivor J. C. Brown, of the *Observer*; Mr. Bruce Lockhart, of the *Evening Standard*; Mr. Robert Bell, until recently assistant-editor of the *Observer*; Mr. Dunbar, managing-editor of the *Herald* and other Odhams papers; and Lord Beaverbrook, proprietor of the *Daily Express*.

from the fact that the vogue of the stolid, arid, stereotyped, sleepy sort of journalism which satisfied the last generation is rapidly going to pieces. The contemporary world wants and will have what it chooses to call the "live" journalist, and the Scotchman who is a live journalist to the extent of evolving anything bright or subtle or suggestive or original has yet to be found. At the present moment, he is managing to keep himself alive by imitation. As a plagiarist of ideas, necessity has made him a master. He knows that the reign of dullness is coming to an end, and that the auld-wife journalism in whose benevolent presence he has prosed and prosed for so many years, is even now in her dotage and cannot last much longer. So that he has taken thought and determined to aim higher. What man has done, a Scot can do. It is not given him to be witty and brilliant and unhackneyed on a little oatmeal. But, thank Heaven ! he can always play sedulous ape, and sedulous ape it shall be.

We have an uneasy feeling, based on a good deal of experience with Scottish editors, that there is something in what Mr. Crosland says. Too many Scots are inclined to follow the old ruts when, after years of patient and hopeful labour, they gain editorial authority. Seldom do they raise their noses from the well-worn track of tradition. Their caution is most admirable ; but one result of it is that the country, especially north of the Tweed, supports an astonishingly large number of journals that are as unchanging as moss-grown tombstones, and which, like moss-grown tombstones, become more and more difficult to read as the years pass.

On the other hand, Mr. Crosland could have levelled his criticism against Englishmen, or Norwegians, with equal point. Editors who combine wisdom with originality and hair-trigger progressiveness are very rare birds. In twenty years of journalistic experience we can think of only one man who possessed the requisite gifts—and he was a

devious, malicious, and coarse-grained bully who was never happier than when destroying reputations. Scots, therefore, need not feel cast down because their countrymen are not so prominent as they might be in the new journalism, which floods the country with feverish print and false alarms, in order that Baron Selfmade may pose as a POWER looming over a CRINGING GOVERNMENT.

Great as was the influence exerted by Scotsmen during the pioneering period of journalism in England, it appears almost insignificant by comparison with the astonishing record of Scottish publishers who left their native country to open up shop in London. They had had a pretty thin time of it in Glasgow and Edinburgh ; but, almost without exception, they had entered the publishing business because they liked books, they had served their terms of apprenticeship in an exacting school, and they had sound business heads on their shoulders.

Prior to the time that these men gained a footing in London, the lot of the author was indeed a pitiful one, setting him to

> Unpack his heart with words, and fall a-cursing,
> Like a very drab, a scullion !

He was the prey of unscrupulous and ignorant men who called themselves publishers, but who should have been buccaneers of the Caribbean. It seems almost trite to hark back to the fact that Milton received only five pounds from Samuel Simmons, the English publisher, for the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*. This was at the middle of the seventeenth century. After Simmons came an exploiter, who bore the ominous name of Jacob Tonson, who,

without using weapons, acquired Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida* for twenty pounds. Dean Swift received a few pounds for *Gulliver's Travels*, but that was the only manuscript he ever received a penny for. His other manuscripts were gifts—unwillingly given, we may believe—to his rapacious publishers and posterity. Pope's bitter denunciations of the publishing craft are well known. So are those of Byron.

The murderous relationship that existed between author and publisher in those days is reflected by Dryden's pungent description of the mountebank who launched his books :

> With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air !

The ambient air was freed of its taint when Scotsmen established publishing houses in London ; indeed, the improvements which they brought about in the business of putting books on the market form a remarkable chapter in the history of English literature. It was as if the loosely conducted and reviled profession had been transformed by the touch of a magic wand.

The allied arts of printing and publishing had not developed to any great extent in Scotland at this time ; but restricted as they were from a commercial standpoint, they were by no means lacking in quality and progressiveness. Allan Ramsay, half a century previously, had established the first circulating library in Edinburgh. William Ged's invention of stereotype printing had been utilized. Sir Robert Strange, a native of the Orkney Islands, had introduced line engraving to London in 1747 and had become one

of England's most artistic and successful engravers. Thomas Nelson, another Scot, had invented the rotary stereo press. The beautiful types used by the Foulis Brothers, already mentioned, were the talk of the publishing world all over Europe. In addition to their skill as craftsmen, the Scottish printers and publishers of this period were men of pronounced character and keen business acumen.[1] With such a sound background, those of them who opened establishments in London brought to the business of making and selling books sound business ethics and an artistic appreciation of the efforts of writers.

Two of the most outstanding men among them were Andrew Millar and William Strachan (the same man who, as noted in a previous chapter, changed his name to Strahan). Millar was publisher for Hume, Thompson, Fielding, and Robertson, and he launched Dr. Samuel Johnson's great Dictionary. Strahan placed Gibbon's monumental *Decline and Fall* before the London public in 1776, in partnership with Cadell, and in doing so made a bargain with the great historian that was in curious contrast to modern contracts for book publication. Gibbon took two-thirds of the profits, leaving the smaller fraction to the publisher. Modern book-publishing contracts—largely as a result of the ability and eagerness of successful ironmongers, prize-fighters, professional golfers, politicians, and misunderstood women to write revealing autobiographies—are invariably worded so that the obscure author remains hopeful and threadbare till death stills his fevered hand. In the case of Gibbon and Strahan, the opposite

[1] It is worth noting that in the following century five of Glasgow's Lord Provosts were drafted from the publishing trades.

was the case, for on the third edition of the *Rise and Fall* the author collected the tidy sum of £326 13s. 4d., while the publisher had to be content with £163 6s. 8d. Gibbon was a genius in more ways than one!

Strahan, in addition to putting Gibbon's masterpiece on the market, had the honour of launching Adam Smith, and saw the beginning of the transformation that was brought about in England's economic life by *The Wealth of Nations*. He was, by instinct and training, a sound business man, but he displayed the daring and generosity that are characteristic of big-minded money-makers. When he offered Tennyson four thousand pounds for the right to publish the poet's books, it was an indication of the great improvement that had been brought about in the world of books by Strahan and other Scots. It is scarcely necessary, in view of the sums of money which passed between them and authors, to point out that they had replaced the old mendacious system of literary patrons by clean-cut business methods, thereby wiping out the odium that had for so long been associated with authorship in London.

Strahan had taken too much pleasure out of the business of publishing books, and had done too much for authors, to leave a fortune when he died in 1785.[1]

"There will be no books of importance now printed in London," exclaimed Hume, when he heard that the publisher had passed away. That, of course, was too gloomy a forecast, but it stands in the history of British publishing as an indication of the status of William Strahan.

Strahan, and his less spectacular but equally

[1] Strahan established the *Argosy* magazine, also the *Contemporary Review*, and sank a good deal of money in his efforts to develop them.

capable partner, were succeeded by other Scotsmen, who carried on the traditions they had established. The names of these Scots come thick and fast as we stroll down Paternoster Row. Thomas Cadell, for instance, succeeded Millar, with whom he had served his apprenticeship. The founder of the great house of Hutchinson and Company, Sir George Thompson Hutchinson, was a Scot, and had served his apprenticeship with Strahan. Archibald Constable, with a fine record in Edinburgh behind him, opened up shop in the metropolis towards the end of the century, and the firm is still there, with an enviable record of achievement to its credit. Of the founder of this fine old house, Sir Walter Scott remarked : "Never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment."

George Smith, the Morayshire farmer's son whom we have already met, with his partner, Elder—another Scot !—published the poems of Robert Browning and John Ruskin, and the novels of Charlotte Brontë and Charles Makepeace Thackeray. They also put the *Cornhill Magazine* on its feet, opening its pages to talent, which added permanent lustre to English literature. Thomas Hardy had already written *Desperate Remedies*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, without impinging upon the consciousness of a rather dull public ; but Smith and Elder saw something in the mild man from Wessex and stuck to him. They commissioned him to write *Far from the Madding Crowd* for the *Cornhill Magazine*, and before the last instalment of that lovely tale appeared, Gabriel Oak and his dear Bathsheba Everdene had been for ever enshrined in the hearts of Englishmen, and a great new novelist was basking

modestly in the sunshine of a long-deferred success. What an achievement for a publisher !

A spacious era of English literature had arrived, and, guided and supported by Scottish publishers, great stars arose and moved majestically across the literary firmament. Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Hardy, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charlotte Brontë, and Charles Kingsley were a part of this glorious constellation !

Their publishers were worthy of them. John Murray, who spoke with a broad Scottish accent, earned the title of "Prince of Publishers". He was succeeded by Adam Black, another Scot who had worked up from the bottom after a stern apprenticeship in his native country. Black was a genius. In 1827 he acquired the copyright of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from Constable, got Dr. James Browne—another Scot, of course !—to edit the new edition, and proceeded to make a fortune.[1] Black also bought the copyright of Sir Walter Scott's novels in 1851, paying £31,000 for it. Another wise investment, in spite of the large amount of money involved. This shrewd and daring old book-lover was one of the first men to recognize the genius of Macaulay—and it wasn't because the historian was more than half Scotch ! Apart from the profession which he adorned, the sterling worth of Adam Black was shown in another revealing light, when he politely but firmly declined the proffered honour of a knighthood, on

[1] There is a good deal of truth in the saying that no dictionary or encyclopædia has ever been compiled without the assistance of Scots. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* had its origin in Scotland, the first edition being published in 1771 by the Edinburgh firm of Bell and MacFarquhar. William Smellie was the patient editor who compiled the information crammed into its pages.

Sir James A. H. Murray, a Scot, was editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

the pawky grounds "that my wife had no desire to be called 'My Lady', and it would foster vanity in my children !"

T. Fisher Unwin inherited his literary leanings from his Scottish mother. It was Unwin who developed Joseph Conrad. By this time Blackwoods, of Edinburgh, had opened up in London, where they put before the English public the works of Charles Reade, Trollope, and George Eliot. It was largely as a result of the encouragement of Blackwoods that George Eliot continued to write her great social novels.

The great house of MacMillans was founded by Daniel MacMillan, who learned his trade in Ayrshire, and who opened up in a modest way in London just one hundred years ago. Among the first of the long list of literary celebrities launched by this great publishing house were Tennyson and Charles Kingsley.

We have come down to the present day, for all these Scottish publishing houses prospered, and, like a famous beverage, are still going strong in the land of their adoption. They are still the pillars of the publishing business of London, and while, among and around them, many fine English houses flourish, London without its Scottish publishers would be a bare field indeed for the British author.

It will have been noticed that, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, no names of Scottish novelists are linked with the success of the Scottish publishers who broke so much new ground in London in the last century. At that time, it is necessary to repeat, Scotland's genius took a practical form, and with the notable exceptions of Scott and Smollett, who

did not have to worry over the problem of earning their daily bread, there were no novelists in Scotland. Instead, the country was flooded with the heavy literature of polemics, the treatises bearing such grave titles as : *The Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, *The Theory of Knowing and Being*, *Thoughts on Man's Condition*, *The Delusive and Persecuting Spirit of Popery*, and *Exercitationes de Verbo Dei*, *et Dissertatio de Versionibus*, which perhaps reflected the philosophical bent of the best Scottish minds, but did not cut much ice as literature.

One curious fact emerges from this frozen period in Scottish literature, however—the fact that Scots had glorified the sea-power of England in song and story. Thompson and Campbell wrote the songs ; Smollett wrote the stories. To our old friend from Dumbartonshire belongs the distinction of writing the first novels that depicted the hard life of the British sea-dog, and while they belong to a day that has gone by, they have never been surpassed as literature of the sea.

Smollett was familiar with the men who manned England's fighting ships in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and had a first-hand knowledge of the disgraceful conditions imposed upon them by boodling politicians and ignorant naval officers, for he went to Cartagena with the fleet as a surgeon's mate. Out of that voyage of vengeance, and his sympathy for the grossly abused tar, came *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, the first novel of the sea to appear in these islands, which introduced John Bull to Tom Bowling, "as good a seaman as ever cracked biscuit" ; Daniel Whipcord, the ship-chandler ; Captain Oakum, Jack Rattlin, Captain

Cormorant, and a whole crew of other original and salty characters. *Roderick Random* was followed by *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, the pages of which resounded with the gusty gossip of Commodore Hawser Trunnion, who "swore woundily", and described his promotion in these broad maritime terms :

> I did not rise in the service by parliamentary interest, or a handsome wife. I was not hoisted over the bellies of better men, nor strutted athwart the quarter-deck in a laced doublet, and thingumbobs at the wrists. Damn my limbs ! I have been a hard-working man, and served all offices on board from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel !

The third novel of the sea which Smollett wrote was *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, and it proved to be his last, for he died soon after it appeared, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.

Smollett was a first-class delineator of the characters of sailors, and apart from the fact that he was the first successful writer of stories that dealt with the British Navy, his name deserves to be honoured for the sound literary quality of his work. He set the course for Marryat, Glascock, and other less distinguished novelists of the sea who followed him ; and even to-day it is difficult to name a writer who caught so faithfully, and portrayed so entertainingly the lives of men who go down to the sea in ships.[1]

After the middle of the eighteenth century the ranks of the Scottish pamphleteers and propagandists began to thin rapidly, and writers of genuine merit

[1] The author of the famous old classic of the sea, *Tom Cringle's Log*, was Michael Scott, who was born in Glasgow in 1789.

began to emerge from the mists of the north. It would be idle to attempt to prove that modern Scottish literature has influenced England to any great extent. In the main it has been disfigured by the political inhibitions of the Scot. Parliamentary Union left Scotland with a pronounced inferiority complex, and no country, labouring under such a psychological handicap, has ever produced a large and urbane literature. To produce great literary works a country must be free of the shadow of a dominating power. What books have come out of Newfoundland? That island is Great Britain's oldest colony.

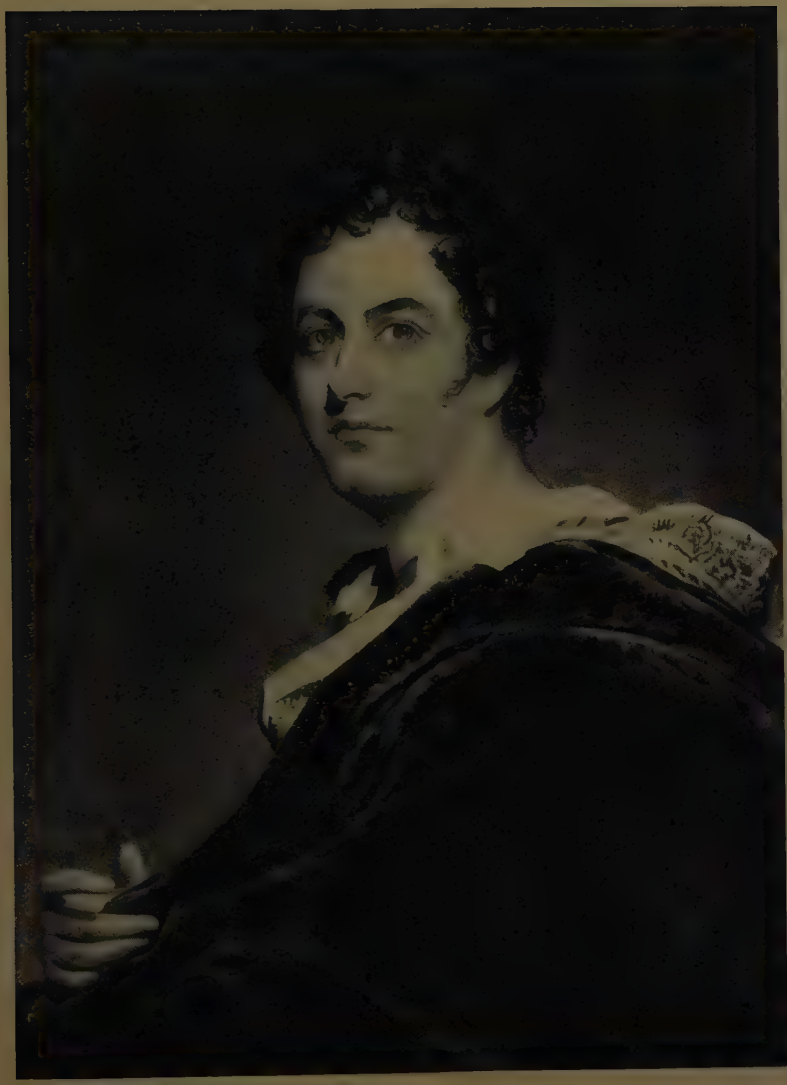
The United States, next door, has flooded the world with her virile and varied literature. To produce great literature, a country's soul must be emancipated, and something grievous happened to Scotland's soul when she relinquished her independence in 1707 for the cash consideration of £360,000. That dark fact has clouded the country's mind with the passing of the years, and it is not difficult to trace its increasing influence on the minds of modern Scottish writers. Thus, as we recede from the period when giants like Scott and Burns laboured, we encounter, with increasing frequency, the school of inhibition, with its pretty romances of the Jacobite period, its new study of Mary Queen of Scots, its sickly sentimental portrayals of kailyard types, its bitter flings at the country, and, in recent years, its rising anthem in praise of scenery.

Still, here and there real genius rose above the mists, and out of Scotland came books that won, and retained down the years, the very highest places in

England's prolific honour-roll of literature. We think it will be admitted that the greatest historical novels read by Englishmen came from the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott. James Boswell, of Auchinleck, gave England *The Life of Doctor Samuel Johnson*, by universal acknowledgment the greatest biography in the English language. In the field of the tragic drama, George Douglas Brown wrote that black and awful masterpiece, *The House with the Green Shutters*, the equal of which, as sheer art, is not easily found in English literature of any period. Robert Louis Stevenson gave Englishmen *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, classics of adventure which never grow old and which, because of their faultless art, have easily withstood the successive challenges of a long list of able writers in the same field.

Writing for younger minds, and for once discarding the silliness that disfigures so much of his work, Sir James Barrie brought London to his feet with *Peter Pan*, a classic of fanciful adventure which stands alone. In the more sober literature of political economy, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* became the chart that guided England out of the unproductive shallows of protected commerce into the mighty world-circling deeps of free trade that made her the greatest trading nation the world has ever seen. In the field of poetry, one is confronted by a formidable array of great English classicists, but the master of them all was Lord Byron, and his genius, which had a profound influence on the literature of Europe, had its origin in the soil of Scotland.[1] In the realm of philosophy,

[1] George Gordon Noel Byron (1788–1824), has been so persistently catalogued as an English poet that it seems necessary to point out that he inherited his incandescent genius from his fitful, passionate, and artistic mother, Catherine Gordon, heiress of Gight, in Aberdeenshire.



LORD BYRON

From the famous painting acquired by Harrow School in 1847

what British writer has exerted a greater influence than Carlyle?

Asked why he gave Scottish parts in his plays to English actors and actresses, Sir James Barrie replied —need we add, *whimsically* : "It isn't Scotch to act!" The pawky remark would have been nearer the truth if the words "in Scotland" had been added, for until recent years there was no development of the theatrical art in Scotland, as a result of the narrow view of the theatre held by the clergy. On 24th April, 1595, the Kirk-Session of Glasgow directed the town's drummer to forbid "all persons from going to Ruglen to see vain plays on Sundays", and "The Temple of Beelzebub" remained in disrepute for two centuries. True, "The Tragedy of Douglas", written by the Reverend John Home, of Athelstaneford, Midlothian, was performed in the theatre in the Canongate on 14th December, 1756—Thomas Carlyle was in the audience!—but even that heavy tragedy was considered to be a menace to the morals of the people.

How could dramatists thrive in such an atmosphere? They could pander to the local appetite with plays that invariably introduced a young meenister with a slow but sure manner, and a sharp-tongued heroine with a heart o' gold, or they could pack up and go to—London. Those who had genuine ability took the latter course, and by the time they had won fame they were regarded as being Sassenachs. Is it any wonder that a man with such a vast knowledge of the London theatre as Mr. Charles B. Cochran should have written to us while this book was on the stocks, with this barren recollection of Scottish theatrical figures : "It's an extraordinary thing, but

I can't recall any famous Scotsmen other than Harry Lauder and Norman McKinnell,[1] who have shone in the theatre. There must be a number."

There are a number. Sir George Alexander, for instance. This great actor and producer was always regarded as being an Englishman, but he was the son of a Scottish manufacturer who had moved across the Border in the great trek that followed the Union of Parliaments. Alexander went to London, took up acting, and won moderate fame when, in 1881, he appeared at the Lyceum with the great Irving. Ten years later he became manager of the St. James's Theatre, and there he produced Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest", Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray", "The Princess and the Butterfly", "His House in Order", and "The Thunderbolt", Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau", and Stephen Phillip's "Paolo and Francesca". The list of these famous plays of the last century will impress upon the minds of people familiar with the theatre the melancholy fact that plays of equal merit are seldom produced in London to-day—even with the help of Broadway. Sir George Alexander played the leading rôle in each of them with great distinction; indeed, his record in the dual capacity of producer and leading man is one that has not been surpassed in the history of the English stage.

Another great Scottish actor-manager who appeared on the same stage with Sir George

[1] Norman McKinnell was born in Maxwelltown, Kirkcudbrightshire, on 10th February, 1870. He appeared first at Clacton-on-Sea in 1894, then became associated with H. Beerbohm Tree, appearing at Her Majesty's in "King John", "Julius Cæsar", "The Vanity of Youth", and other plays.

Alexander was Alexander Matheson Lang, the son of an Inverness minister. Lang's reputation as an actor became international. He produced "The Merchant of Venice", "Othello", and "The Wandering Jew", and, like Sir George Alexander, took the leading rôle in each of his productions. Playing Benedick to the Beatrice of Ellen Terry, he attained a fame comparable to that of Garrick.

The majority of English theatregoers believe that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the distinguished London actor and theatrical producer, is a product of their country, and indeed he has the air of a man who has never remained away from London any longer than was absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, he is the son of an Aberdeen journalist.

The list of Scottish men and women who have attained distinction in the theatrical world of England could be lengthened,[1] but the triumvirate mentioned are a convincing proof of the fact that if Scotland has not given as many actors to the London stage as England, she has demonstrated that she can produce the very cream of the profession.

A survey of the dramatic arts of England would not be complete without a reference to those ultra-modern developments—the cinema and radio. Both arts have been developed in London : the cinema to a point where it has quite definitely surpassed, in point of artistic quality, the best efforts of Hollywood ;

[1] One of the first Scottish actors to attain great fame in London was Charles Murray (1754–1821), whose father, Sir John Murray, was secretary to Bonnie Prince Charlie. Viola, Nell, and Fay Compton are descendants of Charles Murray. Other famous actresses of England owe much to their Scottish ancestry. Ellen Terry's mother was Scotch. Sophie Stewart is as Scottish as Harris Tweed. Sybil Thorndike's grandmother was a talented Scotswoman. The famous Grace Huntley (1860–1896) belonged to Southwick, Scotland, and lies in a lonely little kirkyard close to the author's home.

the radio entertainment to a point of perfection where it has become the pride of this country and the envy of others. In saying so we are almost overcome with embarrassment, for it is necessary to add that the cinema industry of Great Britain has been built up, from its very foundations, by Mr. John Maxwell, of Glasgow, and that the directing genius of the British Broadcasting Corporation is Sir John Reith, of Aberdeen !

CHAPTER VI

GUARDIANS OF JOHN BULL'S HEALTH

A NUMBER of Scottish physicians and surgeons established themselves in London during the reign of James I, and the English metropolis continued to attract "herbalists" and "chirurganes" from the north until the time of Union. Beyond the Court, where they had established themselves in a favour that proved to be permanent, they laboured in obscurity ; but by the time Lord Bute had appeared upon the scene they were having a good deal to say, in one way or another, about the Englishman's health. If they were not fortunate enough to be in a position to have their say at bedsides, they remained in their lodgings and wrote books and pamphlets on diseases and their treatment. It was an early illustration of the great advantage which the Scot enjoyed—and still enjoys over his English competitors—the gift of articulation.

There was no stopping such men. They prospered, and some of them, indeed, lived long enough to see their profession in England completely transformed by the medical genius which was nurtured in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if Scotland had made no other contribution to England's advancement than that of

sending her distinguished physicians and surgeons, she could be proud of that achievement alone, for it resulted in rearing the noblest structure ever dedicated to the service of humanity.

When we search for a reason for Scotland's amazing fecundity in the production of able surgeons and physicians, medical teachers, and medical administrators, we discover it without difficulty. A virile and intelligent peasantry was flowering profusely from one end of the country to the other. There is no other explanation of the phenomenon which the medical schools of Edinburgh and Glasgow symbolized, for the distinguished men which they turned out were recruited from the middle and lower classes of the country, not in platoons, but in battalions. Every parish sent its "lads o' pairts" to Edinburgh and Glasgow to study for the higher professions, and Scotland became a cornucopia which poured its best brains across the Border. This was particularly true of the medical profession, and if England reaped the benefit, Scotland may be proud of the fact that her sons were so influential in a profession which, since the dawn of civilization, has been devoted to the amelioration of human suffering.

The first Scottish surgeon to emerge from the fogs of the north was Michael Scot, who has already been mentioned. After he passed from the scene we do not hear much about the art of healing in Scotland for a long time. When we come to the sixteenth century, however, we begin to hear about surgeons and operations, which indicates that some progress had been made, with the help of Continental schools, in the art of surgery. John Chisholm had operated on the Earl of Morton for strangulated hernia, and

it must have been a case of touch and go for the hardy Douglas, for the man who wielded the knife on him tells us that "the erle of Mortoun lay deidle seik of rumburssanes and war nocht he was cuttit he haid lost the lyff".

It was probably just as well for the English that not many of these sixteenth-century Scottish surgeons and herbalists followed King James south, for their medical knowledge left something to be desired. Those were the days of truly heroic surgery, and if the knife did not make an end of the hardy churl who submitted to it, he stood an excellent chance of dying a violent death by swallowing the concoctions which passed for medicine. The hoofs of elk, the gizzards of hens, the juice of woodlice, mother-of-pearl, boars' teeth, horse dung, pigeons' blood, human urine, spiders' webs, snake-skin, crabs' claws, and frogs' flesh were popular ingredients of tonics, and eminent physicians swore by them.[1]

In those days, just before the dawn of the era which made Scotland famous in the world of surgery and medicine, the physicians, and their allies the "Chyr.-apothecaries", had cure-alls that far out-do the modern American medicine-man and his rattle-snake oil. Bezoar, for instance. This was a sort of stone that was supposed to be found in the stomachs of the goats that roamed the wilds of Borneo. It was

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[1] The medical profession were quite reluctant to part with these potent materials. All of them were listed in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia of 1737. Even at a later date, the really eminent Edinburgh physician, Doctor Pitcairn, recommended and used a tincture composed of wild valerian root, white dittany, pigeons' dung, charred bark of oak, rosemary tops, and white French wine, to which was added, after straining, powder of human skulls, shavings of elks' hoof, amber, and castor. The concoction was not, as may be supposed, intended to cause convulsions and death; on the contrary, it was a prescription greatly recommended for the cure of epilepsy!

believed to be a sure cure for a number of widely differing diseases, among them being jaundice and the plague. The stuff, of course, never came from Borneo, but enterprising and unscrupulous pedlars sold it to physicians of standing for as high as four pounds an ounce. The only goats connected with it were the buyers.

Burdened as it was by such absurd beliefs, the medical profession of Scotland was on a higher plane at this period than the profession in England. Men like Cullen were cutting away the fungi of superstition, and science got a chance. Things did not move so quickly on the other side of the Border, for at the middle of the century the Royal College of Physicians in London still stood with firm dignity behind such nostrums as vipers' broth, bezoar, and brick oil.

One sad result of the enlightenment which scientific knowledge brought to the profession in Edinburgh was the rupture which developed in the ancient Incorporation of Surgeons and Barbers. The surgeons were becoming a bit class-conscious. There had been friction—little *contré-échanges*—which indicated very clearly that the men with the lancets were beginning to look askance at the men with the razors. The barbers were to be cast out. They were not good enough. The amputation was performed quite skilfully, but without the use of an anæsthetic. The barbers found themselves brought up short for "barbourizing" on Sundays, which had suddenly become "a sin contrair to the Word of God and to all laws humane and divyne". The end came in 1727. From that year onward the barbers were degraded. All that was left to them was the right to advertise

their shops with the blue-and-red-striped poles which still symbolize the arterial and venous blood they used to shed so copiously.

The day of the "Chirurgeon-apothecary" had arrived. This hyphenated customer learned his trade by apprenticing himself to an established practitioner, serving three years. At the conclusion of that training came a sketchy examination, and if the candidate satisfied the Incorporation, he got his licence and was turned loose on the unsuspecting public.

Stiffer standards were not long in coming, however. In 1705 Robert Eliot was selected by the Incorporation as "public dissector", and the Edinburgh Town Council voted him a salary of fifteen pounds a year. How the Council managed to get such an expenditure passed is a mystery, but it was probably justified by the significant fact that its recipient was the first Professor of Anatomy to be appointed in Great Britain. Another Professor of Anatomy was appointed at the University of Edinburgh in 1726, and he happened to be Alexander Munro, who displayed such brilliance as a surgeon, and as a teacher, that he drew clever students from the far corners of Scotland, England, and Ireland. Thus, under able leadership, Edinburgh's medical school took form, and it was this old school which, in the century that followed Munro's appointment, became such a hotbed of medical genius that it transformed the profession, not only in Scotland, but in England as well.

It was no longer necessary to go to Leyden, Paris, or Utrecht ; the cleverest physicians and surgeons in Great Britain began to flock to the Scottish capital,

and as their numbers increased the old slipshod ways of entering the profession were closed by rigid regulations. Candidates were critically examined by the Faculty. It was no longer possible for a barber to gain the coveted distinction by paying forty pounds. Brazen and ignorant quacks woke up to the realization that they could not secure degrees by clever solicitation. No longer were men admitted to the profession on sentimental and patriotic grounds, as in the case of one Andrew Brown, who got his degree by reason "of his well-known abilities and of his constant adhering to the cause of God in the midst of so many trials and temptations within the Kingdom of Ireland, and transporting of himself and his wife and family to this kingdom from thense !"

A faint echo of the grinding machinery of the new control comes down to us across the centuries. We hear of one Christopher Irving, a Scot who had taken his Doctorate of Medicine abroad, appealing to the Privy Council against the rulings of the College of Physicians, and it is worth noting that Christopher carried his point, because he was declared, in spite of the Edinburgh dictators, to be "Ane frie chirurgane" !

Irving was not the only man to kick against the hardening authority of Edinburgh. Years later, a famous London quack by the name of Graham decided that he would expand his business by opening an establishment in the Scottish capital on lines similar to his London "Temple of Health". He had spoofed the London public for years, lining his pockets in the process, so when his application was refused by the Town Council he went into action, attacking the honest burghers with a barrage

of letters and pamphlets. It was no use, and Graham left Edinburgh with this Parthian shot at the immovable authorities : "I look down upon you as the meridian sun in its glory looks down upon an expiring farthing candle, and as God Almighty Himself might regard the impertinent twistings of little animals in a rotten cheese !"

Long before Graham went back to London, Scotland had quite definitely outdistanced England in medical organization, research, and teaching. The profession was attracting an ever-widening stream of exceedingly able and courageous men, and some of them became famous throughout Europe. Archibald Pitcairn, who did so much to develop the Edinburgh Medical School, was recognized as the most celebrated physician in the world. Robert Smellie, who helped to establish the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, was made an honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians of London. Men like James Gregory, William Cullen, Joseph Black, and John Bell became known all over Europe for their daring and constructive work.

The tide of Scottish emigration began to carry a heavy freight of medical genius into England. Charles Bell, who took over the anatomy class at Edinburgh at the close of the eighteenth century, was called away to London, where he became a pioneer in nerve work. He was followed at Edinburgh by such brilliant figures as Lizars, Liston, Syme, and Fergusson ; but the great exodus to the south continued. William Smellie, who was the first doctor in Scotland to invade the field long dominated by midwives, moved to London in 1738, to become Great Britain's foremost obstetrician. Ten years later Sir John Pringle, a

Roxburghshire man, after a distinguished period of service as Physician-General to the British Forces in Flanders, began to practise in London. He became physician to the Duke of Cumberland and Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen Charlotte. In 1772 this great physician was elected President of the Royal Society, and two years later he was appointed Physician-Extraordinary to the King. His monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey, but his greatest monument was his work, and his *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*, an exhaustive diagnosis which was promptly recognized as a medical classic and which made its author the acknowledged founder of modern military medicine.

James Johnstone, who was born near Annan, Dumfriesshire, in 1730, was the man who discovered a cure for the Kidderminster Fever, which had puzzled the English medical authorities for years. This resourceful Scot also discovered, in 1758, an antidote for putrid febrile contagion—a primitive but highly important discovery at that time, consisting of pouring vitriolic acid on salt.

William Hunter, who was born at Kilbride, Lanarkshire, in 1718, opened a consulting-room in London in 1741. Three years later he had become the leading accoucheur of the metropolis, and had published his *Essay of the Structure and Diseases of Articulating Cartilages*, a work of great importance. Hunter became Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1767, and in 1781 was accorded the supreme honour of being elected President of the Royal College of Physicians of London. In 1775 he published his great thesis, *The Anatomy of the Human Gravid*

Uterus, which marked a long forward step in obstetrical surgery.

The little Scottish village of Kilbride made another important contribution to the development of medical science in England, for John Hunter, a younger brother of William, became famous in London as a physician. He was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary to the King, but he took greater pride in the fact that he was one of the founders of the London Veterinary College.

When we enter the nineteenth century, the pre-eminence of Scottish surgeons, physicians, and medical administrators was an established fact in England. Almost every corner of that country had been invaded by soundly trained, aggressive, and skilful practitioners from the north[1]; but in London, the centre and heart of the art of English medicine, Scotsmen had swarmed to the highest heights of the profession, bringing to it, moreover, a

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[1] A few examples of the achievements of Scottish doctors in the provinces will indicate how much England owes to the medical schools of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Royal Institution of Liverpool and the Liverpool Mechanics Institution were founded by Thomas Stewart Traill, a native of Kirkwall, who graduated from Edinburgh in 1802. The Liverpool Medical School was developed by Sir William Mitchell Banks, a native of Edinburgh and a graduate of its medical college, while he was Professor of Anatomy at University College, Liverpool. Sir William was largely responsible for the rebuilding of the Royal Infirmary of Liverpool.

Charles White, who took his degree at Edinburgh, became one of the most distinguished physicians of Manchester, and was one of the founders of the Manchester Infirmary and the Manchester Lying-in Hospital. He was followed by William Henry, another Edinburgh graduate. Henry became physician to Manchester Infirmary, and while holding that position wrote his *Experimental Chemistry*, a learned work that went through eleven editions before 1829.

The founder of the Birmingham Medical School was Edward Johnstone, a native of Dumfriesshire. This able Scot was the first principal of Queen's College, Birmingham. Another Scot who followed Johnstone to Birmingham was Robert Lawson Tait, who graduated from Edinburgh in 1886. He was a physician of great skill, and became Professor of Gynæcology in Queen's College.

The Sheffield Royal Infirmary was founded by William Younger, a Scot.

new knowledge and energy that raised it to the status of nobility. Every phase of the art was influenced, if indeed not dominated, by the Edinburgh and Glasgow men, and while it is true that England herself produced many brilliant men of medicine at this time, they were eclipsed by their competitors from the north.

The names and achievements of these Scottish medical pioneers in London would fill a ponderous volume, and one can only pass down the long list rapidly, indicating, here and there, some of the great names and the achievements linked with them. It is appropriate that one of the first names to make us pause is that of a chemist, Thomas Graham, of Glasgow. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, in 1837. He occupied that position until 1855, when he became Master of the Mint—an acknowledgment of his pre-eminent ability in his chosen field.[1] It was this Scot who taught the famous Joseph Lister, who, by his discovery and promotion of antiseptic methods, cleared hospitals of the horror of gangrene and similar infections. Graham induced his brilliant pupil to go on to Edinburgh to study surgery under the great Syme, and one may say that a new era in the medical art opened when, in 1860, Queen Victoria issued a commission to Joseph Lister—then a lecturer in

[1] Distinguished Scottish chemists have maintained the traditions established by Graham. Sir William Ramsay, who was born in Glasgow in 1852, and who was appointed Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, in 1887, was the discoverer of Helium, Argon, Neon, Krypton, and Xenon, and, largely as a result of his work with rare gases, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1904.

Sir William Dewar, who was born at Kincardine-on-Forth in 1842, and who became Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, London, in 1877, was the first chemist to produce liquid air, and liquid and solid hydrogen.

surgery at Edinburgh—to be Professor of Surgery at Glasgow University. There, five years after he assumed his new duties, he began to wrestle with the septic scourges that had long been so dangerous a feature of British hospitals. In those days the conditions under which surgeons operated were crude in the extreme. They wore torn and stained operating coats that would drive business away from a modern butcher's shop, and were addicted to the jaunty but decidedly unsanitary habit of carrying ligatures in their buttonholes ! The loose ideas with regard to cleanliness of many of the women who took up the nursing profession were another hazard that had to be faced by the unfortunate wight who was subjected to the knife—not to mention the fact that he had to go through it all with his eyes open ! Encountering opposition that would have disgusted and discouraged most men, Lister began his cleansing campaign—with carbolic acid—and in a few years had shown the medical profession how to control the foul germs that had, previous to his time, risen up like demons to nullify the skill of surgeons. This great man succeeded his father-in-law, the distinguished James Syme, in the chair of clinical surgery at Edinburgh in 1869. He was not to remain there, however. His name had become famous throughout the world, and, yielding to persuasion, he proceeded to London in 1877, to be Professor of Clinical Surgery at King's College.

The alarming thought that we have been following the career of a Scottish-trained Englishman crowds in upon us, reminding us of old Wullie Tamson's considered opinion, to wit, that "a book about Scotsmen in England will maybe be a' richt—

if ye can manage tae keep the damned English oot o't !" We must hurry back to Edinburgh, therefore, and pick up the trail of Scots who are doing things to elevate the profession in England.

A name leaps out of the long list at us—that of James Simpson, who, by his discovery and bold use of chloroform, conferred upon the world one of its greatest blessings. Simpson was the seventh son of a baker of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, where he was born on 7th June, 1811. His determination to make something of himself led him to Edinburgh, and in 1830 he was licensed by the Royal College of Surgeons. The brilliant and strong-minded young medico became surgeon in the small village of Inverkip, on the Clyde, and a period of dull and unappreciated service ensued. Inverkip, like many another small community, had no eye for genius, and—perhaps fortunately for the world—Simpson was glad to leave the place. He went back to Edinburgh, and in 1832 got his degree of Doctor of Medicine. He became assistant to Dr. John Thomson, professor of pathology at the University, receiving a salary of fifty pounds a year. It sufficed. Simpson pursued his studies and banked money, for in 1835 he visited the best hospitals of England and France. In that same year he wrote a treatise entitled *Diseases of the Placenta.*

The baker's son was getting along. He was brilliant, and not afraid of new ideas. We hear of him recommending and demonstrating the use of metallic sutures in preference to threads of silk. There were jeers and sneers from medical circles, but Simpson was not the sort of man who wilted under the fire of adverse criticism. He had an iron will and

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON

Who discovered chloroform and promoted its use

boundless energy. When he was attacked by bitter pamphlets—and he was attacked in that manner more than once by jealous rivals—he replied to his anonymous critics by pamphlets. It was no effort at all to write them, for he revelled in controversy.

One thing, however, filled this courageous little man with dismay—the agony endured by men and women who underwent operations. The screams and unavailing struggles of these people—they were held under the knife by brute strength or by straps—preyed on his mind so much that he decided to quit the medical profession altogether. He started to look for another job, but the daughter of Eris must have plucked at his coat-tails, for he had a change of heart and remained with surgery.

Something had clicked in his active brain, however. He began to study the use of anæsthetics. He was the first physician to use ether—an American dentist had used it previously—in obstetric practice. It was a great advance in medical practice, and his continued use of it made him famous. He was appointed Physician to the Queen.

"I am far less interested in the Queen's flattery," this hard-headed and modest Scot wrote at the time, "than in having delivered a woman this week without any pain while she inhaled sulphuric ether."

He continued to experiment with anæsthetics—a hazardous form of research. A Linlithgow chemist had spoken to him about chloroform. Simpson had a bottle of it on his library table. One night he picked up the vial of mystery and suggested to his two assistants that they test its potency. The three men inhaled the fumes and promptly passed into unconsciousness. When they regained their senses,

Simpson was elated. He had found what he had been looking for. It took courage to use it, but Simpson had enormous courage. He succeeded, a few days later, in getting chloroform submitted to tests in three operations at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. It proved entirely successful. Simpson began to use it in all his operations, in spite of opposition, which came from medical quarters and from the clergy, who denounced the new anodyne as "a decoy of Satan, apparently opening itself to bless women, but in the end hardening and robbing God of the deep, earnest cries that should arise to Him in time of trouble".

Simpson, however, had heard more of these "deep, earnest cries" than any of the clergy, and with characteristic pugnacity and the proverbial Scottish flair for argument he continued to promote the use of his great discovery, answering the girning priests with the argument that God Himself had anæsthetized Adam before he removed the rib that caused so much mischief in this world.[1]

That routed the clerics. Simpson's great discovery swept England, spread around the world. To attempt to measure the benefit of chloroform to humanity would be futile ; one can think of nothing that has brought so much relief to mankind in the past century.

The baker's son from Bathgate had become the greatest figure in the world of medicine. He was inundated with honours. In March of 1835 he was elected a Foreign Associate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris—an honour held by no other native of Great Britain. Three years later he received

1 "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept : and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof."—Genesis ii, 21.

the laureateship and gold medal of the French Academy of Sciences, with the Monthyon Prize and two thousand francs, awarded for the most important services conferred upon mankind. In 1866 a baronetcy was conferred upon him. It would be difficult to name a man who has conferred more upon the English people than Sir James Simpson.

Meanwhile, other Scottish doctors were doing great things for England. David Pitcairn, a native of Fifeshire, with degrees from Glasgow and Edinburgh, headed down the Great North Road about the turn of the century. Another Scot, John Abernethy, took the same road about the same time. The fogs of London swallowed them up for a while, but they were destined to meet, and they left a permanent record of themselves in medical history as founders of the famous St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical School.

John Yellowly, another Scot who graduated from Edinburgh in 1796, and who became a distinguished and much-respected physician of Norwich, was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Medicine of London.

John Richard Farre, who took his degree at Aberdeen in 1806, established a lucrative practice in London, and was co-founder of the first eye hospital established in the English metropolis—at Moorfields.

Robert Ferguson, who graduated from Edinburgh in 1823, was the first Professor of Midwifery appointed at King's College, London, and before that recognition of his ability came his way he had founded the *Medical Gazette*.

Another Scot of the same name, Sir William

Fergusson, filled the chair of surgery at King's College at that time. He was recognized as one of the most daring and delicate surgeons of his day.

Neil Arnott, an Arbroath man, introduced the waterbed to London medical practice about the middle of the century, and added to his fame by becoming one of the founders of London University. Neil Arnott was often confused with James Moncrieff Arnott, another graduate from Edinburgh, who left his name in the hall of medical fame by becoming one of the founders of Middlesex Hospital Medical School.

Sir John Scott Burdon Sanderson, who was born in 1828, and whose remarkable career extended into the twentieth century, was a Scot, graduating from Edinburgh in 1851. He became physician to Middlesex Hospital, lectured at University College, and in 1895 was appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford. Sir John's most enduring achievement was the establishment of the modern medical school at Oxford—an achievement of world-wide significance.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, who graduated from Edinburgh in 1862, and who, in his ninety-third year, disposed of the seven-course dinner at the 1933 meeting of the Royal Society and enjoyed himself thoroughly at this feast of wisdom, has made a vast contribution to the art of medicine in England. A pioneer in neurology, and a wise and fearless innovator, the school of neurology at West Riding Asylum—the first of its kind—was founded by this grand old man of British medicine.

The extraordinary record of Scots in the field of medical science in England is reflected from yet

another angle—that of the medical organization of the Army and Navy. In both fields, from the very beginnings of any systematic attempts to take care of the health of our fighting forces, Scots appear at the head of the organizations. How they managed it we do not know, but they seemed to crowd the poor Sassenach completely out of the picture, and they kept on using their shoulders so effectively that it is no easy matter to find the name of an Englishman in the long list of Directors-General of the medical services of our land and sea forces. It really ought to be looked into.

The man who may be called the pioneer of our Army medical organization was Robert Jackson, who was born at Stonebyres, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1750. He was a graduate of Leyden, served in the American War of Independence, and at the conclusion of that campaign became head of the Army hospital at Chatham. Soon afterwards he was promoted physician to the British Army on the Continent, but the promotion was made by the Commander-in-chief—probably a Scot !—without proper reference to the Army Medical Board at home. It does not do to ignore a medical board of any kind, for they take themselves very seriously. Jackson's appointment was ignored by the bureaucrats in London. The Scot, however, did not take the treatment lying down. Snubbed by the Surgeon-General in the street one day—those were the days when enemies glared at each other instead of smiling excessively—he thrashed the exalted official with his cane. It must have been a good thrashing, for Jackson was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison.

The man from Stonebyres had still a few shots in his locker, however. He waded into the powerful but moribund Army Medical Board with reckless gusto, and when the public learned that the stubborn stupidity of the Medical Board had a good deal to do with the Walcheren fiasco of 1809—in which 7000 soldiers died of disease and more than twice that number were made permanent invalids—Jackson's critical attitude was more than vindicated. The Board was abolished—not too soon to suit the men who were fighting Britain's battles—and the Scot who had brought about its sudden demise became the medical dictator of the Army. He was aggressive, energetic, and able, and brought about great reforms in the Army medical organization. For many years his book, *A Systematic View of the Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies*, was regraded as a military classic.

Following the militant Jackson came another Scottish dictator of Army medical methods, the renowned Sir James McGrigor. He was born at Crandale, Inverness-shire, took his degrees at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and joined the Army in 1804. After service on the Continent, in the West Indies, India, and Egypt, McGrigor joined Wellington's Army in the Peninsular in 1812, as chief medical officer. In that dreary campaign he displayed his mettle as an organizer by actually keeping the Army intact during that desperate year in which no reinforcements came from England. Three years later this resourceful Scot was appointed Director-General of the Army Medical Department. At the end of the war with Napoleon he was described by the Duke of Wellington as "one of the most industrious, able and

successful public servants I have ever met with". Sir James originated the system of medical reports and returns from all military stations, and these exhaustive returns formed the basis of his celebrated book, *Statistical Reports of the Health of the Army.*

One thing becomes increasingly clear to anybody who takes the time to read the history of medical services in the Army, and that is that the Scots at the head of things justified their appointments by their work. It was particularly true of Thomas Alexander, who was appointed Director-General in 1858. His achievements are a tradition in the Army, and he ranks, on his record of concrete achievements, as the greatest Director-General this country has seen in action. It was this native of East Lothian who swept away the old vicious system of promotions in the medical service, in which money and political wire-pulling played important parts, replacing it with a set of regulations that did away with bribery and wire-pulling, and competitive examinations that did away with incompetent and unqualified officers. In addition to bringing about these badly-needed reforms, in the teeth of stubborn and dangerous opposition from the Old Guard, Alexander founded the Army Medical School at Fort Pitt, the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, and the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich.

By the time Thomas Alexander had retired, the powers that be had apparently come to the conclusion that Scots were the only men properly qualified to fill the high office of Director-General of Army Medical Services, for the list of Alexander's successors, right down to the present day, is so Scotch that it

fairly shouts "Scots Wha H'ae ![1] By some special process known only to medical science and marine engineers from the Clyde, these guardians of the health of Tommy Atkins keep their profession on a strictly Scottish basis. It is very mysterious, and if it were not for the fact that they serve the country with so much distinction, the whole thing might be worth looking into—preferably by a Royal Commission composed of Scotsmen !

Scotland's most curious achievement in connection with medical work in the British Army, however, was the record of James Miranda Stuart Barry, who was graduated M.D. at Edinburgh in 1812. We first heard of this strange Scottish character in the ancient city of Quebec, when Colonel William Wood pointed out a building at one time occupied by Barry. The amazing story of the medical officer followed.

James Miranda Stuart Barry joined the Army Medical Service as a hospital mate in 1813, and saw stern service at the Cape of Good Hope, Jamaica, St. Helena, the West Indies, and the Crimea. In South Africa Barry fought a duel, killing a fellow officer. Later on, this high-tempered but capable Scot was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals in Canada. For forty-six years Barry was active in the service, retiring on half-pay in 1859.

[1] After Thomas Alexander came Sir Thomas Galbraith Logan, Sir William Mure Muir, Sir Thomas Crawford, Sir William Alexander MacKinnon, James Jameson, Sir William Taylor, and Sir William Boag Leishman (whose insistence on the use of anti-typhoid vaccine during the Great War undoubtedly prevented serious outbreaks of typhus among the troops). Work of untold value to the country has been accomplished by Scottish officers of the Army Medical Services who did not attain the supreme rank of Director-General. Peter Shepherd (1841–1879) was the author of the first handbook on first-aid. Sir William Grant Macpherson, who joined the Service in 1883, was the author of *The Medical History of the Great War*. Sir David Bruce, the great authority on tropical diseases, discovered the cause of Malta fever, sleeping sickness, and the tsetse fly di[illegible].

Six years later this not undistinguished military veteran died in London, and the doctor who was called in made the astounding discovery that John Miranda Stuart Barry *was a woman*! There was evidence that she had given birth to a child. After her death it was disclosed that Sir Thomas Longmore, the celebrated Surgeon-General, had discovered her true sex while attending her in a medical capacity at Trinidad in 1844. He had been sworn to secrecy, and remained true to his word. Indeed, the ferocious temper and cold courage of this woman was so well known in Army medical circles that he would have been a hardy man who dared to break faith with her.

We were told that she was the illegitimate daughter of a Scotsman whose exalted station and family connections render the mention of his name indiscreet, even at this late date. So far as we are concerned, James Miranda Stuart Barry may rest in peace. She was a good medical officer and a good fellow, and in addition to bestowing upon Scotland the honour of producing the first woman medical graduate in Great Britain, was a striking illustration of the fact that even a Scotswoman could compete successfully in a man's field in England!

When we turn to the naval medical services, we find Scots at the top. The greatest name in the whole history of medical organization in the Navy is that of Sir Gilbert Blane, who was born in Ayrshire in 1749 and took his medical degree at Glasgow in 1778. He was at the siege of Gibraltar, as private physician to Sir George Rodney, and soon afterwards was appointed physician to the Fleet.

In those days the men who served in our fighting ships were not treated with anything like the

consideration that is shown towards convicts to-day. Samuel Pepys, writing in his diary in the preceding century, left quaintly-worded evidence of the crude conditions imposed upon the poor devils. We learn from him that the Navy was to a large extent controlled by boodling politicians, that many a ship was officered by incompetent drunkards, and that the men who actually did the fighting had to put up with food and accommodation that would deeply offend a modern felon. There was no medical service worthy of that term. Pepys tells us about a sailor who came off a man-of-war with a wad of oakum in the socket of one of his eyes. Conditions were not quite so bad as that when Blane came into the picture, but they were bad enough to fill him with the determination to clean things up a bit below-decks.

His achievements brought about great changes in the conditions of the ordinary sailor. He studied their peculiar diseases systematically, and as a result of the knowledge gained succeeded in getting the Admiralty to issue an order enjoining the use of lemon-juice in fighting ships. By this reform the scourge of scurvy was banished from British men-of-war. He followed this up with a campaign on behalf of improved sanitation below-decks, introducing cleanliness and ventilation in places where they had not been thought necessary. Until he came along, sailors had to buy their own soap, or do without it. Most of them did without it! Blane forced the Admiralty to supply the men with a free issue of soap. When he had done these things for the ordinary sailor he went back to the Admiralty Office and made a nuisance of himself until he got the assurance that there would be a gratuitous issue of every kind of

medicine to naval surgeons. When this able and energetic man retired the Navy was on an entirely new basis with regard to sanitation and the treatment of diseases and wounds, and a succession of Scots carried on the good work.[1] It is quite possible, to-day, for an Englishman to advance in the Service, but the higher up he goes the more he is crowded by men with Edinburgh and Glasgow accents.

One would think that these aggressive Scottish medicos would have been checked long ago by the General Medical Council, that austere and greatly dreaded body that sits in judgment on the British medical profession. We find, however, that when that august tribunal was formed, in 1858, one of the first six members appointed to it was Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., a farmer's son of Banff. Sir James was one of the moving spirits in the Council, and with the help of Sir John Forbes, who was certainly not an Italian, he established the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Sir James Clark was Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria for twenty-six years, and his position in the medical world was supreme. All the honours and appointments made by the Crown in the medical profession were suggested by him, and if he seemed to favour Scots now and then, it was doubtless because he thought they were particularly well qualified for the posts they filled.

In any case, we can hold out no hope for the Englishman. For the past twenty-seven years the Council was dominated by Sir Donald MacAlister, who died recently at the ripe age of eighty years. Sir

[1] The first Medical Director-General of the Royal Navy was Sir William Burnett, of Montrose (1779–1861). It was he who established the great naval hospital at Chatham.

Donald was one of the most brilliant presidents the Council ever had, for he could speak fourteen languages, and had a good working knowledge of as many more. He could lecture an erring Highland doctor in Gaelic, and then mutter to himself in Romany. When he laid down the law to unpenitent and recreant members of the profession, his language was memorable.[1]

Great names have been mentioned, but the story of the proud achievements of Scotsmen in the medical profession in England would be incomplete without a reference to the obscure men who have been true to the exalted standards of their noble calling in little places. Thousands of such men have laboured throughout England, far from Harley Street, not finding fame or wealth, but doing their duty cheerfully. Here, after all, is the essence of service and the strength of the medical profession, and thinking of these nameless ones, Kipling's lines come into our mind :

> Let us now praise famous men,
> Men of little showing—
> For their work continueth,
> Broad and deep continueth,
> Greater than their knowing !

[1] Sir Donald MacAlister was succeeded as President of the Medical Council by Sir Norman Walker, M.D., who is a native of Dysart, Fifeshire, where he was born on 2nd August, 1862.

CHAPTER VII

THE REAL BUILDERS OF ENGLAND

ENGLAND has produced great builders, particularly in the field of austere and ornamental architecture, but it is an indisputable fact that the men who planned and built the great commercial arteries of the country, thus enabling it to achieve the miraculous industrial expansion that followed the introduction of steam power, were Scotsmen. But for the practical genius of the men from the north, the traffic of England would not have been released from the chains that shackled it, and the miracle of the industrial revolution, then being brought about—again largely by Scots—would have been retarded indefinitely.

Scottish builders of outstanding skill had invaded London at the opening of the eighteenth century, and a glance at some of their achievements indicates how much the English metropolis owes to early Scottish architecture. James Gibb, born in Aberdeen in 1674, designed the beautiful church of St. Martin's. Sir William Chambers, another architect from the north, reared Somerset House. The Adam brothers, Robert and John, were the designers of Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square, Portland Place, and the Adelphi Buildings in the Strand.

In the middle of the century Robert Mylne, a penniless and friendless young Edinburgh architect,

walked down to London to seek an outlet for his genius there. He left monuments to his skill in Rochester Cathedral, Greenwich Hospital, King's Weston, and other edifices of rare beauty. The greatest enterprise connected with his name, however, was Blackfriars Bridge. He planned it, and superintended its construction, and it reflected his genius at the high-water mark. It also demonstrated that Scotsmen had mastered the difficult art of constructing bridges of strength and beauty.[1]

Blackfriars was considered to be a perfect specimen of the bridge-builder's art. It certainly was a perfect specimen of accuracy in cost estimation, for although its construction occupied four years—from 1761 to 1765—Mylne had made his calculations so meticulously, and carried out the work so accurately, that the figure specified in his estimates—£153,000—turned out to be the exact amount spent on the great project. Even so, Mylne was unable to collect the money, for London's first bridges were not paying propositions.[2]

Mylne built Addington Lodge, near Croydon, which became the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in recognition of his skill as a church architect was appointed surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was he who suggested the world-famous inscription that links that august edifice with the name of its inspired architect, Sir Christopher Wren: "*Si monumentum Quaeris, circumspice*".

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[1] Scots are still masters of the art. The Tower Bridge of London was built by Sir William Arrol, who was born in Paisley in 1839, and who began life as a blacksmith.

Sir George Washington Browne, a Scot, was the architect of St. Paul's Bridge.

[2] A London guide-book of 1834 (Leigh's) had this to say about Waterloo Bridge: "During the summer months it is much frequented as a promenade, but there is not at present sufficient traffic to afford the prospect of much profit to the proprietors."

Scotsmen, in fact, had a hand in building most of the historic buildings which are now such an interesting feature of London, but while the æsthetic and spiritual values of these venerable piles are very great, it can scarcely be argued that they were vitally important to the England of that day. The era of practical building was opening up—the era in which the whole country was opened up and vitalized by roads, bridges, and canals—and it was in this astounding period of England's development that Scotsmen were the trail-blazers.

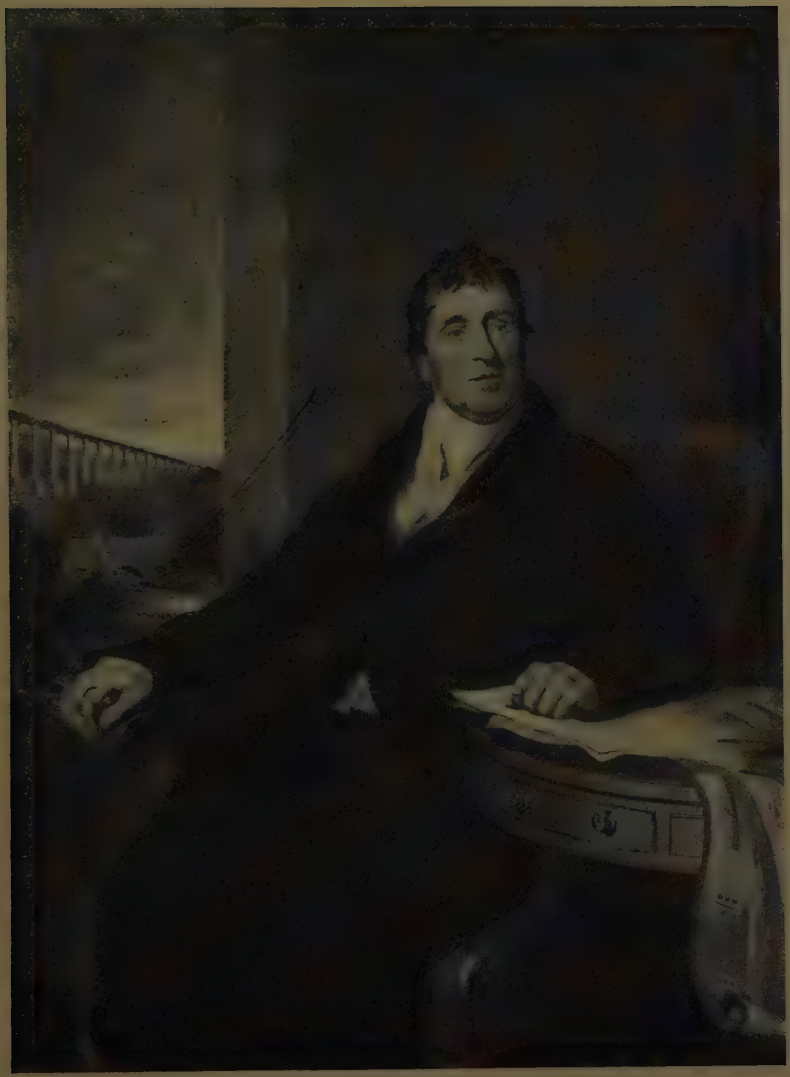
So many jolly pictures of life in the days of the stage-coach have been painted by novelists and Christmas-card artists that we are prone to look back across the years with a tinge of regret. We see, through a deceiving haze of romance, the old stage-coaches rattling up the Great North Road, to the sound of bugles. There is frost in the air and berries on the holly, and ye landlord of the "Pig and Whistle" is standing at the door of his tavern, his broad, honest face beaming on the happy travellers who are about to partake of his far-famed hospitality. The air is full of laughter and the clanking of tankards. "Ho, there, hostler !"

It won't do ! Such scenes were seldom witnessed on the Great North Road, or on any other stage-coach route. In the first place, the roads were outrageous quagmires, and the only rattle they produced was the rattle of the rickety coach and the rattle of the teeth of its unfortunate occupants. Mine host was very seldom a genial and rubicund fellow ; more often he was a surly, half-washed lout with a cast in his eye. Here and there the traveller may have halted at a tavern which purveyed good food and plenty of it, in a

cosy oak-beamed room that smelled pleasantly of cool beer and clean sawdust, but at the majority of halting-places the food was abominable, and after washing it down with inferior ale the weary travellers were shown to dark, airtight rooms which smelt of damp straw. In short, Ye Olde English Tavern, seven times out of ten, was a place where guests were regarded as undesirable transients—and that idea still lingers in the land !

The only good roads that had been built in England were the work of the Roman Army engineers, and these highways were few and far between. When the legions left England, no more roads worthy of the name were built, and the Englishman who ventured beyond the boundaries of his own parish had to labour over unspeakable paths, with one eye open for mudholes deep enough to bury him, and the other scanning the surrounding woods for mountebanks who were quite ready to slit a throat for a handful of silver. If he patronized a stage-coach, he paid an excessive fare for a ride of excessive discomfort. As late as 1763, the stage-coach that plied between Edinburgh and London took two weeks—and sometimes a day or two longer if the weather happened to be bad—to do one leg of the journey. The journey from London to York occupied a week. That from Dover to London took three days. As for the comfort of these tedious rides, a contemporary poet describes his experiences in these words :

> Scarce dawns the morning ere the cumbrous load
> Rolls roughly rumbling o'er the rugged road ;
> One old wife coughs and wheezes in my ears,
> Loud scolds the other, and the soldier swears :
> Sour unconcocted breath escaped "mine host",
> The sick'ning child returns his milk and toast !



THOMAS TELFORD

The first president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, 1820

Poor men travelled on foot. Doctor Samuel Johnson, who hated horseback riding as much as he hated the Scots, rode a nag from Birmingham to Derby with his bride on their honeymoon jaunt. Smollett, who left pungent records of his travels between Scotland and London, tells us that he saw neither coach, cart, nor wagon on the main road in 1739. James Watt walked from Glasgow to London to apprentice himself to a maker of mathematical instruments—and we will keep track of this studious young chap. Wealthy people had their own family coaches, but they frequently took along a platoon of hefty fellows whose job it was to dig the vehicle out of bottomless mudholes and ditches. The case of the Marquis of Downshire is familiar. He tried to take his coach through Galloway in 1760, but although he had a party of labourers with him to take care of the engineering aspects of the journey, he got so hopelessly mired near Creetown that he and his family had to spend the night in their coach.

With such execrable roads, England was only civilized in spots. It was, in fact, an aggregation of backward communities which had very little communication with one another. The good old yeoman of Sussex had only a vague idea, if any at all, of the whereabouts of Yorkshire, and the sturdy villager of Yorkshire cared nowt about Soosex. Each isolated district had its own thick dialect and its own thick-headed brand of ignorance. It was scarcely safe for a stranger to enter these insular communities. Far from being received with open-handed hospitality, he was more likely to be assaulted. News filtered into these appalling county hinterlands slowly. Macaulay tells us that Queen Elizabeth's death was not heard of in

Devon until the courtiers of King James had cast off their mourning for the old virago—and in those days people mourned with a vengeance. The few people of consequence who travelled about the country were regarded as explorers who were running great risks.

It goes without saying that in a country so ill served by transportation routes, commerce was in an exceedingly primitive condition. Goods simply could not be transported from one part of the country to another, except at great expense and at the risk of being stolen by mountebanks, with which all the roads were infested. The country, in fact, was at a standstill, socially and commercially ; but a miraculous transformation was about to take place, and this transformation was brought about by three Scots, all born within five years of one another, and all of humble origin. The work of these three men touched every corner of England, influenced every phase of English life, and sent the pent-up energy of the country pulsing vigorously through new channels of commercial enterprise. Their names were Thomas Telford, John Rennie, and John Loudon Macadam.

Thomas Telford was born in a remote corner of the valley of the Esk, in Dumfriesshire, on 9th August, 1757. His father was a shepherd. Few men have started life with a greater handicap than the future engineer, for his father died when he was a year old, and the widow was left practically penniless. It was a sore battle that she faced, living, as she was, in a poor and isolated community, but she fought gallantly, drawing from deep reserves of faith and courage. It meant working out for farmers and neighbours, but there is an old and very beautiful Scottish saying—not so well understood to-day, alas !—that in little

communities, where poverty dwells, the people are a' John Tamson's bairns ! Happily, it was so in that remote valley of the Esk, and kindly neighbours helped the widow along as best they could. She managed to keep a roof over her head, and her boy Tom went through the cleansing purgatory of honest poverty that was the lot of so many people in Scotland at that time.

He attended the parish school, earned such a reputation as a happy lad that he was known in the valley as "Laughing Tam", and when his meagre schooling was finished was apprenticed to a brutal and ignorant stonemason in Lochmaben. The bullying of this Lochmaben taskmaster was too much even for "Laughing Tam", and he ran away, apprenticing himself to a more humane master in the nearby town of Langholm. He became a skilled stonecutter, and surely one of the most beautiful achievements of his youth was a headstone he hewed and lettered for his father's grave in the quiet little kirkyard of Westerkirk. It bore this simple but poignant inscription—the tribute of a son to a father whose life, ending at thirty-three, seemed to epitomize the tragic mystery of unfolded genius :

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN TELFORD

WHO AFTER LIVING 33 YEARS
AN UNBLAMEABLE SHEPHERD

DIED AT GLENDINNING

NOVEMBER 1757

The valley of the Esk was too narrow for the young stonemason. He moved to Edinburgh, spent two years there at his trade, then set out for London on horseback, with a few pounds in his pocket and the simple tools of his trade on his back.

There was work for him in London, and he found time to study architecture, chemistry, and literature. At this time, in fact, and for many years afterwards, he tried his hand at poetry, but his rhymes were not so well put together as his stonework, nor so long-lived. His poems, which were written in praise of his native valley, are not very interesting as literature, but they reflect the manly spirit of Telford, the simplicity of his character, and the tenderness with which he always looked back upon the scenes and associations of his youth. Indeed, this aspect of his character was so pronounced that it invested this man of iron and stone with an aura of humanism that makes him truly great. In the days of his success in England, he never forgot the simple friends of his youth, and displayed a tender and thoughtful devotion to the aged and worn woman, back in the valley of the Esk, who had striven so hard to start him on the road of life. He planned great projects, but surely nothing finer was ever drafted by his skilful hands than the letters which he printed for his mother, so that her failing eyes could decipher his cheering messages.

Thomas Telford had not gone to London because stone-cutters commanded higher wages there. He was ambitious, and genius stirred in him. He studied, saved his money, and eventually stepped out of the wage-earning class when he took a contract to build a house for the commissioner at Portsmouth dockyard. It was the first step in his long career of achievements

as a builder in England. We hear of him next as surveyor of public works for the county of Salop, and while he was in that office he built his first bridge, across the Severn at Montford. It was completed in 1792.

Telford had found himself. The bridge across the Severn was a solid and artistic structure. It was the chief argument, moreover, in favour of granting him the contract to build a canal to connect the Mersey, the Dee, and the Severn. Here was a task for a man of bold initiative and vision. It included a huge aqueduct, but Telford carried the project through with masterly skill, completing it in 1803. His genius had been established. He built an iron bridge—the second of its kind ever seen in England—over the Severn at Buildwas, and on its completion went to Scotland to build harbours at Aberdeen, Dundee, Peterhead, Banff, Fraserburgh, Wick, and other points on the Scottish coast. Again he triumphed, and, returning to England, proceeded to build tunnels and canals. He built the Harecastle Tunnel, the Birmingham Canal, and the Birmingham and Liverpool Canal—all great projects that wrought vast changes in England. Then he turned his attention to road-making. He rebuilt the road between Carlisle and Glasgow—a difficult stretch of sixty-nine miles that had been declared positively dangerous to traffic by a parliamentary committee—then went back to England and built the famous Holyhead road through the mountains of Wales, virtually opening up a new country.

Thomas Telford was now a famous man. He had built great harbours and canals, hundreds of miles of trunk roads, and hundreds of road bridges, and

was recognized as one of the greatest engineers of his time—perhaps the greatest that the country had ever seen. He was doing more than any other man to civilize England and accelerate its commercial life. When the Engineers' Institute—now the Institution of Civil Engineers—was formed in 1820, he became its first president, a tribute to his pre-eminent reputation in the world of construction.

The building of the Holyhead road led to his most spectacular achievement, for he was called into consultation concerning a means of bridging the troublesome Menai Straits which separate Carnarvon and Anglesey. The tide-swept channel had been a menace to Anglo-Irish traffic for generations. Telford studied the Straits, and submitted his plans for bridging them in 1818. He proposed to throw a suspension across the water, keeping the roadway at least 100 feet above the high-water mark—so as not to impede the progress of ships—and to accomplish this he put forward the startling proposal of a suspension span of 550 feet. Sixteen chains were to be used, each chain consisting of thirty-six bars of half-inch squared iron, weighing 121 tons. The suspending power of these monstrous shackles was calculated at 2016 tons. He proposed to anchor them in masonry built over stone arches situated between the supporting pier and the shore. The whole conception was bold, ingenious, and colossal, and when the plans of it were perused by the authorities many heads were wagged sceptically. However, the Scottish engineer had never failed, and the contract went through.

Telford took his immense project in hand in 1820, and from the first watched its progress with anxious

and unremitting care. The arches rose, massive pillars of masonry that seemed to symbolize, and indeed did symbolize, the character of the Scottish stonemason who planned them. The masonry would not fail. Telford had cut too many slabs of Dumfriesshire granite with his own skilful hands to have any doubts about that. The giant chains came from the furnaces, and each one was tested and retested by Telford before it was passed for use. If the great suspension did not hold, it would not be the fault of the materials that went into its building.

Steadily the work went forward. The titanic and critical operation of raising the chains into position was carried through successfully by the use of a huge raft 450 feet long and 60 feet wide. A central portion of each chain was built on this floating platform, then floated to the side of the bridge and raised into position with capstans. Everything went according to schedule, and on 9th July, 1825, the great bridge over the Menai Straits was opened for traffic. Engineering history had been made in England by the stonemason from the valley of the Esk.

Telford's greatest work was done. The great suspension across the Menai Straits stood out as a symbol of his genius. His fame spread around the world. Nothing seemed to be too big for him. His projects had assumed titanic dimensions. Foreign governments sought his services. He was asked by the King of Sweden to engineer the Gota Canal. He drew up plans for a canal at the Panama. Meanwhile, in England, he engineered the St. Katherine Dock scheme for the Port of London, and was drafting a plan for a water supply for London when death overtook him. He passed away on 9th September, 1834,

but in the last ten years of his life he had seen a new England developing—an England of rapid transport and accelerating commerce. No man had done more than he to release the forces that brought about the stupendous industrial development that was to follow his death.

The Industrial Revolution was looming up in England. James Watt had served his apprenticeship with the maker of mathematical instruments in London, had gone back to Glasgow, and was manufacturing his steam engines. We shall see, presently, how he got along, but in the meantime let us see what one of his apprentices did for England. John Rennie, born on an East Lothian farm on 7th June, 1761, had started on his great career.

Like his contemporary, Thomas Telford, John Rennie displayed a genius for constructing bridges, canals, and docks. He built his first bridge over the Water of Leith, and followed that modest achievement with the Kelso Bridge, which spans the Tweed, and the Musselburgh Bridge, which spans the Esk. That the young engineer was gifted with the originality that goes hand in hand with true genius was shown by the Kelso and Musselburgh bridges. They had level roadways, an entirely new feature in bridge construction. He also demonstrated, in these two spans, that he was a builder of safe bridges, for unlike his English contemporary Smeaton,[1] he rested his foundations on bed-rock.

With these three bridges in Scotland to his credit, Rennie went back to England and built a bridge

[1] Smeaton failed as a bridge-builder because his foundations were shaky. The bridge he built across the Tyne at Hexham in 1777 collapsed in a storm five years after it was opened to traffic.

at Boston, in Lincolnshire. Then London called him, and with the beginning of his work in the metropolis the history of the most famous bridges in the world began to be written, and another tremendous impetus was given to the development of England.

The Thames at that time was spanned by the Old London Bridge, the Westminster Bridge, and the Blackfriars Bridge. With the growth of transportation in the provinces, the City began to expand rapidly, and it became more and more evident that something would have to be done to relieve the congestion between the north and south banks of the river. It was agreed, among those directly interested in the problem, that a bridge at Lambeth, entering the north bank at the Strand, would bring relief, and in 1809 a company was formed to put the project through.

John Rennie submitted plans, and they were accepted. His mastery of the art of maintaining a level roadway led him to design a bridge of nine arches, with a roadway not much above the level of the Strand. The great work began. The bridge grew. On 18th June, 1817, the new Waterloo Bridge was officially opened, and London discovered that the highest part of its spacious roadway was only two feet above the level of the Strand. The bridge was a marvellous combination of strength and beauty, and its builder was offered a knighthood by a grateful country. He declined the honour. The bridge, he thought, would be a more lasting and appropriate monument to his skill. It was.

The competent workmanship of these Scottish engineers who were keeping pace with James Watt was equalled by their originality and boldness.

Rennie was at his best when confronted by a ticklish problem. He demonstrated this in the building of the celebrated Southwark Bridge. At the outset he was faced with the necessity of maintaining, as far as possible, the width of the waterway, the Thames being narrow at the point selected for the bridge. Aweel ! The canny Scot designed a cast-iron bridge of three arches, so that only two piers were required in the river. The arches were enormous. The central one alone—240 feet long—was actually four feet longer than the longest bridge that had been built in England up to that year. The side-arches were each 210 feet long. Again the Scot put his project through. The Southwark Bridge was reared without a hitch, and when it was opened to traffic London saw one of the most magnificent examples of the bridge-builder's art to be found anywhere on the face of the earth.

With his reputation so firmly established, Rennie was the man the authorities turned to in connection with the problem of the Old London Bridge, which no longer fitted into the dense traffic streams of London. Rennie advised the erection of a new bridge altogether, and he was commissioned to build it. In the spring of 1821 he began to work on his plans, but he never finished them, for illness and death intervened. The last great bridge that he planned, however, was completed by his son, Sir John Rennie, and it stands to-day as a striking landmark of London, and perhaps the finest example of a masonry arch in the entire world.

Between them, Thomas Telford and John Rennie modernized and co-ordinated the whole transportation system of England, and their work was so varied,

and covered such a wide field, that the list of their major achievements might be headed, "The Building of England". Here it is :

Thomas Telford's Major Achievements :

The Ellesmere Canal, 112 miles long, linking Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Chester, Shrewsbury, and Oswestry.
The Caledonian Canal.
The Gloucester and Berkeley Canal.
The Grand Trunk Canal.
The Birmingham Canal.
The Macclesfield, Birmingham, and Liverpool Junction Canal.
Harecastle Tunnel.
Built 920 miles of roadways.
Built 1117 bridges.
Built harbours at Aberdeen, Dundee, Peterhead, Banff, Wick, and Fraserburgh.
Built St. Katherine's Docks, London.
Built Menai and Conway Suspension Bridges.
Drained 48,000 acres of Eastern Fen District.

John Rennie's Major Achievements :

Built Waterloo Bridge, London.
Built Southwark Bridge, London.
Built New London Bridge, London.
Constructed the Great Western Canal.
Constructed the Kennet and Avon Canal, with 79 locks.
Constructed the Portsmouth Canal.
Constructed the Worcester Canal.
Constructed the East India Docks, London.
Constructed the Hull, Liverpool, and West India Docks of London.
Built the Naval Arsenal at Pembroke.
Built the Great Plymouth Breakwater.[1]

[1] Another able Scottish engineer of this period was John Walker, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., who was born at Falkirk in 1781. He was engineer to Trinity House, and built the harbours of refuge at Dover, Jersey, Alderney, and the Tyne.

These two men, in so far as their road-building activities were concerned, may be said to have paved the way for another Scot who completed the triumvirate and who, in his own way, conferred an immense boon on England and the world in general. This was John Loudon Macadam, whose name was to become a synonym for improved highways all over the civilized world. Macadam was born at Ayr in the year 1756, but his father was a native of Kirkcudbrightshire, that corner of south-west Scotland which is so frequently mentioned in connection with Scotsmen who became famous in England.

When a lad of fifteen, John Loudon Macadam emigrated to New York. He did well there, for he returned to his native country and purchased the Ayrshire estate of Sauchrie. He blossomed out as a laird, took a keen interest in the public affairs of his county, and appeared to be in the good graces of those high in authority. In 1798 he was appointed agent for victualling the Navy in the western ports of Great Britain, and this position obliged him to move to Falmouth. We hear of him next at Bristol, where, in 1815, he was appointed surveyor-general of Bristol's system of roads. It was a fortunate appointment for England, for the Scottish surveyor-general had ideas of his own about road-making, and began to experiment with his process of macadamizing. The results were entirely satisfactory, and the new method of road-surfacing was adopted all over the United Kingdom. The comfort of the smooth waterproof surface was the talk of the country. It crowned the foundation work of Telford, and made travelling a pleasure.

Having demonstrated the suitability of his now

famous process of road-making, the indefatigable Macadam proceeded to advocate the new method for city streets. He went up to London in 1823, and explained his plan of smoothing London's atrocious streets to a committee of the House of Commons. His arguments, backed by his record in the provinces, proved so convincing that macadamized streets were tried out—with complete success, of course, in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

Macadam was appointed Surveyor-General of Roads four years later, and in that important position he travelled over 30,000 miles of roads—a feat that would have been utterly impossible in the days before Telford, Rennie, and the man who surfaced their roads.

Like the two other Scots who had done so much to open up and civilize England, Macadam did not reap a rich monetary reward for his vast enterprise. The enormous project of macadamizing London's streets, in these modern days of contractors and sub-contractors and other go-betweens, would have meant a vast fortune for the directing genius, and another addition to the ranks of the *nouveaux riches*. Macadam was not out to make a fortune out of his invaluable process, or his connection with the Government of the day. He contented himself with superintending the building of the new roads that bore his name, and got no real reward for his labours. The Government, in fact, was so ashamed of its penurious treatment of the inventor that it voted him the paltry sum of ten thousand pounds for his services, and offered him a knighthood. Macadam declined the title, with thanks. The day of the title-seeking profiteer had not yet arrived. Before he died at Moffat on

26th November, 1836, James Loudon Macadam saw his smooth roads spreading all over Great Britain.

These three Scots did more to open up and civilize England during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth than all the builders who had gone before them, and their work was so well and truly done that it is heedlessly enjoyed by the men and women of to-day. It would be difficult to travel through any county in England or Scotland without crossing bridges built by Telford or Rennie, or smooth roadways built by them and surfaced by Macadam. In these days of title-seeking profiteers, men who accomplish only a fraction of what those three men did would be apeing gentlemen to the manner born in huge mansions, with family crests emblazoned on their motor-cars and linen. It is a wonderful thing to be able to add that Telford, Rennie, and Macadam all declined knighthoods, and that all of them were comparatively poor when they died. Here is something of which Scotland—and England—may well be proud.

The traditions of Scottish thoroughness in engineering, so well established by these pioneer builders of England, have been sustained by Scotsmen ever since. It would be difficult to find an engineering project in England to-day that has not been influenced by Scottish civil engineers.

There seems to be something in the Scot's character that makes him a sound builder, and the permanency of his work has contributed to the strength and beauty of England.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW POWER FOR ENGLAND

THE England of beauty, comfort, and industrial wonders that we know to-day was really born in the last half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, and the miracle of the country's rise to power and affluence was brought about by inventive and practical Scotsmen. One hesitates to make such a sweeping statement, but justification for it is plainly written in the pages of history.

We have seen how England was opened up and made into a green and pleasant land by the great triumvirate of Scottish builders—Telford, Rennie, and Macadam. We have seen how the various countries were linked up, socially and industrially, by networks of roads, bridges, and canals. We have seen how London was transformed by Scottish builders and planners.

So far we have only looked at one phase of this truly amazing picture of England's development. The release of Scotland's long-repressed practical genius had let loose a flood of inventive brains into England, with results that brought about a miraculous transformation in that country.

It is time that we followed young James Watt to London, to see what he is doing there, for this

Glasgow lad started the most beneficent revolution that the world has ever seen. He had no political theory to offer the English, nor did he evolve any reign of terror, but from his constructive and inquiring brain came ideas that did more for humanity in a few short years than all the political dynamiters of history. It will be worth while to trace this young Scot back to Glasgow.

James Watt was born in Greenock in the year 1736. His father was a shipwright, a substantial man in a small way of doing, as they say in Scotland. James was a weakly lad, but clever. He displayed a talent for making delicate instruments with his hands, and soon after he left school proceeded to Glasgow to learn the art of making mathematical instruments. Instead, he was put to the repairing of fiddles and spectacles and fishing-rods by a silly old Scot who should have been shot for trying to suppress genius. One is constantly amazed by the stupidity of mature Scotsmen towards genius. Not one in a thousand ever recognizes it; not one in ten thousand has the decency to encourage it if he does recognize it. Genius, like a game fish, has always to fight its way upstream.

James Watt was not the lad to be satisfied with mending fiddles and spectacles. He left the Glasgow shop—one hopes that he banged the door!—and headed for London, with twenty pounds in his pocket to pay for a year's tuition in a mathematical instrument maker's shop. This time he made no mistake. He learned something about the fine art of making mathematical instruments, and, his period of apprenticeship over, he did something that made him unique—he went back to Scotland!

He met irritating difficulties in Glasgow. When he proceeded to earn his living with his precious tools, the Guild of Hammermen—not to be confused with that other restraining cult known as Chinese Hatchetmen !—bore down on him with dire threats. Hoots ! The man hadna sairved his seeven years in Glesca ! Oot wi' him !

Things looked bad for the young instrument maker, but in 1758, fortunately, there happened to be a young professor at Glasgow University named Adam Smith, who was destined to start a revolution in England himself before the end of the century. Smith thought that Watt ought to be given a chance. So did Joseph Black, another University pillar, and between them they got James Watt appointed as instrument maker to the University, where he was beyond the jurisdiction of the pawky Hammermen.

Five years roll on. Watt has invented a micrometer, has made a pipe-organ, has studied chemistry with Dr. Robinson, the lecturer in that subject at the University, and has experimented with steam. A great idea has crept into his brain—the invention of a steam-engine that would work smoothly, powerfully, and without waste.

James Watt did not, as many people believe, invent the first steam-engine. Crude engines existed before he was born, but they were practically useless for sustained and powerful work, because their inventors did not understand the nature of steam, and had been baffled by the problem of condensation and wastage. Watt tackled the ancient conundrum from the right angle—he studied the properties of steam.

It all came to him in a revealing flash one day,

when he was out walking. Back to the University he hurried, and up to Robinson's laboratory.

"I've got it !" he exclaimed. "Dinna fash yersel' aboot it ony mair, man. I'll gi'e ye steam, boiling hot, in a boiling hot cylinder, and no' waste a particle."

He explained it all to the lecturer in chemistry. He would keep the cylinder constantly hot by condensing the steam in a separate cylinder and by putting a steam jacket around the cylinder. Robinson nodded. The old problem was solved. The modern steam-engine had been evolved in Watt's fertile brain. He knew exactly what to do to make it a working reality, and set to work with feverish enthusiasm. In 1769 he modestly applied for a patent on "a method of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently fuel, in fire-engines".

The modern steam-engine was an accomplished fact. The great industrial revolution that transformed England and the whole world had begun, and for two decades the man who made it possible continued to be the source of its centrifugal force.

Watt's engines made their appearance in the Staffordshire coalfields, and were so satisfactory, and such a decided improvement on the crude contraptions they replaced, that the demand for them far exceeded the supply. Watt was not idle in the meantime. He was constantly experimenting with new models, aiming at something still better, and in 1782 he achieved his ambition. He contrived, in that year, to produce a vacuum alternately above as well as below the piston, the steam being at the same time applied on the opposite side. This made the engine work with equal force in both directions. Watt patented this double-acting engine on 12th March,

1782. By this achievement he had produced a rotary engine that was as great an improvement over his first engines as they were over the primitive conceptions evolved by the Marquis of Worcester, Savery, and Newcomen. The beautifully functioning steam-engine that we know to-day had arrived ; all it needed was elaboration and improvement.

An appalling thought has been creeping upon the writer, like an assassin. It is the realization that an Englishman must be introduced into this astounding record of the achievements of Scotsmen. We have racked our brains to find a method of keeping this Sassenach out of our story, but he crowds in on us, with his arm linked familiarly in that of James Watt, and decency obliges us to introduce him. We present, as hurriedly as possible, and with a feeling that in doing so we are taking a risk, Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham. He it was who formed a partnership with the inventor to manufacture and sell the new engines. He was a big man, like Watt, willing to take a chance, and a sticker, once he had committed himself to the enterprise. The happy partnership was of long duration, and before it was terminated both men were wealthy, their splendid steam-engines were working in a thousand factories, mines, and locomotives and steamships, and England had been inundated with a rising tide of new wealth.

James Watt lived to see his invention transform the world, on land and sea. He saw the vast coal-mines of England yielding up their wealth, under power of steam, to create, in turn, steam for a hundred new purposes. He saw sailing ships being outdistanced and replaced by ships powered by the engines he made possible. He saw stage-coaches passing from

the highways, for on the heels of his great invention came the railway locomotive.[1] He saw new factories spring up, saw men and women being drawn, in an ever-widening stream, into the grinding cogs of lucrative industry, saw the menacing grip of Napoleon loosened by the trade that developed—saw, in short, the birth of a new England of steam and iron and coal, a veritable Vulcan among the nations.

James Watt died on 25th August, 1819. A huge statue was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It stands in the chapel of St. Paul, and has a cramped appearance. We would much rather have seen it standing on a commanding height on the Mull of Cantyre, looking through the rain and the mist of the Firth of Clyde towards England and the open sea. On the pedestal of this imprisoned figure of stone are these words :

"Not to perpetuate a name, which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind have learned to honour those who best deserve their gratitude, the King and his Ministers, and many of his nobles and commoners of the realm, raised this monument up to James Watt, who, directing the force of an original genius, early exercised in philosophical research, to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world. Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI. Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX."

[1] George Stephenson, who studied steam-engines in Watt's works at Birmingham, and who, as a result of that experience, built the first steam locomotive to be used on a railway, was of Scottish descent. His grandfather was a shepherd in Roxburghshire.

After reading that inscription a good many times, we are more than ever convinced that the statue surmounting it should stand under the open sky, on the Mull of Cantyre, where marine engineers of the Seven Seas would see it, and where it would become grimy with the smoke that drifts down from the furnaces of Clydebank.

Watt's genius was the mainspring of the industrial revolution, and it had some curious repercussions. Up in Glasgow he had come into contact with another Scot called William Murdoch. The man was a mechanical genius, and he followed Watt to Birmingham. Watt's steam-engines were revolutionizing the mines of Cornwall, and to that part of England the practical and resourceful Murdoch was sent. It was not a place for a weakling. The Cornish miners regarded the Scot as a foreigner, and proceeded to terrorize him. Murdoch, however, was just the man for them. One day, when surrounded in his office by a defiant and threatening group of the miners, he decided that it was time to assert himself. He accomplished it by locking the door, taking off his coat, and wading into the delegation of baiters. When four of them were on their backs, and willing to stay that way, the remainder sued for peace, and Murdoch unlocked the door and kicked them out into the street. That ended the reign of terror. Murdoch possessed the strength of three men, had a fist like a ham, and had learned how to use it before he left the banks of the Clyde.

He got the worst beating of his life shortly afterwards, however, and at the hands of the Englishman who was reluctantly admitted into this chapter of Scottish achievements—Matthew Boulton, of

Birmingham. We knew there was something sinister about this Sassenach, and we realize, now that it is too late, that we should have snubbed him right at the start, Watt or no Watt.

While working down in Cornwall, Murdoch had built the first model steam locomotive ever seen in Great Britain. It worked perfectly, and after amusing himself with it and showing it to some of his neighbours, Murdoch packed it in a box and proceeded to London to take out a patent. Near Exeter he had the misfortune to encounter Watt's partner on the stage-coach. Boulton was on his way to see Murdoch. He soon talked the Scot into turning back to Cornwall. On reaching his home, Murdoch unpacked his model and showed Boulton how it worked. It was a fatal delay, and shows that a Scot should never allow himself to be talked out of anything by a Sassenach. Nothing came of Murdoch's invention, but a pupil of his, Richard Trevithick, built a railway locomotive at Coalbrookdale, in August of 1802, and got it patented.[1] Twelve years later, George Stephenson built his first steam locomotive, and to Stephenson belongs the credit of making the locomotive a practical commercial success. Over all this inventive activity in the realm of steam, however, the shadow of the master loomed. All of them had received their training and inspiration at the feet of James Watt.

We are not yet ready to leave William Murdoch, for he was making industrial history down in Cornwall. He had become interested in coal-gas soon after he took up his duties down there, and was looked upon

[1] It is frequently asserted in England that Trevithick built the first working model of a steam locomotive; but the honour really belongs to Murdoch, who taught Trevithick all he knew about steam-engines.

with a good deal of suspicion when it was discovered that his house in Redruth was illuminated by some invisible agency. In 1791 Murdoch spoke to the Royal Society about his experiments, and the possibilities of coal-gas for illuminating buildings. The Royal Society listened attentively, but were not enthusiastic.

Murdoch continued his experiments, and seven years later constructed an apparatus for making, purifying, and storing coal-gas in commercial quantities. Watt, knowing his pupil, had become interested, and lo! when the Peace of Amiens was celebrated in England in 1802, William Murdoch turned up at the great Soho works of Watt and Boulton and astounded Birmingham by illuminating the buildings with coal-gas, inside and out. The industrial north was convinced by the demonstration, and Murdoch proceeded to confer the boon of gas-light upon the ill-lit factories of England. Installations at Salford, Manchester, and Leeds convinced progressive factory owners all over the country that the reeking paraffin lamp had to go. When James Watt visited Glasgow in 1805 he was pleasantly surprised to discover that gas was in general use in shops and factories there. Light had come to industry.

Murdoch was keen to get the contract to illuminate London. When he appeared before a Parliamentary Committee to press his claims he was closely questioned by the people's representatives, some of whom were quite as dull as the run-of-mill members who occupy valuable space in the House of Commons to-day.[1]

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[1] Said one Member: "Do you mean to tell me that it will be possible to have a light without a wick?"

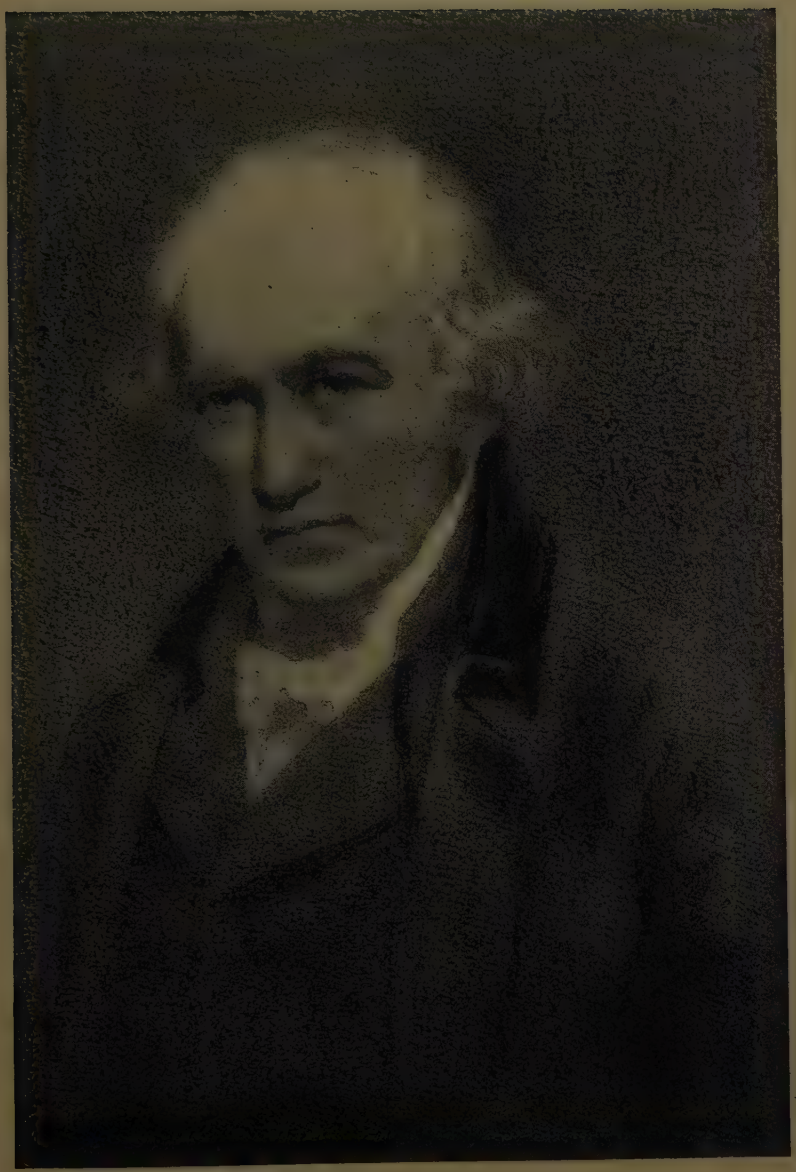
"I do," replied Murdoch.

"Ah, my friend," continued the Solon, "you are trying to prove too much!"

However, the Scottish inventor convinced the English statesmen that new light could be brought into the House of Commons, and in the face of a good deal of criticism succeeding in introducing his new-fangled idea. Just the same, the English architect who planned the installation in the House of Commons took no chances; he placed Murdoch's gaspipes several inches away from the walls, so that they wouldn't set fire to the woodwork! When the installation was complete, and the lights actually working, it was a common sight to see Honourable Members from rural constituencies trying to warm their hands at the exposed pipes.

Murdoch had triumphed over darkness. A new use had been found for England's coal. The noisome lighting conditions of England's factories and shops and homes had been banished, as if by the hand of a magician. It is an interesting fact that "Merdoch", pronounced "Murdoch", was the ancient God of Light venerated by the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians. When the Persian Shah, Naser-ed-din, visited London in 1873, he was astounded to find his suite illuminated by gas. On making inquiries, he learned the name of the inventor of the new light. The Shah suggested that Murdoch was obviously a reincarnation of the ancient Persian deity of light, and so impressed was he by the similarity of the names and their common association that he took a photograph of William Murdoch back to Persia and enshrined it in the royal palaces of Teheran and Kasr Kadjar, where it became a divinity in the religion of the Sufi sect of Persia.

While William Murdoch was developing illuminating gas, another Scotsman from Glasgow, James



JAMES WATT

Inventor of the modern steam engine, 1769

Young by name, was laying the foundations of another vast industry—that devolving upon the use of crude oil. Born in 1811, Young took up the trade of a cabinet-maker in his native city, but he gave it up, like Watt, to study chemistry, and after a dreary enough struggle to make ends meet, he became Professor of Chemistry at University College, London. He was also chemist at Tennant's Chemical Works, in Manchester, and while doing research work for that company became interested in a petroleum spring that had long been a feature of a coalmine in Derbyshire. Young evolved a method of refining this petroleum, erected works for that purpose, and for two years operated his little oil refinery on a commercial basis. His operations came to a sudden stop when the well ceased to flow. Young, however, had glimpsed the possibilities of oil, and he began to search England for new supplies of the raw material. Two years later, in 1850, he heard that there were oil shales at Bathgate. He tested them. They yielded 120 gallons of crude oil to the ton.

Satisfied that he had solved the problem of finding a constant supply of raw material, Young took out a patent for the production of paraffin oil from bituminous coal and proceeded to erect distillation works near the site of his supply. His enterprise was entirely successful, in a limited way, and between 1860 and 1870 the number of oil refineries in England jumped from six to ninety. James Young was the father of the crude-oil industry. He did the pioneering work of an industry that was destined to become a world-circling colossus. As a result of his efforts, England and America became oil-conscious. After 1870 the Americans began to tap their immense

sources of oil, and English capitalists opened up rich fields in the Caspian, Burma, and Galicia. The flood of new oil overwhelmed the modest output of Young's restricted field in England, petrol began to compete with steam, and the world of transportation entered a new and wonderful era, in which motor-cars and millionaires began to multiply at an astounding rate. The man who made it all possible, and the man who led the way, was James Young, of Glasgow.

We have seen how transportation on land was completely transformed by the inventive genius of Scotsmen. In a country whose prestige and power had been established largely on the sea, transportation by sea had not been neglected during the fecund period which was dominated by Watt, and when the great change did come—the change from wind-driven ships to steamers—it was brought about almost entirely by Scotsmen.

It seems advisable to substantiate that statement with proof, for the honour of inventing and operating the first steamship has been claimed, with irritating persistency, by the United States, and even in Great Britain the statement has been published, over and over again, that James Taylor was the first man to power a boat with steam. Let us get back to the year 1787 and the true facts of the matter.

In February of that year, Mr. Patrick Miller, owner of Dalswinton estate, on the outskirts of Dumfries, published a pamphlet in which he made this interesting and significant statement:

> I have reason to believe that the power of the steam-engine may be applied to work wheels, so as to give them a quicker motion, and consequently to increase that of the ship. In the

course of this summer I intend to make the experiment; and the result, if favourable, shall be communicated to the public.

It should be noted here that Miller was a very progressive landowner, who was constantly experimenting with new ideas. Dalswinton Loch, now almost dried up, lay on the east side of the River Nith; on the west bank, almost directly opposite, lay the farm of Ellisland, then tenanted by Robert Burns, the poet. Miller carried out the plans mentioned in his pamphlet in October of 1788, and the following account of the first trial of a steam-driven boat was published in the *Dumfries Journal*, copies of which may still be seen:

The following is the result of an experiment no less curious than new. On the 14th instant a boat was put in motion by a steam-engine upon Mr. Miller's (of Dalswinton) piece of water at that place. For some time past his attention has been turned to the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation. He has now accomplished and evidently shown to the world the practicability of this, by executing it upon a small scale: a vessel twenty-five feet long and seven broad was, on the above date, driven with two wheels by a small engine. It answered Mr. Miller's expectations fully, and afforded great pleasure to the spectators present. The engine used is Mr. Symington's new patent engine.

That aggravatingly inadequate report was written for the local newspaper by Mr. James Taylor, who was employed as a tutor at Dalswinton. Several years later Taylor was credited with inventing the steam-driven boat that threshed its way across Dalswinton Loch, and the error has been repeated again and again in print. That Miller was the man behind the idea is clearly indicated in Taylor's report of the demonstration.

The next step in the development of the steamship was taken by William Symington, when, in 1801, he succeeded in enlisting the support of Lord Dundas, who was the dominant figure in the management of the Forth and Clyde Canal, in connection with demonstrating the speed of a steamboat called the *Charlotte Dundas*. Symington built this boat and engined her. Thousands of Scots—and at least one Scots-American whom we shall identify later—saw Symington's craft churning up the canal at a speed of seven miles an hour. This was the first steamboat to be used for practical purposes.

Unfortunately for the inventor, the canal directors decided that the giddy speed of the *Charlotte Dundas*—seven miles an hour!—would wash away the banks of the canal. She was tied up. Symington was unable to overcome the setback, and we have to record the melancholy fact that the ingenious fellow died under conditions of extreme poverty.

After Symington came Bell, a Scottish stonemason who had deserted that trade to become a millwright. Bell went to London about 1785, and remained there until 1790, when he went back to Glasgow. In 1812 he launched the *Comet*, a thoroughly satisfactory steamboat. She was built by John Wood, of Port-Glasgow, and her engines were put together in the foundry of David Napier. She was 42 feet long, 11 feet broad, had a draught of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and was driven by a three-horse-power engine. The *Comet* plied between Glasgow, Helensburgh, and Greenock, and even ventured as far as Oban.

At this stage of the development of the steamship, American claims of producing the first one were put forward, and it must be added that they have

been put forward so persistently ever since that there are few Americans to-day who do not believe that their country enjoys the distinction of having produced the first steam-driven ship. The claim is absurd. The United States inventor, Robert Fulton, launched his steamboat, the *Clermont*, on the Hudson River in 1807. It was a satisfactory craft, and no wonder ! Fulton was the son of an Ayrshire farmer, and he was over in Scotland studying Symington's *Charlotte Dundas* when she was churning up the waters of the Forth and Clyde Canal away back in 1801. Fulton was just seven years too late to invent the steamship, but in view of the fact that he was a Scot we are constrained to treat him leniently. Had he been an Englishman, or an American, our references to his claims would have been masterpieces of invective.

The first steamship that plied the Thames was the *Marjory*. She was built by W. Denny, of Dumbarton, in 1814—a Scottish achievement from stem to stern. In the same year three more steamships were built at Dundee, and engined by John Robertson, of Glasgow, and two of them went to the Humber. In 1838 the *Sirus*, built by Menzies and Son, of Leith, and engined by Wingate and Company, of Glasgow, sailed from Cork to cross the Atlantic in eighteen days. The growth of the Clyde had begun. The bold genius of her shipbuilders and marine engineers was revivifying England's trade and carrying the British flag into every port of the Seven Seas.

One of the first Scots who rose to a commanding position in the world of ships in England was Sir William Fairbairn. He was born on a farm near

Kelso on 19th February, 1789, and started his career as a labourer in connection with the construction of the Bridge of Kelso—one of the first built by Rennie. After several years of hard labour and small pay he headed for London. He had a pretty hard row to hoe there. He found the trade unions hostile, could not get past the barriers they erected against the free movement of labour, so drifted to Greenwich, and invented a machine for chopping sausage-meat!

It was not the sort of achievement that entitles a man to burial in Westminster Abbey, but it put thirty-three pounds in the pocket of the needy young mechanic. He drifted to Newcastle, worked for eight shillings a week in a colliery, and studied engineering at night. He had become interested in iron and shipbuilding. Dublin, he thought, might give him the chance he sought. He crossed over to Ireland, landing there with practically empty pockets. When he started to look for work he was again frozen out by the spacious-minded trade unionists. (We pause to note how often these noble-minded champions of the working man have come into this record of achievements—as stumbling-blocks in the paths of able and ambitious men who really made the organized wealth of trades unions possible.)

It was probably a good thing for England that Fairbairn was denied his chance in Ireland, for he crossed over to Manchester. There, in the cotton capital, he got a job—and his chance. He invented efficient cotton-spinning machines that threw the old models into the discard. Indeed, his labour-saving inventions were instrumental in giving Manchester the lead in the cotton-spinning industry. Year by

year his interests expanded and his influence grew; he became one of the great men of Manchester because he was always ready to serve the community.

The idea of building iron ships had seized Fairbairn's mind, and in 1830 he had several under construction. They proved to be as satisfactory as wooden ships. A new chapter in marine history was being written. Fairbairn opened his vast works at Millwall, on the Thames, and in fourteen years he built 120 iron ships, including the *Great Eastern*, the leviathan which carried the Atlantic cable in her bowels. Fairbairn was the man who put iron ships on the sea. Honours poured in upon him. He was elected President of the British Association. A baronetcy was offered him. He declined it at first, but accepted it, reluctantly, in 1869. When he died, in the year 1874, iron ships, built in British shipyards, were steaming into all the ports of the world.

On the Clyde wonderful things were being done. A Glasgow minister's son, George Burns, in partnership with his brother James and another man called Hugh Mattie, had started a line of little sailing-ships between Glasgow and Liverpool in 1824. They got along, and in 1838, with the help of Samuel Cunard, they established the Cunard Line with four steamers of a thousand tons each. A great deal of mail has crossed the Atlantic Ocean since those days, and the culmination of George Burns' pioneering efforts as a shipowner was seen on September 26th, 1934, when Cunarder 534—we like that mysterious number, because it stood so long as a symbol of the courage and craftsmanship that went into the construction of the largest ship ever

conceived by the minds of men—slid into the Clyde.[1]

John Elder, the great Scottish marine engineer, did much to make the Clyde supreme in the shipbuilding art. It was Elder who designed and built, in 1854, the first compound marine engine. Tested in the steamer *Brandon*, it was found to reduce the consumption of coal by nearly 40 per cent. By enlarging Watt's ideas, Elder steam-jacketed the cylinders and again cut fuel costs substantially. His next achievement was the invention of the surface condenser, which he tested out in the *Royal Bride* in 1858. Then, as a fitting culmination to his remarkable career, Elder patented triple and quadruple expansion engines, out of which developed triple and quadruple screw propellers and the trans-Atlantic nonpariels that made the Union Jack a synonym for matchless speed at sea. Through it all we glimpse the genius of Watt.

The *Virginian* took the water for the Allan Line, then the *Carmania* for the Cunard Line, and then came the *Lusitania*, of imperishable memory. She went out into the Atlantic in 1910 to take the trans-Atlantic record from the German ship, *Kaiser Wilhelm*, crossing from Queenstown to New York in four days, ten hours, and forty-one minutes. Probably the Germans never forgave her for that performance!

De luxe liners were not the only contribution the Clyde was making at this period to the country's

[1] The gross tonnage of Cunarder 534 is 73,000 tons, her length is 1018 feet, and she has been designed to accommodate 4000 people. In the words of Sir Thomas Bell, K.B.E., managing director of John Brown & Co., Clydebank, and Sir Percy E. Bates, Bt., Chairman of the Cunard Company: "The design of the great liner is the culmination of a century of progress in naval architecture and marine engineering."

maritime power. From her busy yards came warships—the *Ramillies*, the *Jupiter*, and the *Terrible*; deadly cruisers—the *Hindustan*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Tiger*; and super-dreadnoughts like the *Indomitable* and the *Hood*. The mariners of England that guard our native shores owe more than they perhaps realize to the unmatched skill of the Clydeside shipbuilders and marine engineers.[1]

The Clyde! How much the Flag owes this muddy, man-made waterway of ours! How much, indeed! To enumerate the achievements of the shipbuilders and marine engineers who have come and gone at Clydeside would be to write the most inspiring chapters in the maritime history of the world. The shades of giants haunt these clanging shores. The very ugliness of the soiled channel is something to revere, like unto the gnarled and wrinkled hands of a mother worn and disfigured in the service of her children. We cannot look upon this old river without emotion. For us it symbolizes, far more than any turreted castle we have ever seen,

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[1] The record of the Clyde shipbuilders during the past fifty years is without parallel, and it seems worth while to note here the tonnage they have built year by year:

1884: 296,854 tons	1901: 511,990 tons	1918: 555,803 tons
1885: 193,453 ,,	1902: 516,977 ,,	1919: 646,154 ,,
1886: 172,440 ,,	1903: 446,869 ,,	1920: 672,438 ,,
1887: 185,362 ,,	1904: 417,870 ,,	1921: 511,185 ,,
1888: 280,037 ,,	1905: 539,850 ,,	1922: 388,481 ,,
1889: 335,201 ,,	1906: 598,841 ,,	1923: 175,528 ,,
1890: 349,995 ,,	1907: 619,919 ,,	1924: 538,021 ,,
1891: 326,475 ,,	1908: 355,586 ,,	1925: 523,322 ,,
1892: 336,414 ,,	1909: 403,187 ,,	1926: 286,350 ,,
1893: 280,160 ,,	1910: 392,392 ,,	1927: 462,565 ,,
1894: 340,885 ,,	1911: 630,583 ,,	1928: 604,611 ,,
1895: 360,152 ,,	1912: 640,529 ,,	1929: 565,798 ,,
1896: 420,841 ,,	1913: 756,976 ,,	1930: 529,844 ,,
1897: 340,037 ,,	1914: 543,332 ,,	1931: 152,663 ,,
1898: 466,832 ,,	1915: 307,215 ,,	1932: 66,637 ,,
1899: 491,074 ,,	1916: 506,922 ,,	1933: 56,368 ,,
1900: 486,337 ,,	1917: 461,589 ,,	

the courage, faith, and practical genius of the common people of Scotland.

Let Glasgow Flourish!

All through the nineteenth century the inventive genius of Scots continued to add power and wealth to England. In the year 1810 Sir John Leslie made artificial ice in Edinburgh. In 1819 Charles Macintosh, a Glasgow chemist, succeeded in finding a cheap solvent for indiarubber, and began to manufacture the first practical waterproof fabrics that the world had ever seen. He operated a successful factory in Glasgow, then opened a branch in Manchester. From that day onward Englishmen began to go out in the rain, and golf—a game they picked up in Scotland—proceeded to undermine the country.[1] Macintosh also invented the highly useful method of printing calico and silk by the application of his indiarubber and naphtha varnish. The name of this really remarkable man has been so closely associated with his waterproofed cloth that the world has almost forgotten the important fact that he invented and patented a process for converting iron into steel by the use of carburetted hydrogen gas.

The bicycle was invented by Gavin Dalziel, of Lesmahagow, in 1836. It was a crude machine, but improvements soon came, and what this Scottish invention accomplished in England was strikingly illustrated by the industrial shake-up that took place in the town of Coventry in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties. The collapse of the silk and watch-

[1] Our English friends, it must be admitted, have been quick in the uptak'. By observing the Scots closely, they learned to eat porridge and marmalade in the morning, and drink whisky at all hours of the day and night. When they venture abroad they are generally dressed in reverberating Harris tweeds.

making industries between 1860 and 1870 had left the town in acute distress, but it pedalled out of its difficulties by turning its idle factories to the manufacture of bicycles. Factory after factory took up the new machine, improvements in models came thick and fast, and by the year 1885 there were no fewer than 175 firms making bicycles in the English city. Coventry has been scorching after prosperity ever since, and of its thousands of skilled bicycle-makers, not one in ten is aware that it was the invention of a Scot that rescued their city sixty years ago.[1]

During this extremely active period in manufacturing and construction, John Neilson, manager of the Glasgow Gas Works, invented the hot-blast method of treating iron. The process gave a tremendous impetus to the British iron industry, for the substitution of a hot blast for a cold blast before injecting the iron into the furnaces reduced the quantity of coke consumed in the smelting of a ton of iron from eight tons to a quarter of that amount.

The age of electricity may be said to have dawned at the middle of the nineteenth century, and, like that of steam, it was brought about by Scotsmen. As far back as 1834 James Bowman Lindsay, an unschooled genius of Dundee, had astonished his neighbours by illuminating his modest home with electric lamps. The first suggestion of wireless telegraphy came from this man in 1845. He had discovered that the earth, and the sea, could be used as conductors of electrical impulses, but he was unable to translate his knowledge into the actual

[1] The first practicable pneumatic tyre was invented by Mr. J. B. Dunlop, of Dreghorn, Ayrshire, in the year 1888. The Dunlop Rubber Company to-day is associated with the business of Charles Macintosh & Co., founded by Charles Macintosh, who invented the waterproof coat.

transmission of wireless messages because he lacked the sensitive apparatus necessary to detect the weak electrical currents involved. He had pointed the way, however, and other Scottish scientists were destined to play important parts in making his dream come true. In 1864 James Clerk Maxwell, another Scot, proved by mathematical equations that a changing electric current produces waves in the all-pervading ether, moving at the speed of light, and that light, heat, and electrical waves were fundamentally identical.

Thus electricity emerged from the realm of obsure speculation, and soon afterwards two miraculous and world-transforming inventions were put forward by Scots.[1]

The first of them was the incandescent lamp. It was the child of the brain of Joseph Wilson Swan, of Glasgow, whose patent was dated 1878. As far back as 1845—probably inspired by Lindsay's pioneering efforts—Swan had been experimenting with his new lamp. In 1860 he had actually made one, but was checked, from the commercial standpoint, by the inadequate dynamos at his disposal. He did not drop the idea, however. Between 1870 and 1880 he was working on it again, and success crowned his efforts, for on 18th December, 1878, he exhibited a carbon incandescent lamp and lectured on it before the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society.

Two years later Swan patented his "parchmentized thread". He had discovered a new material with which to replace the paper thread used as the

[1] It is worth noting that the gramophone—then called the phonautograph—was invented by Leo Scott in 1856. Thomas Edison improved it and made it a great commercial success, but the credit for inventing it belongs to Scotland.

carbon-forming substance. It was made by treating cotton yarn with sulphuric acid. The yarn, he found, became so agglutinated in the process that it lost its fibrous quality and, on being dried, became as hard as catgut and capable of being drawn through dies to a wire of perfect roundness. It was the key to the successful manufacture of incandescent lamps. In October of that year he gave a lighting demonstration with his lamps at Newcastle, and under the trade name of "The Swan Electric Light Company" began to turn out lamps in commercial quantities.

Before the end of 1881 Swan's lamps were illuminating London. The Mansion House, the British Museum, the Royal Academy, the Savoy Theatre, and many other well-known buildings boasted of Swan installations. The inventor was recognized as the genius that he was. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1894. Four years later he was elected President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. In 1901 he was elected President of the Society of Chemical Industry, and in 1904 a knighthood was conferred upon him.

That Sir Joseph Wilson Swan's reputation and brilliant accomplishments in the electrical world have been almost totally obscured during the twentieth century is a curious fact, and it is the result of two conditions—the hopelessly backward state of electrical development in this country,[1] and the aggressive commercial development of electricity in the United States since the beginning of the present century. We recall a controversy that flared up

[1] The consumption of electrical units per head of population per year in Great Britain stood at 256 in 1933. In Canada the consumption per head of population is 1409.

momentarily in the American press a few years ago, when the late Mr. Thomas Edison was being honoured —largely through the grandiose efforts of Mr. Henry Ford—for his supposititious invention of the electric lamp.

Nobody in the United States has ever heard of the real inventor—nor wishes to hear about him. Edison was hailed, in the citadel of Henry Ford, as the great giver of light. A dour and obscure Scot raised his voice in protest in the correspondence columns of a leading newspaper, pointing out that a Scotsman, Sir Joseph Swan, had really been the pioneer in electrical illumination. The Scottish dissenter had a few supporters, but they were buried under the avalanche of adulation that swept towards Edison. No good American would believe, for a moment, that Edison had a predecessor in the realm of electrical development.

We have no desire to minimize the achievements of the American inventor, but it must be said, flatly, that he was twenty years too late in perfecting his electrical lamp to be entitled to the honour of being called, as he has been, "The Father of Electric Lighting". His relation to it was more like that of a rich uncle. He lit his first lamp on 21st October, 1879—forty-five years after electric lights shone in the Dundee home of James Bowman Lindsay and nearly twenty years after Sir Joseph Swan perfected his first lamps. Edison's reputation, however, has eclipsed that of the real inventors of electric light simply because of the appalling apathy of the British people towards electrical developments, the dull indifference of the modern Scot towards the real architects of their country's greatness, and the vast

energy of Americans in promoting the use of electrical devices. One finds more electrical conveniences in one State in the United States than one could find in all of Scotland, and Edison has been constantly credited with the rising tide of electrical consciousness that has long been a characteristic of the American people. This country has allowed the name of Swan to become a faint echo to the resounding name of Edison.[1]

Not much had come out of the electrical theories of James Clerk Maxwell, but in 1887 they were taken up by Heinrich Rudolf Hertz, a brilliant young German professor of physics. Hertz went further than Maxwell, by demonstrating that electric waves existed in free ether, and, like light, could be sent in all directions. The German invented a transmitter and a crude detector that showed how these waves might be produced and detected, as they passed through space. As a result of this original work the world first heard of "Hertzian Waves", and, be it added, the scientific basis of wireless telegraphy. Nine years later Guglielmo Marconi solved the practical problem of wireless transmission by inventing the spark-coil transmitter and coherer receiver.

We have searched frantically through the branches of this distinguished Italian's family tree in the

[1] It is an interesting fact that Scotsmen have had a good deal to do with spreading electrical power throughout London and England. Sir Alexander B. W. Kennedy, LL.D., F.R.S., planned the whole system and works, and was Chief Engineer until his death in 1928, of Westminster Electric Supply Corporation. The first electric generating stations built in many provincial towns of England were of his planning. Sir Alexander electrified the tramways for Central London, schemed the whole of the electrical part of the Waterloo and City Railway, and prepared the plans for the electrification, west of Paddington, on the Great Western and Hammersmith and City Railways.

Sir Duncan Watson was the first Chairman of the London and Home Counties Joint Electricity Authority. Sir Andrew R. Duncan was Chairman of the Central Electricity Board.

hope of discovering that his paternal ancestors were McCronies, but we have to admit, and we do so with profound sorrow, that the man who, on 12th December, 1901, stood on Signal Hill at St. John's, Newfoundland, watching kites that bore antennæ wires aloft to intercept feeble signals that came, like magic, across the Atlantic Ocean from Poldhu, Cornwall, was not a Scot. It is something, however, to know that the man who first glimpsed the miracle of wireless telegraphy was a Scot, and that the man who invented the next great miracle of wireless transmission was also a Scot.[1]

Almost contemporaneous with the invention of electric lighting was the invention of another amazing electrical device that linked up humanity—the telephone. In Canada the great majority of the population labour under the pleasing delusion that a Canadian was its inventor. They might, with equal justice, claim that a Newfoundlander invented wireless telegraphy, simply because Signor Marconi stood on the soil of that island to test his theory of trans-Atlantic wireless transmission. It was a Scotsman, born and bred, who invented the telephone. His name was Alexander Graham Bell, and he was born in Edinburgh in 1847. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, was at one time a lecturer on elocution in University College, London. Alexander, the son, was also a teacher of elocution, and, like his father, had given a great deal of study to the science of sounds. Ill-health, however, overtook him when he was twenty-four, and the family moved to Brantford,

[1] The inventor of the first practical television apparatus for the instantaneous transmission of photographs by wire or wireless was John L. Baird, who was born at Helensburgh in 1889.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D.

The first Scotsman to become Archbishop of Canterbury, 1868–82

Ontario, Canada, hoping to win back his health in that robust climate.

In Canada Alexander Graham Bell continued his studies of the science of voice production, and soon after his arrival in the Dominion he received an appointment as teacher to deaf children in a school in Boston, Massachusetts. He began to experiment with the telephone in 1874, and in 1876 he exhibited his first instrument at Philadelphia. In the same year he exhibited the instrument before the British Association in England. He deposited his patent at Washington on 14th February, 1876.

There was no mistaking the significance of the strange invention, and the inventor had no competitors for the honour of producing it. In the year 1882 he was in England, and demonstrated his invention to Queen Victoria at Osborne. The telephone was an accomplished fact. In 1879 the first exchanges were opened in London, and Englishmen began to learn to say : "Are you theah?" Scotland, of course, has been slower than any other country in the world, except Burma, to utilize the great invention of her countryman.

Before leaving this period of electrical inventions, it is necessary to mention the achievements of another Scotsman, Lord Kelvin. In this man, who started life on 26th June, 1824, with the plain name of William Thomson, we have one more illustration of the transcendent genius that blossomed in Scotland in the last century. Lord Kelvin's intellectual capacity was abnormal. At the age of twelve he translated Lucian's *Dialogues of the Gods*, with full parsing of the first three dialogues, and at twenty-two he was Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow

University and had already impinged his personality upon the world of science. Kelvin, like James Clerk Maxwell, glimpsed the miracle of wireless telegraphy, and as early as 1853 wrote a paper entitled "Transient Electric Currents", which laid down the principles of wireless telegraphy.

This man's achievements in the higher realms of mathematics and physics—he made the science of thermometry definite by introducing the absolute scale of temperature—marked him as one of the greatest scientists of his age ; but his most interesting, and probably his most practical, achievement, was the part he played in the laying of the trans-Atlantic cable. The romantic story of the laying of the cable is seldom heard nowadays, and when it is, the name of Lord Kelvin is seldom mentioned at all. Yet without this Scotsman's genius and determination the cable might never have succeeded. It was he who delved into the theory of it, explaining how to overcome the retarded speed of the cabling. He became a member of the Board of Directors of the company formed to float the project, never relaxed his interest, and invented delicate apparatus to make the cable work. The idea of laying the cable originated in the mind of Cyrus Field, an American, and to Field belongs also the credit of promoting the idea with dauntless zeal ; but when he had "sold" the idea—the majority of the stock in the enterprise was taken up in Great Britain—he receded into the background and British pioneers took up the sterner task of getting the cable laid and operating successfully.

In this tedious and discouraging battle against Nature, Scotsmen played a great part. The leviathan

that carried the cable in her bowels—the *Great Eastern*—was built by a Scottish shipbuilder ; her commander, Sir James Anderson, was a native of Dumfriesshire ; and all the delicate instruments for testing and working the great cable were invented by Lord Kelvin and manufactured by Mr. James White, the Glasgow optician. Among these infinitely delicate instruments was Kelvin's "mirror-galvanometer", which he patented on 20th February, 1858, and which proved to be the key that opened the heavy door to submarine telegraphy. Without this invention, submarine telegraphy would not have developed the way it did.

The laying of the cable, of course, was attended by many costly and disheartening mishaps. Twice it snapped in mid-ocean. Kelvin was not dismayed. He was aboard the *Agamemnon* on 17th July, 1858, when she steamed away from Queenstown on the third attempt to complete the project. Again misfortune overtook the pioneers, for the cable went dead on October 20th. It seemed hopeless to go on with the scheme. The harassed directors of the company began to quarrel among themselves, and their relations with Whitehouse, the English engineer, became very strained. Lord Kelvin, with Scotch tenacity, held on, and in 1866 he was aboard the *Great Eastern* when, on July 12th, she set out on her final attempt to complete the laying of the cable. This time success came, and Lord Kelvin read the first faint message that crossed the Atlantic Ocean at the conclusion of the voyage. The Old World and the New World had been linked up.

It has been said that England was built by coal, iron, and Scotsmen ; but in view of the facts, we

think the statement is much too broad. All things considered—and nothing would induce us to look at the matter from the purely Scottish angle—we are firmly of the opinion that, in the interests of accuracy, the reference to coal and iron might be quietly dropped !

CHAPTER IX

THE SCOT IN ENGLISH BUSINESS

THE first Scotsman who dabbled successfully in finance in England was King James VI. He was constantly talking about money and his acute need of it, and the fact that he managed things so well as he did on his slender and uncertain income indicated that he had a business head on his shoulders. He was not above selling titles to swell his purse, and he was always on the look-out for private undertakings that gave promise of producing substantial dividends. On more than one occasion he took a half-interest in enterprises of that character—with or without the sanction of the promoter—and it is a curious fact that his gambles were invariably successful.[1]

A far more constructive and dramatic force in English finance, however, was William Paterson, who founded the Bank of England in 1694. This Scot really understood the principles of private business and public finance. He combined sound business sense with spacious ideas about the development of

[1] When Hugh Middleton proposed building the first canal that supplied London with water, King James took a hand in the scheme, paying half the cost of construction. For this, however, he demanded half the property. Actually, he received thirty-six "King's Shares", which King Charles sacrificed for £500. At the end of the last century one of these undivided shares sold for £94,900!

the Empire, and the curious contradiction of his life was that he established the most powerful financial institution that England has ever seen, and then led Scotland to the greatest financial disaster that she has ever encountered.

Paterson was born on a farm at Skipmyre, in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, in the year 1658. Soon after leaving school he walked down into England with a pack on his back and a few shillings in his pocket. He settled at Bristol, became interested in the West India trade, made a fortune, and became a member of the Merchant Taylors Company in November of 1681.

During the next decade the picture of his career is rather hazy, but he was a substantial man of affairs, and was undoubtedly active in more than one commercial enterprise. He emerged from temporary obscurity in 1691, to make history in England ; for in that year, with Michael Godfrey and several other prosperous merchants supporting him, he approached the Government with the proposal that he and his partners establish a bank to be known as the Bank of England.

Paterson's associates were not very active, but he kept the scheme alive, pursued the Government with it, and finally succeeded, in January of 1692, in bringing matters to a head. He appeared before a parliamentary committee, and stated that "himself and some others might come forward to advance £500,000". Presto ! The Government's apathy vanished, and in 1694 the Bank of England came into existence, with Paterson dominating its Board of Directors.

Such was the contribution of this Dumfriesshire

farmer's son to the financial development of England. He had accomplished something of incalculable value to the country, but the next phase of his life was a tragedy, largely as a result of the treatment he received from the King and the Government of the day.[1]

While the Bank of England was still in its swaddling clothes, he conceived the idea of colonizing the Isthmus of Darien. It looked like a promising scheme, and its promoter enjoyed a sound reputation. The British public was soon infected by his boundless enthusiasm. He visited Scotland in 1695 to ascertain the feeling of his own countrymen towards the project. He found that they were more than ready to support a scheme that promised to give them trading opportunities which England had denied them.[2] Convinced that his grandiose scheme would revive trade in Great Britain, and produce untold wealth by opening up the vast gold-mines that were supposed to exist in the Isthmus, Paterson went ahead. He raised £300,000 in England. Scottish subscriptions began to flow in.

At this promising stage of the promotion trouble developed. The English-owned East India Company used its influence to discredit and cripple the scheme. It scurried to the Government, asking for an investigation, and the result of the lobbying was that Parliament sent a gelatinous address to the King, stating : "That by reason of the superior advantages granted to the Scottish East India Company, and the

[1] In all the historical references to Paterson that we have read, there is not a word about the suitability of the Isthmus of Darien for colonization purposes. Its development has never justified Paterson's optimism.

[2] The Navigation Laws, framed for the benefit of English shipping, had crippled the ports of Scotland, preventing them from competing for colonial trade on an equal basis with English ports.

duties imposed upon the India trade in England, a great part of the stock and shipping of this nation would be carried thither, by which means Scotland would be rendered a free port, and Europe from thence supplied with the products of the East much cheaper than through them, and thus a great article in the balance of foreign commerce would be lost to England, to the prejudice of the national navigation and the royal revenue" ; and, in the same wheedling document : "That when the Scots should have established themselves in plantations in America, the western branch of traffic would also be lost, the privileges granted their company would render their country the general storehouse for tobacco, sugar, cotton, hides, and timber ; the low rates at which they would be enabled to carry on their manufactures would render it impossible for the English to compete with them ; while, in addition, His Majesty stood engaged to protect, by the naval strength of England, a company whose success was incompatible with its existence."

The King could not permit the English East India Company to be subjected to competition from a concern controlled by Scots, so, remarking that "he had been ill-served in Scotland, but hoped some remedy would be found to prevent the inconvenience that might arise from the act", he pacified his parliament by dismissing his Scottish ministers. Parliament, taking the royal cue, declared William Paterson and twenty-one other members of the Company guilty of a high misdemeanour.[1]

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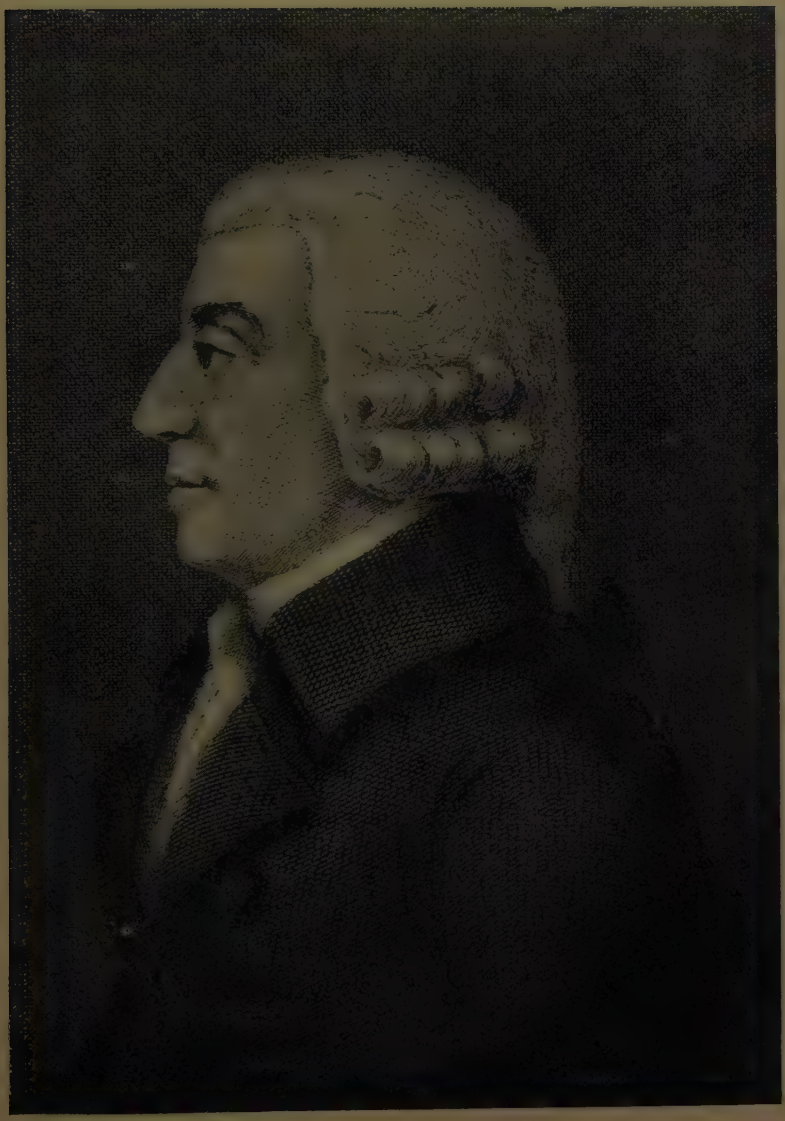
[1] How different was the attitude of King and parliament towards the South Sea Company, the English trading company organized in 1711. It was readily granted a monopoly of British trade with South



ADAM SMITH

Father of political economy in Great Britain

The impeachment did not materialize, but the petty and malicious campaign of the English parliament had accomplished the anticipated results. The English subscription had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, Paterson continued to promote his badly crippled venture. In spite of the obstructive tactics of the English Government, more than £200,000 sterling was subscribed to the scheme by merchants of Holland and Hamburg, who had learned to have confidence in Scottish methods of business. The English Government, however, could not suffer to see that foreign money flowing towards Scotland, so the English Ambassador at Hamburg was instructed by King William to present a remonstrance to the magistrates of the German city, complaining of the

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America and the Pacific Islands, and King George I became its governor in 1718. In the following year, in order to gain additional trading concessions, the Company had the effrontery to propose that they take over the National Debt, then standing at £51,300,000, for a cash consideration of £3,500,000. The idea behind the proposal was to get the annuitants of the State to exchange their annuities for South Sea stock, and as the Company's stock was to be issued at a high premium a large amount of annuities would be extinguished by a comparatively small issue of South Sea stock. In addition to this pleasant feature of the transaction, the Company was to receive £1,500,000 a year as interest from the Government.

The ridiculous proposition was accepted by the Earl of Sunderland, then Prime Minister; but the Company had to raise its bid to £7,567,000 —in order to meet the competition of the Bank of England! The Government annuitants readily exchanged their annuities for shares in the Company, and a boom followed, the new stock soaring from 128½ to 1000 in seven months. The inevitable crash came within the year, and the stock fell to 135, spreading ruination throughout England.

A parliamentary investigation followed, of course, and it disclosed that the Company's books contained fictitious entries, that members of the Cabinet had accepted bribes from the directors of the bubble and had made fortunes by speculating in the stock, and that the Prime Minister, John Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and James Craggs, the Postmaster-General, were implicated in the scandal. Walpole managed to get the Prime Minister acquitted; Craggs died before justice overtook him; and Aislabie, after being found guilty of "the most notorious, dangerous, and infamous corruption", and, serving a short term in prison, retired to his country estate in Yorkshire. That county, apparently, had not invested in South Sea stock, for the son of John Aislabie succeeded his father as Member of Parliament for Ripon in 1721, and held his seat till 1781!

countenance they had given to the promoters of the Darien Company.

The reply of the Hamburg subscribers is worth recording, for it cuts across the devious proceedings of the English obstructionists like a knife. "We consider it strange", wrote the hard-headed Hamburgers, "that the King of England should dictate to us, a free people, how, or with whom, we are to engage in the arrangements of commerce, and still more so that we should be blamed for offering to connect ourselves in this way with a body of Your Majesty's own subjects incorporated under a special Act of Parliament".

However, the confidence of the Hamburgers had, naturally enough, been seriously shaken by the propaganda from England, and they began to withdraw their subscriptions. The Dutch, equally alarmed, withdrew their support.

William Paterson was left in an appalling predicament, but the impoverished Scottish people, in one of the most laudable bursts of courage, tenacity, and race loyalty that they have ever displayed, rallied to his support with a perfectly astounding unanimity. They actually subscribed £400,000 to the tottering scheme—a sum calculated to be more than half of the total circulating capital of the country at that time. The money came from rich and poor alike, in a never-ending stream. Never, in all her history, has Scotland been so magnificently loyal to a doomed cause. Her unwavering and heedless support of Paterson gave the world a glimpse of the terrible courage that can be generated, on occasion, north of the Cheviot Hills.

There is no need to dwell at length upon the

tragic fate of the Darien Scheme. Paterson went ahead with it, supplies were bought for the colonizers, and on 26th July, 1698, the expedition, consisting of five ships carrying twelve hundred men, recruited from good Scottish families, set sail from Leith for the Eldorado. William Paterson led the expedition. It reached its destination, but on the soil of Darien a succession of unforeseen calamities overtook the colonists. The climate was unhealthy, the natives were hostile ; the colonial satraps, acting on orders from the still hostile England, saw to it that the colonists were denied the food of which they soon found themselves in desperate need ; and finally quarrels paralysed the diffused management and spread hopeless dejection among the colonists.

The end of the scheme was in sight. William Paterson himself succumbed to fever, and later, in New York, was for a time mentally unbalanced by the shocking nervous strain which he had undergone. Nowadays men in his position shoot themselves on divans, inhale carbon-monoxide, or fall out of aeroplanes. William Paterson was fashioned of different stuff. He came back to Scotland, faced his public, made a report on the ill-fated enterprise, and even tried to resuscitate it. The Scottish people forgave him, as we shall see.

Most people would assume that a man who had been the central figure of such a calamitous fiasco would be thankful for the opportunity to step quietly into oblivion. William Paterson, however, did not choose the easy road, and he lived to do great things for the country that had treated him so scurvily. He went back to England, at the turn of the century, faced the King, and made such a favourable

impression that he was asked to put his ideas about the national finances into writing. This he did, suggesting, among other reforms, the provision of interest for the national debts, rules for regulating the treasury and the exchequer so that internal frauds would be impossible, and last, but not least, the complete union of England and Scotland.

It was agreed at the time that Paterson was the man who convinced King William that the union of the two countries would be an achievement of statecraft. He was also acknowledged to be the genius behind Walpole's famous financial reforms, particularly the "Walpole Sinking Fund", and the sound and comprehensive scheme of 1717 for the consolidation and conversion of the National Debt. When Parliamentary Union became a reality, he went back to Scotland, stood as a Member of Parliament in Dumfriesshire—where nearly every well-to-do family had been ruined by the Darien Scheme and where the Union had been stubbornly opposed—and was elected ! The fact has been cited as a great tribute to Paterson's character ; more likely, it simply reflects the fact that the political machines of those days rode roughshod over the public. They still do, in rural Scotland.

The next Scotsman to cause a noticeable stir in London's financial circles was John Law, who was born in Edinburgh in the year 1671. He became a notable swordsman and tennis-player, but he had a flair for high finance and headed for London. There he maintained himself, somewhat precariously, by gambling. He was described, at this time, as a man "nicely expert in all manner of debaucheries". As a result of his skill at cards he was challenged to a

duel, and as a result of the duel he found himself charged with murder. He was tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and sentenced to death on 20th April, 1694.

That finished John Law's financial career in London—but it did not finish his career. He escaped from prison and disappeared. The following advertisement, published in the *London Gazette* of 7th January, 1695, purported to describe him :

> Captain John Law, a Scotchman, lately a prisoner in the King's Bench for murther, aged 26, a very tall, black, lean man, well-shaped, above six feet high, large pock-holes in his face, big high nosed, speaks broad and loud, made his escape from the said prison. Whoever secures him, so as he may be delivered at the said prison, shall have fifty pounds paid immediately by the marshall of the King's Bench.

That was probably not an accurate description of Law, but it was accurate enough to make the reward for his recapture seem inadequate. Obviously, he was not the sort of man to be carelessly challenged in the dark, and as nobody did challenge him, he made his way to France. There he vanished, but not for long, for within two years he was Comptroller-General of the finances of the Republic, under the famous Colbert. It was really a pity that England lost the services of this Scot, for he was a brilliant financier, and one of the few men who understood the intricate and secretive banking system that had made Amsterdam the financial capital of Europe.

Law's death in 1729 marked the end of a period of dangerous national financing and reckless speculations on the part of the public. A series of protracted booms in the stocks of vast foreign trading companies had collapsed ; those who had had their

greedy fingers burned were, as always, demanding this safeguard and that for private investors; Cabinet Ministers had to be exceedingly cautious, and the country settled down to a quieter but sounder routine. We do not hear of dazzling financiers and daring stock-jobbers for a while, but the country was being developed rapidly by engineers, inventors, and hard-working industrialists; and, in Scotland, a system of finance was being built that supported and developed the new industrialism.

In point of fact, one of the reasons for the Scots' ascendancy in English business is to be found in the banking system of Scotland. There were no banks worthy of the name in the country prior to 1695, and the money-changing and storing was done by tradesmen. In 1695, however, with the support of William, Prince of Orange, and the old Scottish Parliament, the Bank of Scotland was incorporated, with an initial capital of £100,000 sterling, which was doubled in a few years. The Bank of Scotland issued its first notes in 1704.

Other banks were established. The Royal Bank of Scotland was formed in 1727, largely for the purpose of handling "the Equivalent". With £248,550 of this English money to work with, the Scots entrusted with its distribution formed themselves into a company and established the Royal Bank.

With the establishment of these two banks, these islands saw the first financial war that ever rocked our economic structure. "The New Bank" proceeded to kill the "Auld Bank" by the simple but deadly process of surreptitiously buying up its notes. By the year 1730 the Bank of Scotland was in deep water, and to keep afloat it resorted to the desperate

expedient of issuing new five-pound notes, payable on demand, or six months after being presented, but with interest at the high rate of 5 per cent. Two years later it was obliged to issue one-pound notes on the same terms. The insane war ended, as most wars do, when both the combatants had wearied themselves to the point of exhaustion, and soon afterwards the Royal Bank felt that it had been victorious when its capital was raised to the same amount as that of its pioneer competitor—the staggering sum of £1,500,000 sterling !

In the meantime, the linen industry of Scotland was developing, and, largely to foster it, the British Linen Company was incorporated as a bank in 1746, with a capital of £100,000.

Such were the beginnings of banking in Scotland ; but from these modest establishments was built up a system of banks and a system of banking that has served, and still serves for that matter, as a model that the world might well copy. The first and foremost reason for this is that Scottish banks have always been in close personal contact with their customers. Open an account with a Scottish bank, and you may rest assured that you are not merely a walking number, carrying a bank-book. You are noticed. Quietly, without noticeable prying, your character is shrewdly assessed, your financial resources and possibilities gauged. In a small country like Scotland it is not difficult for a bank manager to get a reasonably accurate focus on the backgrounds of his customers. The value of the knowledge goes without saying.

In the second place, the Scottish bankers led the world, and still lead the world, in the matter of

ingenuity of money management. Their system of paper currency has never been surpassed for efficiency, and indeed it has been copied in England and in nearly every other country in the world. This sound elasticity, backed by knowledge and caution, had the result of establishing scientific systems of credits in Scotland long before England evolved such schemes. The first cash credit system was established as far back as 1729. It evolved in the mind of an Edinburgh shopkeeper, and he proposed that he would make up debts periodically if he got loans of accommodation.

The system worked, and by the year 1826 there were ten thousand cash credits in Scotland, ranging from £100 to £5000. When Benjamin Franklin, the great American philosopher, recommended his scheme to advance loans to small tradesmen who were beginning in business, he was surprised to learn that such a scheme had been in successful operation in Scotland for half a century before he mooted his. Scotland, in fact, had not much to learn about the art of handling money. Her banks were models of efficiency, and they drew to them, from the first, the able young men of the country, for in Scotland in those days—as indeed in the present—the son of a tradesman seldom followed the occupation of his sire. He aimed for what are termed, probably erroneously, "the higher professions". The system has made many indifferent preachers out of lads who would have made good farmers, but on the whole it has drawn brains and character to professions such as banking.

The success of Scottish banks, from the beginning, exerted a strong influence on the English banking

system, so much so that when the District Bank was opened at Manchester about 1820, its management was modelled on the Scottish system, and to make sure that the system was carried out, a Scotsman was installed as manager. At that time Scotsmen were in demand in England as bank managers, for the success of Scotland's paper money had been noted, and whatever Englishmen may have thought about the Scottish race in general, they were quick to recognize that its bankers were men of sound training and splendid character.[1] It is a fact that, between 1704 and 1830, there was not one panic or bank-run in Scotland. In England, on the other hand, the Bank of England was in such a desperate plight in the early part of the nineteenth century that it was reduced to the necessity of protracting cash payments by counting out sixpences !

The Bank of England was not the only enduring financial institution that was given to England by a Scotsman. The founder of the Savings Bank, as we know it to-day, was the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, who, like William Paterson, was a native of Dumfriesshire. Dr. Duncan was minister in the parish of

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[1] England has continued to strengthen her great financial institutions by enlisting the skill and judgment of Scots. Sir John Gordon Nairne, Kt., a native of Kirkcudbrightshire, was one of the ablest directors and comptrollers the Bank of England has ever had. Mr. Kenneth Graham, author of *The Golden Age*, was secretary of the Bank of England for many years, and in his day the governor, chief cashier, and butler were all Scots ! Sir Charles Stewart Addis, born in Edinburgh, was a director of the Bank of England, and was also president of the Institute of Bankers, 1921–1923. Another able Scottish director of the Bank of England was Sir Andrew Rae Duncan.

Other Scots who have distinguished themselves in the financial life of England are: Sir William Carruthers, director of Barclays Bank, Ltd., and vice-president of the Council of the Institute of Bankers; Sir John Ferguson, president of the Institute of Bankers, 1925–1927; Sir Robert Horne, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now chairman of the Great Western Railway; Mr. John F. Darling, for many years a director of the Midland Bank; and Lord Amulree, whose latest achievement was the financial rehabilitation of Newfoundland.

Ruthwell. He was struck with the good which would be accomplished in his parish if some scheme could be devised to encourage his parishioners to save their money systematically, and with that idea in his head drew up a scheme in May of the year 1810 and put it into operation. To make the habit of thrift permanent, the Governor of this tiny savings bank had this quaint clause in his first draft of rules : "Every depositor must lodge to the amount of four shillings at least within the year, under the penalty of one shilling." He also drew up this rule, and made it work : "Interest at the rate of 5 per cent is allowed to every depositor who continues a member of the bank for three years, but such as withdraw the whole of their deposits before that period receive only 4 per cent."

There was to be no nonsense about this pioneer savings bank. Depositors had to support it—or get out with a loss. They did not get out. In the first year of operation the deposits—in a poor little agricultural parish, remember !—amounted to £151. In the second year they had increased to £176, in the third year there was a further increase to £241, and at the end of the fourth year the bank was the guardian of the vast sum of £922 ! The minister had made a discovery that was destined to bring out the amazing strength of Great Britain in years to come—he had demonstrated that the real wealth of this country is in the hands of the poor people. A glorious paradox !

The following notice appeared on the balance-sheet of the bank for the year ending 31st May, 1826.

The general meeting of the Ruthwell Parish Bank takes place at Ruthwell Church on the first Saturday of August, at

six o'clock in the afternoon, when it is expected there will be a full attendance, to receive new vouchers, elect office-bearers for the ensuing year, etc. Each member who is not present at the annual meeting, either personally or by proxy, incurs a fine of sixpence.

The annual meetings, needless to add, were well attended.

From this tiny savings bank of Dumfriesshire grew the modern system of savings banks. Liverpool established a system in 1815, Manchester followed with a system in 1818, and other savings banks, all modelled on the principle of the one started by the Dumfriesshire minister, began to open up all over England, tapping a new and vast source of national wealth. In 1844 there were 577 savings banks in the United Kingdom, and they had on deposit £30,000,000—the savings of a million obscure workers.

In the year 1861 another distinguished Scotsman, William Ewart Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, added tremendous strength to the country's financial fabric by putting through the Post Office Savings Bank Act. England had been shown where her real financial reserves lay, and the proof of it was seen during the great storm that beat upon these shores between 1914 and 1918, and later, in 1933, when the world gasped at the phenomenon of our war-weary country converting more than £2,000,000,000 of Five per cent War Loan to a three and a half per cent basis in a few hours.

In considering the influence which Scotsmen have exerted on the commercial and financial development of England, it is impossible to overlook the man who analysed the new commercial status of England and

gave it a meaning and purpose that made Great Britain the supreme trading nation of the world. We refer, of course, to Adam Smith, the father of political economy in this country.

This profound thinker was born on 5th June, 1723, at Kirkcaldy. Thoughtful, but not particularly brilliant as a boy, he was advised by some well-meaning idiot to enter the English Church. He had a narrow escape too, for he went on to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1740, studied there long enough to display a genius for mathematics and a quiet contempt for the logic of Aristotle, which pervaded Oxford, and to make up his mind that a pulpit was scarcely a suitable rostrum for Adam Smith. He went back to Edinburgh, became friendly with David Hume, looked round for a position, and eventually was appointed Professor of Logic at Glasgow University in 1751. From that modest pedestal in the seat of learning he stepped up to the chair of Moral Philosophy, and it was while in this position that he turned his mind to the scientific study of the politico-economic system of Great Britain. He did not rush into print with his profound conclusions, for it was not until 1776 that he published his *Wealth of Nations*, but when that book did appear it changed England, bringing it into economic and political harmony with the industrial revolution brought about by that other Scot from Glasgow—James Watt.

Adam Smith tackled the involved problems of British and world economics with the sure skill of instinctive knowledge. He did not probe here and there, as so many pseudo-economists are doing to-day, and then base impressive but hazy conclusions on these

random thrusts. He did not need to make thrusts. He was sure of himself, and analysed the political and economic problem that had grown up in England with the same skill that one sees in the surgeon who thoroughly understands the case which comes under his knife. Thus, instead of involved and hazy economic theories, such as have inundated us during the past few years, Adam Smith reduced the complicated mysteries of international economics to plain understandable formulæ and equations. With the deceiving ease of a master, he explained the sources of the world's vastly increased wealth, showed that real wealth consisted, not of coined metals but of plentiful supplies of ordinary human necessities, conveniences, and luxuries, and that labour was the only source of this wealth.

It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family [he wrote] never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker; the shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers, all of whom find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudent for a family, is prudent for a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage."

Thus Adam Smith in 1776. His profound analysis of Great Britain's economic system was translated into every European language, and was debated in a thousand seats of learning. Its effect

upon England was profound. Politicians and manufacturers and workmen saw a clear picture of the country's complicated condition, brought about by the mechanical age. They saw Great Britain in her future relationship to the world.

> Adam Smith completed the *Wealth of Nations* in 1776 [wrote Walter Bagehot, the noted English economist, in 1896], and our English political economy is therefore just a hundred years old. In that time it has had a wonderful effect. The life of almost everyone in England—perhaps of everyone—is different and better in consequence of it. The whole commercial policy of the country is not so much founded on it as instinct with it. Ideas which are paradoxes everywhere else in the world are accepted axioms here as results of it. No other form of political philosophy has ever had one thousandth part of the influence on us ; its teachings have settled down into the common sense of the nation, and have become irreversible.

There was only one conclusion possible after studying Adam Smith's theories—industrialized England should march forward under the banner of Free Trade. That is what she did, and before the author of *The Wealth of Nations* died he had caught a glimpse of the glorious destiny of these islands under a free government and free ports. It was only a glimpse. Adam Smith himself could scarcely have visualized the astounding wealth, power, and cultural development that followed the adoption of his political economy. Indeed, the country itself scarcely realized how strong it had become until its financial and industrial fabric were tested by the Great War. Then, in good truth, the wealth of nations seemed to be centred in Great Britain. The picture had been clouded during the past few years. A confused and paternal Government, with costly tariffs and quotas

paid for by the taxpayers, has departed from the sound doctrine laid down in *The Wealth of Nations*, but in our heart of hearts we know that the measure of this country's commercial strength is its capacity to buy and sell in free markets—and that the other road leads to paralysis.

In his delightful delineation of Scottish character, Mr. T. W. H. Crosland hinted darkly that the day of the Scot in England's offices of business was waning :

> Brilliancy and imagination are nowadays just as much wanted in business as in any other department of life [he wrote]. Tact and a reasonably decent feeling for your fellow man are also wanted. Your Scot on his own showing does not possess these qualities. He even goes so far as to disdain them and to assure you that they are not consistent with "force of character" and "rugged independence". The moral is obvious, and I should not be surprised if English employers of labour have not already begun to take it to heart.

The sombre prophecy has not come true, probably because of the obvious difficulty of discharging a Scot in England when he happens to be the managing director ! Business is business, and the Scot generally goes a long way in English business simply because he is equipped for business. He has been trained to be diligent and thoroughgoing, and these are priceless virtues in the world of business. There is a tradition that the Scot, when vested with authority, becomes a bully. Some do. We have been bullied by Scottish sub-editors, but in every case the sub-editors were terrorized by managing-editors who were not Scots, and when subjected to pressure from above, a Scottish sub-editor is a pitiable object. We remember being sent out by one of them to interview the famous American airman, Colonel Charles Lindbergh. It

was to be something special. The "big chief" had nominated us for the job. Two motor-cars were placed at our disposal, and a squad of dizzy young reporters and hard-boiled photographers. They were to run down the game ; our job was to shoot it at close range. Just before the newspaper went to press we discovered that somebody had gone off at half-cock. Lindbergh wasn't even in the country. We broke the sad news to the Scottish sub-editor, adding a few comments.

"He *should* have been here !" he wailed, and with a baleful glance at us straightened his tie and went into the "big chief's" office to be slapped.

All over England, in high places and low, Scots are battling for their daily bread, or scheming to keep caviare on their tables. On the whole, they are not a bad lot, but they suffer, in the eyes of the Englishman, because the occasional Mungo appears among them. When an Englishmen meets a man like Mungo, he is suspicious ever afterwards of anybody who has a Scottish accent. You cannot blame him.

Mungo was a stupid dolt of a lad. He was brought up on a poor farm and sent out into the world with a moist nose and a voice that suggested adenoids. At school we all knew that he was an arrant coward, afraid of a fight but ready to hug himself with delight if he could induce smaller lads to bash one another.

We were thrown together after we left school. None of us had much money to spend in those days, but Mungo's meanness began to dawn upon us. He would not spend a penny for a newspaper, but he read them every day—by borrowing them from his

friends. He walked out into the country one day to see some people he knew—he could have gone by train, but the fare amounted to three-and-sixpence—and when he reached his destination the people were away at the seaside. Mungo walked back home. His feet were blistered, and he was weak with hunger. When we sat down at the boarding-house table that evening, he ate everything in sight, including the mustard pickles, which had been an ornament on the table for weeks. The landlady, a decent old dame, did not let it pass unnoticed. "Did ye hear whut she sayed?" complained Mungo, when we got upstairs. "Jingo! I hadna eaten a thing since breakfast!" "Why didn't you buy a lunch in one of the villages?" we asked. Mungo made creaking sounds like a rusty door. "I wusna gaun tae spend my money like that!" he protested sulkily. "No' when I'm paying for ma board here. Nae fear! Note me!"

Poor old Mungo went through life like that. He slaved away in London for several years with a big commercial concern, and was eventually sent to the tropics as an inspector of trading posts owned by his London employers. He was meaner than ever under tropical skies, hounded the men under him, and added to his company's profits. His manager, a genial Englishman who was hit periodically by malaria, was suddenly discharged. Of course Mungo had nothing to do with that—beyond indicating in private reports to the Scottish manager at home, as he told piously, that things were a bit slack. Mungo was put into the Englishman's place. He was too penurious to engage native servants, and lived like a dog. Even the malaria wouldn't touch him. He drove a number of public school boys back to England, and

replaced them with raw young snivelling Scots, whom he bullied.

Unfortunately, one of the Scottish recruits happened to be a Glasgow chap with a short temper and considerable courage. Primed with whisky one night, he walked up to Mungo's bungalow and invited the general manager to "put them up". Not having any servants around, Mungo was in a bad corner. He tried to threaten the intruder. It didn't work. Then he became placatory. That didn't work either. The upshot of the conference was that the Glasgow lad was discharged, but Mungo remained in his bungalow for several days.

He was more severe with his staff after that, but his number was up. The Glasgow man's uncle, it turned out, was a man of some importance, and he had gone into action after he heard the nephew's story. Mungo's services were eventually dispensed with, and he came back to Scotland and bought a home in the country. He died several years ago, and his neighbours, with the sly malice that one encounters sometimes in rural communities in Scotland, said that the cause of death was malnutrition. Poor old Mungo didn't die of hunger, although, as he grew older, he reduced his diet to the minimum. I think he gave up the ghost because he had failed to discover how to live without spending money. Life had lost its meaning. He left an astonishingly large amount of cash, and it started a frightful row among the relatives who survived him.

It is an unfortunate fact that Scots of Mungo's type go into business, and it is equally unfortunate that in business their unsocial characteristics are apt to be mistaken for virtues. The result is that the

Mungos get along—up to a certain point. They never become mellow, but when success is no longer in doubt, they make sickly attempts to appear civilized. They will tell you proudly about the harrrd strrruggle they have had, and how proud they are to be Scots, and, if they are not firmly checked, they will go on and tell you the execrable story about the Scot who spent a week in London on business, and who got back to Glasgow without having met an Englishman. The Mungos are too keen and single-minded to be crowded out of England's business, but they should be ignored by all good Scots. Above all, they should never be permitted to hold office in Caledonian societies.

We had just got nicely started with a description of the best type of Scot found in English business, when our eye was caught by an obituary notice in *The Times* of 5th April, 1934. We had never heard of the Aberdonian whose death it recorded, but it is so far ahead of anything we could have written that we append it proudly, without a word of comment :

Mr. Henry Walter Thomson, who died on Sunday, after a long illness, at his country home, The Warren, Woodham Walter, Essex, at the age of 78, was a member of a large Aberdeen family which had played a worthy part in the life of the past two generations.

Several of his brothers were pioneers in their respective spheres. George founded the African Banking Corporation, which some years ago was absorbed by the Standard Bank of South Africa. Peter built up the fortunes of the Borneo Company, and was for some time its managing director. Alexander started the Stock Exchange firm of Alexander Thomson and Co., which was the first to deal in Colonial Government securities. Three other brothers were at one time members of the Stock Exchange, of whom the best known was Henry. In 1887 he joined his brother's firm, of which he was senior partner at the

time of his death. Reference to the family would be incomplete without the inclusion of one other brother, the late Mr. Leslie Thomson, the water-colour artist.

While for some years prior to the seizure that left him an invalid he was content to leave the actual work of dealing to his younger partners, Henry Thomson to the end took the closest interest in the business of his firm, and on account of his wide knowledge and ripe experience his opinions on finance, and especially the finances of the Overseas Dominions, were freely sought by fellow members of the Stock Exchange. One other business activity of his was the directorship, dating from its inception, of the Pahang Corporation. Together with his brothers he was instrumental some years ago in preserving this great tin-mine in British hands when there was a real danger of its passing into the possession of Chinese mining interests.

Mr. Thomson's business engagements did not preclude him from doing a great deal of charitable work. Service to others, indeed, seemed to be the motto of his daily life. For over thirty years—in fact, until he was compelled to retire on medical grounds—he was on the committee of St. Thomas's Hospital, of which he was one of the governors. He was also a life governor and member of the finance committee of Christ's Hospital, and a member of the committee of the Scottish Corporation, and in addition took a keen interest in the Royal Caledonian School and the Foundling Hospital. To the time he so ungrudgingly gave in the interests of these organizations he supplemented the help of an ever-open purse. It might truly be said of him that to any deserving case of need he never turned a deaf ear.

He had that true charity of disposition that made him incapable of cherishing or invoking enmity. In the office over which he presided, virtually the whole staff have grown up in the firm's service, and all the present partners began business life in the office of the firm and were gradually admitted by their chiefs. In meditating on the characters of Henry Thomson and his brother Alexander—for although the latter died nearly twelve years ago, it seems impossible to separate them—one reminded forcibly of the Cheerybles immortalized by Dickens. Each possessed in rare degree the milk of human kindness, and, moreover, there was about the two brothers just that touch of

mid-Victorian manners that Dickens so inimitably pictured. To the last both brothers practised a number of those outward courtesies that virtually went out with the incoming of the telephone and the motor-car. It was, for instance, a habit of theirs, never missed, before leaving the office each day to shake hands with each member of the staff, and the habit was one that fitly symbolized the relationship between employer and employed.

CHAPTER X

EIGHT SCOTTISH PRIME MINISTERS

In spite of the fact that Great Britain has had eight Scottish Prime Ministers, there is a vague tradition that Scotland has not produced statesmen of the first rank. One hears about it when bright young thinkers of Oxford and Cambridge forgather to discuss the higher aspects of politics. It pops up every now and then in the writings of acute London essayists. It passes unchallenged because Scotland is so moribund, politically, that the average Scot has no interest in the matter.

Scotsmen have not dominated the political state at Westminister. They have filled the highest offices of State with methodical efficiency, but one looks in vain for a Scot with the reforming zeal and political finesse of Mr. Lloyd George, or one with the far-visioned, bold, and predatory statecraft of Pitt. One cannot easily imagine a Scot prosecuting the Great War with the blazing and indomitable vigour displayed by the Welsh Wizard.

Paradoxically enough, it is because of his low-pressure imperialism that the Scottish statesman has been, and continues to be, a strong cementing agent in our modern Empire, and one of the chief hopes of its future. If we examine the records of our Scottish

Prime Ministers, we discover that all of them have displayed a common trait while in office—a tendency towards pacifism. It is not timidity, nor is it a lack of vision. It rises from the deepest well-springs of Scottish character. It is an instinctive feeling that all wars are futile, and that the Empire will get along better if it avoids protracted brawls on foreign soil. The best type of Scot has none of the bellicose spirit of the Englishman. He has no desire to teach the lesser breeds how to behave themselves, but he would brave blizzards and searing desert winds to teach them to buy Scottish goods. He does not whip himself into a fine passion every time something happens that seems to reflect on Great Britain's honour, but he would be disturbed to the depths by sneering references to the character of Robert Burns. He would sell his life for the Empire, and dearly, but he would rather sell Empire goods at profitable prices.

That is why the Scot appears so frequently as a pacifist in politics, and the rôle of a pacifist is never so spectacular as that of a national hero leading an inflamed public into wars of vindication that never pay dividends—after the profiteers have received theirs. Because Scottish statesmen tend to act as reducing agents at Westminister, drawing combustible elements from the body politic, Scotland's contribution to the political development of Great Britain has been very great, and will become greater still as the Commonwealth develops along democratic lines.

Since the beginning of the parliamentary system, as we know it to-day, there have been thirty-eight Prime Ministers, and of that number eight have been what might be termed typical types of Scotsmen. Considering that the seat of Government and the

great bulk of the wealth and population of these islands are in England, and that the average Englishman's opinion of Scottish statecraft is pretty low, eight Prime Ministers out of thirty-eight is an achievement of which Scotland may well be proud. It is an achievement of which Scotland may well be proud because of the records of the Prime Ministers she has produced—not because of the dry statistical fact so often paraded when Scots forgather to raise their voices in an anthem of self-praise.

The fact that statesmen and parliamentarians like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Curzon did not reach the office of Prime Minister, while men of obviously inferior talents did, is sufficient to indicate, to any intelligent person, that luck and political intrigue play important parts in elevating a man to the office. There was a day when the guileless public believed that a Prime Minister was placed in his exalted office by virtue of his own transcendent abilities. It was reverently assumed that he was the chosen one because there were no other men in public life as capable of shouldering the heavy responsibilities of the office. That era of public gullibility, so pleasing—and indeed so necessary—to a hereditary political caste, has pretty well passed away with the growth of education, the coverage of the country by sharply intelligent and independent-minded newspapers, and the increasing participation of the ordinary citizen in practical politics. It was quite an easy matter to make isolated and devout crofters of Argyllshire believe that Lord Bute was a great statesman ; it is not so easy to make the modern trade unionist swallow such humbug.

It would not be difficult to name more than one

Prime Minister who reached his office as a result of the purblind patronage of a great predecessor in office. Nor would it be difficult to name others who have reached their goal by the exigencies of not very elevated political compromise. It would be possible to name others who, half-bewildered, found themselves at the top of the tree because they had been hoisted upward roughly at the psychological moment by active and strong-armed gentlemen who were not even in parliament.

It is not enough, therefore, in this enlightened and somewhat cynical age, to parrot that Scotland has produced eight Prime Ministers of Great Britain. They might all of them have been rogues or blockheads. Their elevation to the high office may have resulted from political wire-pulling, the influence of powerful predecessors or newspaper proprietors, or sudden political upheavals, or other factors having little to do with their intrinsic merits as statesmen. We must know whether or not these eight men were capable Prime Ministers—whether or not they measured up to the high office they filled, whether they were strong or weak, rigid or venial, and whether or not they advanced the best traditions and interests of the country during their tenures of office. *Finis coronat opus!*

It has already been necessary, for historical purposes, to discuss the first of these Scottish Prime Ministers—Lord Bute—so we may move along to the middle of the nineteenth century and make acquaintance with the first of his seven successors. He is the Hon. George Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen. Like Bute, he came from the ranks of the nobility. Like Bute, he was a Tory, a patron of the arts,

and a polished gentleman in society. Unlike Bute, he had had practical experience of politics in a number of different spheres, under able masters—as Ambassador at Vienna in 1813, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1828, as Secretary for War and the Colonies in both Sir Robert Peel's administrations, and as an oppositionist. When Peel died in 1850, Aberdeen loomed up with some importance as leader of the Peelites, but he displayed a peculiar caution in declining to join Lord John Russell's government, or to form one of his own.

Perhaps his apparent hesitancy was political intuition, for in less than two years he saw the downfall of the Russell and Lord Derby administrations. His hour of destiny had struck. He was asked to attempt a combination between the two progressive parties, and out of his efforts came a coalition of the Whigs and Peelites. Here was progressivism, but, like Bute, Aberdeen was to be frustrated by the dogs of war.

The Eastern question loomed up, a dark and menacing cloud. Once again England was for war. The jingoes fumed and threatened. Lord Palmerston stormed in the seats of the mighty. Once again the country had a Scottish Prime Minister who had no stomach for a war of speculative value. Aberdeen, as Foreign Secretary in Peel's second administration, had pursued a pacific policy. He had prevented war with the United States in 1842—fortunately for Great Britain ! Again, in 1844, he was the man of peace who avoided another war with France. He enunciated his policy in the following words : "England will occupy her true position in Europe as the constant advocate of moderation and peace."

How true ! Such a man could have no stomach for the costly shambles which killed so many Scots in the Crimea. He hesitated, when he should have gone forward boldly. The Crimea War overtook him. What he foresaw happened. The war was a shambles. The appalling losses and the stupidity of the War Office were too much for the country. There was dissension in the Cabinet. Russell left it as a protest against the state of affairs in the Crimea. The opposition thundered. The man who warned the country against the adventure went down before the accelerating avalanche of adverse public opinion. Aberdeen was finished. He was seventy years old when his political career ended.

In that career, which came up to the orthodox standards of intelligence and rectitude expected of a Prime Minister, he displayed the same quality that Bute displayed—a desire to keep England out of costly trouble. It was not a popular policy, and can never be a popular policy in a nation accustomed to vainglorious demonstrations of war, but it was a wise policy, and called for more moral courage on the part of the Prime Minister than acquiescent servility to the inflamed passions of the people. We shall discover, as we scan the careers of the succeeding Scottish Prime Ministers, that all of them have displayed this same pacific tendency to tone down English arrogance and militancy. Aberdeen's record was one of which Scotland may well be proud. He was a typical Scot, cool, precise, and honest. Although a Tory, and a product of the leisured class of his day, he was a progressive statesman, and used his influence for the good of the common people.

England had been served by two Prime Ministers

who came from the ranks of the Scottish nobility. She was soon to have another Scottish Prime Minister, but the third one was a typical example of the able, and, in fact, brilliant class of Scotsmen who came from the ranks of the common people in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

William Ewart Gladstone was born at Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809. He was the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, by his second wife, Anne Robertson, whose father was the Provost of Dingwall. The elder Gladstone was a native of Lanark, where his family had been known as Gledstanes. The Gledstanes, under their anglicized name of Gladstone, had amassed wealth and prestige in Liverpool, to which centre so many Scottish families gravitated following the Union of Parliaments.

William Ewart Gladstone, therefore, had the advantage of an education at Eton and Oxford. At Oxford he distinguished himself by taking a double first—the sure sign of intellectual capacity far above the ordinary. Sheer intellectual capacity, in fact, in conjunction with a heavy sincerity that no one could doubt, and a ponderous weight of moral suasion and heavy eloquence that was almost pontifical, combined to make him a giant among men. There was a largeness about the man intellectually, physically, and morally, that made him seem apart from his fellows. By any test of statesmanship he was the greatest Prime Minister that England had seen—perhaps the greatest that she has ever seen.

At twenty-three he was elected for Newark, and, quick to notice his ability and energy, Peel made him Junior Lord of the Treasury. Later, in the same administration, he was made Under-Secretary for the

Colonies. It was merely a taste of Cabinet responsibility for a man who had the capacity to carry several heavy portfolios. After his brief introduction to the responsibilities of office came a period on the Opposition benches.

On the collapse of Lord Melbourne's ministry, Gladstone got his first real chance under Peel, for he became vice-president of the Board of Trade. In this office he was in his element, for his inherited knowledge of the principles of business and his uncanny capacity for handling figures soon established his pre-eminent fitness for ministerial responsibilities. He had, too, more than the restricted ability of a skilful mathematician or accountant; he had the imagination to translate his grasp of facts into the needs of the people of his time.

Thus we find him bringing about tariff reductions in 1842. In 1843 he was elevated to the presidency of the Board of Trade under Peel, and in Lord Aberdeen's coalition he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. His profound grasp of the nation's business was reflected in his first budget. It was commended by every intelligent Member of Parliament, and established its able author as a master mind in the political realm. Meanwhile, the political tide ebbed and flowed. Lord Derby's administration passed from the scene in 1858, and Lord Palmerston came back to power. Again Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer—this time as a Liberal and a Free Trader. With the confidence of a man who thoroughly knew what he was about, he introduced six budgets, and they changed the whole trend of British industry and set it going on the Free Trade basis that made the country the richest political unit on the face of

the earth. It was as if a benign fate had created Gladstone for his great task, for by his successive strokes of genius at the Exchequer he aligned the country, politically, with the industrial revolution that was placing England far in the forefront of the nations of the world.

Cabinets came and went, but the country marched forward to its great new destiny. Again Gladstone is in the shades of opposition, but it is a new Gladstone, who thunders against the doubtful Lord Derby and the devious Disraeli—a statesman of proven worth, whose tremendous energy, sincerity, and ponderous eloquence have captivated the country and the House of Commons. Before his measured assaults the Tories crumbled, and in the General Election of 1868 there was a Liberal landslide. No one was in doubt as to who brought it about. The country had found a great leader again. The Queen sent for Gladstone. The country rejoiced.

Well it might. As Prime Minister, William Ewart Gladstone fashioned a new England. He revivified everything he touched, and his magic hand reached into every corner of the country. For six years he bestrode the country like a benign colossus, towering above his political contemporaries like a great oak among lesser trees. In parliamentary debates he had no master. No man could arouse the public to such ecstasies of loyal enthusiasms. His vast ability and unassailable integrity had touched the imagination of the entire country. Never stooping to the shallow arts of flattery and dissembling, striding along in stiff integrity, like a prophet, the man was sacrosanct.

He had reached the zenith of his career ; the slow but unmistakable descent to oblivion had begun.

The country was surfeited with his reforms. His enemies had rallied. Sensing the changing feeling, Gladstone laid down the reins of government in 1874, declined a peerage, and went into private life. He still retained his magic hold upon his followers and the public, however. Three years later he sniffed the political wind and buckled on the armour. With the intuition of genius, he went to Scotland to arouse England, delivering a series of dramatic and powerful speeches in the Midlothians that rang like clarion calls from one end of the country to the other, and which became one of the noblest traditions of political campaigning in these islands. Gladstone was too sincere to assume a false fervour, and when he became aroused nothing could withstand his oratory. His tour of the Midlothians was a triumph, of which men spoke for decades. It electrified Great Britain, and swept the Liberals back into power.

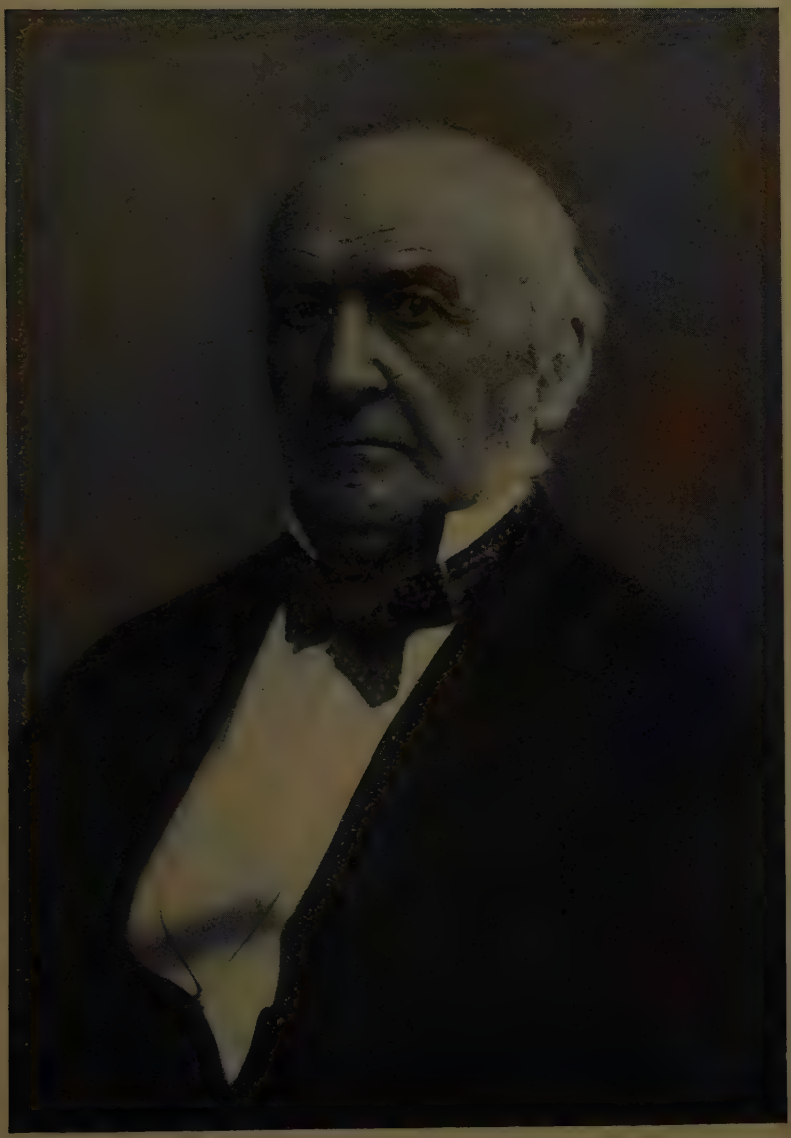
Once again Gladstone was Prime Minister of Great Britain and Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the age of seventy-one. He was still master of the Ministry, still the idol of the public, but the shadow of foreign troubles was across his path. Gladstone, like every other Scotsman who has been Prime Minister of Great Britain, was essentially a domestic statesman. All his genius was directed towards improving the lot of the British people by intelligent reforms. He was incapable of Machiavellian scheming to further Great Britain's selfish interests in foreign fields ; he lacked the deviousness of the diplomatist and the breeder of wars. When foreign threats confronted him he dealt with them bluntly, but without rattling the sword. He stood somewhere between the warmongers and those who demanded

peace at any price, and between these two stools he fell to the ground. It was his heavy indifference towards the threats of foreign disaffections that brought about his defeat in midsummer of 1885. When he resigned, he was again offered the customary honour of an earldom, but declined it.

Gladstone had become a national institution. He was in his seventy-sixth year, but his tremendous vitality appeared to be unimpaired, and he still commanded his party. Lord Salisbury had his fling in the Prime Minister's office, but within the year The "Grand Old Man" was again Prime Minister, and in this, his third Cabinet, appear two other Scots who were destined to become Prime Ministers—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. Irish Home Rule rocked this Cabinet of the talents, and on the defeat of the bill Lord Salisbury again led the Tory host back to power.

It looked as if Gladstone had come at last to the end of his political career, but his powerful voice was raised again in the General Election of 1892, and he led the Liberals and the Irish Party to victory. For the fourth time Gladstone became Prime Minister. He was now in his eighty-second year, and time had left its mark on him. The inescapable infirmities of age were creeping over the stalwart figure. His hearing was impaired, his voice had lost its resounding note, and he looked fatigued.

Nevertheless, he drew from the deep wells of his unquenchable vitality, took on the heavy responsibilities of the office of First Lord of the Treasury, led the House of Commons, and with a burst of his old vigour piloted his ill-fated Home Rule Bill through the stormy cross-currents of the Commons.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

A remarkable photographic study of the famous Prime Minister

The old warrior resigned in March of 1894, and he was never seen again in the House of Commons. He had been Prime Minister of Great Britain for thirteen years. Four years later he died at Hawarden, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Of the thirty-eight Prime Ministers who have served this country with such uniform distinction, William Ewart Gladstone stands out as one of the very greatest, if not the greatest, of them all. He was everything that the leader of a great country should be—scholarly, wise, courageous, inspiring, sincere, honourable, and energetic. He had his defects—the lack of humour and a heavy piety were among the most noticeable—but he belonged to the high mountains and the great castles of men, and he gave to modern England an impetus and political traditions that made her truly great.

The day of the Scot in British politics had arrived. Gladstone was succeeded in the Prime Minister's office by the Hon. Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery. This gifted son of the Midlothians had been called "the man of the future" by Gladstone, and that he owed something to the patronage of the old gladiator cannot be denied. Certainly no man ever entered political life under more promising auspices. Rosebery was a product of Eton and Oxford, he basked in the sunshine of Gladstone's patronage, and before he reached his thirtieth year had married the only daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, an alliance that brought him a vast fortune. At thirty-four he was made Under-Secretary at the Home Office. In 1885 he became First Commissioner of Works and Lord Privy Seal.

So far he had not displayed unusual capacity as a

statesman, but in 1886 he was appointed Foreign Secretary, and in that office he displayed consummate tact and sagacity, and a gift of lucid and charming oratory that has seldom been equalled in the House of Commons. Twice he took over the onerous responsibilities of the Foreign Office, and when Gladstone left the stage for the last time in 1894, he was succeeded by his young protégé.

Rosebery had achieved all three of his greatest ambitions—he had married the most beautiful heiress in England, had won the Derby, and had been placed in the highest office in the gift of the State. His rise had been rapid ; his descent was like that of a falling star. He was an exemplary Prime Minister, and charmed the House of Commons and the country with his oratory, but the tide soon turned against him, and he relinquished the helm of the ship of state. He did not return to the treacherous seas of politics, and his life from then on was spent in quiet waters. A few scholarly books came from his retreat, then this brilliant man ceased to be a factor in influencing British affairs. It was as if the flame of his genius had burned too brightly. Perhaps the sword had injured the scabbard. At any rate, the shadows of a voluntary oblivion gathered round him more deeply as the years passed ; he was almost a legend when the nation learned, one morning, that the golden voice was for ever stilled.

Arthur James Balfour, who became Prime Minister in 1902, on the retirement of his uncle, Lord Salisbury, was born on 25th July, 1848, at Whittinghame, Haddingtonshire. His ancestors were typical lowland lairds, and Arthur James went through the accepted educational routine for young men of his station—

Eton and Cambridge. Like Lord Rosebery, Arthur James Balfour had a brilliant mind, and, like Rosebery, he owed much to the patronage of a more dominant statesman. In Balfour's case the guiding hand was that of his uncle, Lord Salisbury. Gently pushed from behind by that great man, Balfour flitted from one office to another at Westminster, carrying out his duties with passable skill and finding time to write with facility on philosophical subjects. He became, successively, private secretary to Lord Salisbury, President of the Local Government Board, Secretary for Scotland, Chief Secretary for Ireland, First Lord of the Treasury, and then Prime Minister.

Balfour was too much of a dilettante to dominate a Cabinet which contained men of strong convictions ; the rising flood of Free Trade soon had him adrift, and there were bickerings on the weather side of the quarter-deck. Balfour resigned languidly in December of 1905, and the country survived the shock. He was an orthodox Premier—a capable stop-gap and nothing more. He was so involved, intellectually, in the higher realms of philosophical speculations that his grip of the solid earth on which his fellow beings moved became weakened. His speeches were erudite, and tinged with polite insolence at times, but the public were just beginning to be a little tired of the clever persiflage that passed, in those days, for parliamentary eloquence. Mr. Balfour went through life in a pleasant haze of scholarly uncertainty, and the public were never quite certain about him. In a plutocratic State he would have made a good under-secretary of the department of social ethics ; in practical England he narrowly escaped being a figure of comedy.

Yet this greatly favoured Scot rendered valuable services to England, not as Premier, it is true, but as a tool in the firm hands of Asquith and Lloyd George. With these master-minds to direct his vague, lackadaisical mind, he served the country with great distinction, notably as an envoy to the United States in 1916 and as a delegate to the Peace Conference in 1918. It cannot be said that he was a great Prime Minister, in any sense, nor that he had even the qualifications of a Prime Minister, but he was a high-minded, able, and patriotic public servant, and added, as much as any man, to the tradition of disinterested service and high integrity that has become a feature of our national politics.

On the resignation of Mr. Balfour, another Scot was called upon to form a Cabinet. The man chosen was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was born at Kelvinside House, near Glasgow, on 7th September, 1836. Like Gladstone, he represented the intellectual flowering of the middle and lower classes of Scotland, and his background was curiously similar to that of his great contemporary. Gladstone's father was a Lanarkshire man of business who had a baronetcy conferred upon him. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's father was a Lanarkshire manufacturer who also had a baronetcy conferred upon him. William Ewart Gladstone took a double first at Oxford; Henry Campbell-Bannerman took his degree with double honours in classics and mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge. Both men spent their whole lives in parliament. Both were handsome and powerfully built. Their most notable difference was in the sense of humour. Gladstone seldom relaxed, and with him a joke was a

serious matter. "C.-B." was the other type of Scot: he liked the good things of life, liked a good joke, and helped to pass good jokes along. When he was Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1884, he went through that dangerous political ordeal without injury, largely because he had the sagacity to leave things alone and tell good Scots stories in Dublin.

Campbell-Bannerman's executive responsibilities ranged over a wide field. He won his spurs as Financial Secretary to the War Office in 1871, and from that beginning was promoted to be Secretary for War. It was in the year 1897 that the moral fibre of this splendid Scotsman was tested. In that year he was made a member of the South African Committee on the famous Jameson Raid. He agreed in its findings. Two years later, as Liberal leader in the House of Commons, he propounded the policy—the Scots policy!—of peace, retrenchment, and reform. Also, he felt compelled to denounce the British military policy in South Africa, pouring scorn on our system of concentration camps. His pronouncement was prophetic:

"The first duty of the Ministry, after victory had been secured," he told the House, "would be to aim at the conciliation and harmonious co-operation of the two European races in South Africa, and to restore to the conquered States the rights of self-government."

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had done nothing more during his entire political career, he would deserve a place among the greatest statesmen for making that pronouncement. It rang with the metal of true statesmanship. In this country the great hour usually produces the great man, and the

hour of South Africa's humiliation and anguish produced a Scot who was not afraid to go through a Gethsemane for what he believed to be the right. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made that statement on behalf of our dismembered South African States he brought down upon his head one of those recurrent storms of bitter abuse that are a feature of the Englishman's perverted patriotism. He was denounced as a pacifist and traitor, by the Press and on the floor of the House of Commons. The jingoes railed against him. Friends deserted him. Tested in this inferno of criticism, Campbell-Bannerman displayed the stuff that he was made of—the hard core that lay under the genial surface. He met ignorant abuse with dignified silence. He accepted the treachery and disloyalty of associates with equanimity. The years passed. Chamberlain electrified England with his Tariff Reform proposals. Campbell-Bannerman met the challenge with a ringing defence of Free Trade. Between the blasts and counter-blasts Balfour passed from the stage, and "C.-B." was called upon to form a Government. His Cabinet, which included master-minds like Asquith, Haldane, Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey, appealed to the country on a reform programme and was returned with an emphatic majority.

One of the first things that the new Premier did was to grant self-government to South Africa and set up the Union. Campbell-Bannerman had kept his word, and had vindicated his own judgment of South Africa's affairs. No sounder act of statesmanship was ever consummated. It preserved South Africa for the Empire by sowing the seeds of goodwill in that embittered country. It is not too much to say

that had it not been for Campbell-Bannerman's courage and clearness of vision, South Africa would have remained an open sore in the loins of Great Britain.

The great era of popular reforms that was ushered in by Gladstone was continued by Campbell-Bannerman. It was he who caught the torch that fell from the hands of the "Grand Old Man". When the House of Lords repudiated his democratic legislation, "C.-B." sternly carried through a resolution in the House of Commons that "the will of the people should be made to prevail", and from that declaration came the Parliament Act of the following session of parliament—an Act which destroyed the cynical autocracy of the Upper House.

This great Scotsman had been active in the House of Commons for forty years. He died with the marks of the nation's harness on him, on 22nd April, 1908. As a man, and as a statesman, he takes his place in history as one of the greatest this country has seen.

Fourteen years were to pass before another Scot became Prime Minister, but the man to whom the honour came was already in the House of Commons. Not much more could be said of Bonar Law at that time, nor for many years afterwards, and his sudden elevation to the leadership of the Conservatives and the Government form one of the most intriguing episodes in the political history of Great Britain.

Here was a Scot of an entirely different type to those who preceded him in the office of Prime Minister, yet he was, perhaps, the most typical Scot of them all. Bute sprang from a decadent aristocracy.

Lord Aberdeen represented the hereditary landowners. Gladstone had been educated in England. Balfour, Rosebery, and Campbell-Bannerman had enjoyed all the advantages of long-established family wealth. Bonar Law was the son of a struggling Presbyterian minister who had migrated to a poverty-stricken village in New Brunswick, his education in Glasgow was of an elementary and sketchy nature, he settled down into the heavy harness of the iron trade at an age when most boys from suburban homes are still at school, and he did not enjoy the compensating advantage of travel. To put the matter bluntly, Bonar Law moved, as a young man, in a dull and restricted sphere, and he continued to move in it contentedly until he was forty years old. The only indication he gave of his latent political ability was his interest in the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society, but he was only one of scores of young men who took part in that mock assembly, and he did not distinguish himself in its debates. Yet this dry, precise suburbanite from the Clyde entered the House of Commons when he was forty-two years old, and there, without making a single false step, became one of the most skilful parliamentarians and one of the most lucid and deadly debaters that the country had seen in many years.

The clean dive which he made into the murky waters of parliamentary procedure and debate was astounding. He had barely assumed his seat in the House when he was on his feet attacking a dangerous debater like Lloyd George, and he continued to shoot at big game with cool assurance and deadly marksmanship. He did not charm the House with a golden voice or with majestic oratorical pibrochs, but he

introduced to parliamentary debates a style of speaking that made the old style look rather silly. In a perfectly unaffected manner, he stood up and said what he had to say, without passion, using words sparingly, and so clearly did the man reason that his speeches have a quality that is almost clinical, and the lasting beauty of simplicity. He told the members of the parliamentary press gallery, in a quiet after-dinner speech, that he had never heard a truly eloquent speech in the House of Commons. It was a startling statement, coming from the Glasgow iron merchant who had not made a political speech until he was forty years old, but it had a ring in it that the journalists were quick to recognize as truth.

It was this gift of making crystal-clear, direct, and measured speeches that brought this quiet Scot to the front. He had convictions to express, of course. Joseph Chamberlain was making his great stand against Free Trade. Bonar Law, coming to the House of Commons from a business that was being crippled by foreign competition, believed that the man from Birmingham was right. He, too, took his stand for Tariff Reform, and very soon he became Chamberlain's right-hand man in the House and on the public platform, not because he could arouse the passions of his fellow men, but because he could explain and defend the new fiscal policy with telling skill. Behind all that lay the great fact that friend and foe alike recognized in the Scotsman a figure of unassuming and unassailable integrity—and the House of Commons and the public will always render homage to the man of that character. In 1911 he was chosen leader of the Unionists.

The Great War changed everything. Tariff Reform

was relegated to the background. Bonar Law became Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Asquith administration. The plot against Asquith developed. Bonar Law was asked to form a Government. He was willing—if Asquith would serve under him. Asquith rejected the suggestion with frigid dignity. Bonar Law stepped aside in favour of Mr. Lloyd George. In the Government of the Welsh Wizard, the man from Glasgow assumed the unprecedented responsibilities of the Exchequer Office, and heard his first budget denounced by a Scotsman who was destined to win his way to the office of Prime Minister —James Ramsay MacDonald. When the Armistice came, Bonar Law was a spent man, with a new gravity in his eyes, for he had lost two sons in the war. His fine Scottish face was "as a book where men might read strange matters". Something in the hard fibre of him snapped suddenly, and the public learned that he was fighting grimly to regain his shattered health.

He was almost a forgotten man when he reappeared at Westminister in the autumn of 1921, to electrify the House of Commons with one of his old, terse, ringing speeches. As if by magic, he again made the country conscious of him, yet he was a sad, perhaps a disillusioned man, without definite ambitions. We know that in October of 1922 he had decided to put politics behind him for ever, but in the same month he became Prime Minister. He led the Unionists to the country, won the mandate he sought, and settled down to the grim task of putting the country on a peace basis. His career, however, was almost over. A malignant disease, with which he had suffered for years, smote him down. On 20th

October, 1923—exactly one year after he became Prime Minister—the nation learned that he had passed away.

It has been said that this Scottish Prime Minister left no definite accomplishment of statecraft to commemorate his term of office. In a sense that is true, but even if we pass over the cleansing influence which his style of speaking has had on parliamentary debating, and the significant fact that his career shattered the tradition that Prime Ministers must be products of Eton and Oxford, we cannot possibly ignore the fact that he took the torch of Tariff Reform from the failing hands of Joseph Chamberlain and so impressed the public with the need of a revised fiscal system that his doctrine took hold of the people, and gradually broke down the sacrosanct system of Free Trade. This development has been one of the most revolutionary changes brought about in Great Britain during the past fifty years.

In less than a year James Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister, and England got a close-up view, which she is still enjoying in this year of Our Lord 1934, of another type of Scot. Mr. MacDonald was reared in conditions of extreme poverty in Morayshire, lived on ten shillings a week in London, became a pioneer in the Labour Movement, won a seat in Parliament, made himself extremely unpopular by his pacifist utterances at the outbreak of the Great War, passed into the wilderness of politics and remained there for seven years, came back into prominence when the country embraced the Labourites in 1922, and became Prime Minister when he led his flushed political parvenus to victory in 1924.

The Campbell case and the famous Red Letter

put his administration on the rocks, but the Labourites had not shot their political bolt, and in the General Election of 1929 they returned to power, 289 strong. Mr. MacDonald was sent for again, and by his dexterous achievement of the present coalition, he is still Prime Minister.

Many people claim that he is Scotland's greatest gift to England. Perhaps he is. He has been called a great statesman and a great orator. Perhaps he is both. Our own opinion is that he personifies—as no other man does—the power of persistency in politics. Therein we claim lies the secret of his success. A man of Mr. MacDonald's elasticity will get to the top if he lives long enough. It is merely a matter of time. It has nothing to do with his qualifications for the job he sets out to fill. It is a matter of will and ambition. In the long run the opportunities will present themselves. It has been so with Mr. MacDonald, and he is a great man. When a man becomes Prime Minister of Great Britain he is a great man. We shall be better able to judge Mr. MacDonald's statesmanship ten years hence, but we can judge his oratory now. One of his most famous speeches—his declaration in the House of Commons following the outbreak of the Great War—has been solemnly quoted by one of his *claqueurs* as an example of powerful oratory. Here it is :

> The right honourable gentleman, to a House which in a great majority is with him, has delivered a speech the echoes of which will go down in history. The speech has been impressive ; however much we may resist the conclusion to which he has come, we have not been able to resist the moving character of the appeal. I think he is wrong. I think the Government which he represents and for which he speaks is wrong. I think the

verdict of history will be that they are wrong. We shall see. The effect of the right honourable gentleman's speech in this House is not to be its final effect. There may be opportunities, or there may not be opportunities, for us to go into detail, but I want to say to this House, and to say it without equivocation, if the right honourable gentleman had come here to-day and told us that our country is in danger, I do not care what Party he appealed to, or to what class he appealed, we should be with him and behind him. If this is so we will vote him what money he wants. Yes, and we will go further. We will offer him ourselves, if the country is in danger. But he has not persuaded me that it is, and I am perfectly certain when his speech gets into cold print to-morrow he will not persuade a large section of the country. If the nation's honour were in danger, we would be with him. There has been no crime committed by statesmen of this character, without those statesmen appealing to their nation's honour. We fought the Crimean War because of our honour. We rushed to South Africa because of our honour. The right honourable gentleman is appealing to us to-day because of our honour. There is a third point. If the right honourable gentleman could come to us and say that a small European nationality like Belgium is in danger and could assure us he is going to confine the conflict to that question, then we would support him. But what is the use of talking about coming to the aid of Belgium when, as a matter of fact, you are engaging in a whole European war which is not going to leave the map of Europe in the position it is in now? The right honourable gentleman said nothing about Russia. We want to know about that. We want to try to find out what is going to happen, when it is all over, to the power of Russia in Europe, and we are not going to go blindly into this conflict without having some rough idea of what is going to happen. Finally, so far as France is concerned, we say solemnly and definitely that no such friendship as the right honourable gentleman describes between one nation and another could ever justify one of these nations entering into war on behalf of the other. If France is really in danger, if, as the result of this, we are going to have the power, genius, and civilization of France removed from European history, then let him say so. But it is an absolutely impossible conception which we are talking about to endeavour to justify that which the right honourable gentleman has foreshadowed. I do not know,

but I feel that the feeling of the House is against us. I have been through this before and 1906 came as part recompense. It will come again. We are going to go through it all. We will go through it all. So far as we are concerned, whatever may happen, whatever may be said about us, we will take the action that we will take of saying that this country ought to have remained neutral, because in the deepest parts of our hearts we believe that that was right, and that alone was consistent with the honour of the country and the traditions of the Party now in office.

Perhaps that is a great speech—to people who have not read Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. To most unbiased minds it will appear to be a jumble of rabacheries that would be heavily blue-pencilled by a grammarian. Bonar Law could have put the whole woolly mass of contradictions into one crisp sentence, for we take it that Mr. MacDonald merely meant to say—if he meant anything—that he was prepared to back the Government in its conduct of the war, but felt compelled, by a sense of moral duty, to point out that the Government should have stood out firmly for neutrality, and that posterity would condemn it because it had taken its so-called stand of honour. It is no wonder that such a speech drove Mr. MacDonald into the wilderness.

There is no power like the power of persistency in politics, backed by personality. Mr. MacDonald has both. He has been Labour propagandist, pacifist, pariah, politician, and patrician, and persistency and personality have carried him from one rôle to another. One does not remember what Mr. MacDonald said ; one remembers what he looked like when he said it. He has passion. He is too Scotch to break down and weep bitterly—as Lord Curzon did—in moments of anguish and disappointment, but he has gone as far

as to appear in public, during a crisis, with his fine head bowed in his hands. As the cinema experts say, he has "it", and when a politician has "it", backed by persistency, nothing will keep him out of the green pastures.

We do not wish to be cynical about this Labour leader who deserted Labour to become the head of a Government that represents capital. Mr. MacDonald is a great man. He has toiled and he has suffered. He has courage—the kind of courage that tries a man's soul. In moments of adversity, with the tide of public opinion running against him, he appears at his best, for he seems to be sustained with an inward strength. His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. He sits where he sits to-day, hob-nobbing with dukes and dowagers, because he talked the language of a disillusioned public after the war. He had been out in the fields all night, but when the morning came the common people were out looking for him, and he came to them, like a prophet, and told them that there was hope if they would only believe—in Labour. It is all very well to jeer at this complex man and his contradictory career, but there was not another man in the House of Commons five years ago who could have done what he did—built a strong coalition while he stalked out of the ruins of his own moribund party.

Now, in this year 1934, James Ramsay MacDonald, the passionate Radical, is the head of a Government that represents old-fashioned Toryism in all its frills and furbelows. He seems to belong to another world, a world of morning coats and garden-parties and Highland shooting-lodges, and Philip Snowden has called him a fool, but—and mark this

well !—this Scottish Prime Minister is persistent, and he has personality. He may perhaps be the Scottish Prime Minister who boxed the political compass, steering his last course through a disorganized and startled Tory fleet to lead a new and revivified Labour Party to a better wurrrld ! He could do it with a perfectly clear conscience, too.

Scotsmen have proven that they are at least as adept at the game of politics as the English. In the good old days, when England looked upon her colonies with disdain, as places in which to transplant younger sons who were unable to get into the Diplomatic Service or the Indian Civil Service, Englishmen from Eton and Oxford were quite all right as Prime Ministers. But the times have changed. Our colonies are no longer miserable dependencies. They have become Dominions, with very pronounced ideas about their own importance. They maintain ornate offices in London. They are anxious to bargain with us, and have become such voracious negotiators that we are in grave danger of being skinned alive by them.[1]

The only way to protect ourselves against our junior partners is by making them do their bargaining with Scots of the stamp of Bonar Law. It would mean prosperity for Great Britain, and perfect peace and understanding all over the Empire, for our Dominion statesmen would not resent being properly laced, as they certainly would be, by hard-headed Scots. If Englishmen were to do it, the Empire would fall to pieces immediately. The role of the

[1] The Ottawa Conference provides melancholy proof of the fact. In that protracted haggle, which we were permitted to view at close range, John Bull got a fearful mauling.

English statesman in inter-Empire bargaining—or extra-Empire bargaining, for that matter—should be purely social. He adds a touch of dignity to the proceedings, and is invaluable as an after-dinner speaker. There, however, his activities should cease. If this policy had been followed at Washington when we adjusted our war debts with Uncle Sam, we would not be confronted to-day with a debt that looks like an involved calculation in astronomical distances.

The Empire has settled down into a strictly business proposition. It has all the territory it can look after. What it needs, for about fifty years, is a succession of hard-boiled business administrations which would keep us from fighting wars of honour all over the place while our manufacturers developed new markets for new inventions. The more we think about it, the more we incline to the opinion that the Governments we have in mind should be composed largely of Scotsmen. We would suggest Prime Ministers from Lanarkshire, Chancellors of the Exchequer from Aberdeenshire, Ministers of War from Wigtownshire, Foreign Secretaries from Ayrshire, and Solicitors-General from Fifeshire. Within a decade, we predict, the Empire would not be recognizable.

CHAPTER XI

THE SCOT IN ENGLISH AGRICULTURE

THE first Scot who displayed any interest in England's agriculture was King James VI. He had occasion to pass through the now famous Smithfield Cattle Market, and to his great disgust found that section of London almost impassable. The fat cattle brought into the City for sale had churned up and polluted the mud of the streets, and the stench was awful. King James was so annoyed by the nauseating conditions of the market that he ordered it to be cleaned up, drained, and paved. His commands were carried out, at a cost of £1600, and Smithfield emerged from the mud.

There was no big cattle market in Scotland during the reign of King James. Even at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the forbidding nature of Scotland's rural areas was so striking that visitors to the country wondered how people could exist on the rocky, windswept, and treeless wastes. There was no agriculture worthy of the name; the cold, thin, and weed-infested land was simply scratched hurriedly by primitive implements and broadcast with miserable seed. The resulting crops did not produce enough grain to feed the bare million of people who inhabited the country, or sufficient fodder to meet the wants of

the undersized cattle that roamed the desolate hillsides. Indeed, the condition of the country people was pitiful in the extreme. They had seen, at the turn of the century, seven years of famine, those "hungry years" in which the successive crops were blackened and ruined by the cold fogs of sunless summers. It almost seemed as if Nature herself was warring with the people.

During those terrible years, starvation was the lot of the poor. Food was so scarce that only the well-to-do could afford to buy it. Poor people—and most of the people were poor—had to struggle desperately in order to survive. Life was reduced to primitive levels. Gaunt and savage beggars roamed the countryside, threatening and stealing, but they fared better than the people in the miserable communities they terrorized, for men and women who would not stoop to beggary actually died of want. The emaciated bodies of these unfortunate people sometimes lay unburied for many days, because their relatives had no money with which to provide decent burials, and the impoverished parishes had become brutally indifferent. Indeed, the Church records of the period tell us that the living were weary of nursing the dying and digging shallow graves for them after the flickering flames of life had gone out. Under such awful conditions, children drifted away from their parents, never to be heard of again. In many parts of the Highlands, children were sold into slavery in the New World plantations, in order that their parents could survive for a while. Over all this misery the ministers croaked like ravens of doom, telling the people that they were suffering for their sins. There was nobody to tell them that

the impoverishment of the soil was largely responsible for the misery they endured.

There is no need to dwell on this gloomy period of Scottish history. The conditions of rural life became as bad as they could possibly be and still maintain human life, then began to mend slowly after the Union of Parliaments. Here and there a land-baron saw the light, giving some encouragement to his tenants, but the middle of the century had come before land was enclosed to any extent, and agricultural methods still remained primitive. The land was scratched and seeded year after year with inferior barley or oats. The advantages of crop rotation and summer-fallow were unknown. The few cattle, horses, sheep, and swine that were reared were undersized and unthrifty, and of no established breed. In short, the agriculture of the country could scarcely have been of a more primitive sort. Farmers lived meanly in insanitary hovels that were surrounded by soggy, unproductive land, hedges were unknown, and trees were few and far between, and the general aspect of a country district was depressing in the extreme. As late as 1773, Doctor Samuel Johnson waxed sarcastic over the forbidding nature of the country. "A tree in Scotland," he wrote, "is as rare as a horse in Venice."

Yet, out of such hopeless conditions, grew an agriculture which, in diversification and quality of achievement, was to stand unequalled in the world, and we shall see how great its influence has been on the agricultural industry of England, with its warmer and more productive soil. In these days of highly specialized industrialism, one does not hear much about it, but the development of Scotland's agriculture,

and its gifts to England, constitute one of the most remarkable chapters in the strange development of these islands. It is something of which England may be as proud as the Scottish people themselves, for, as Markham put it many years ago : "A husbandman is the master of the earth, turning barrenness into fruitfulness, whereby all commonwealths are maintained and upheld. His labour giveth liberty to all vocations, arts, and trades to follow their several functions with peace and industrie. What can we say in this world is profitable where husbandry is wanting, it being the great nerve and sinew, which holdeth together all the joints of a monarchy ?"

In Scotland, adversity has seldom submerged the people. On the contrary, it has been the mother of initiative and self-help. We see this very clearly in the growth of agriculture in the country during the early part of the eighteenth century, for, out of the almost hopeless conditions that existed at the turn of the century, came far-seeing efforts to build a better agriculture.

It is rather astonishing to find that the first association ever formed for the purpose of promoting agriculture was the one bearing the somewhat unwieldy title of "The Honourable the Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland". This organization held its first meeting in Edinburgh on 8th June, 1723. It was formed by a small group of progressive landowners and farmers, who realized that something had to be done to overcome the stupidity and avarice of the land-barons and petty lairds who were holding back agriculture.

The Society accomplished a great deal of good, publishing essays dealing with soil management and

animal husbandry, and casting about for new and useful knowledge in relation to agriculture. In the year 1729 a remarkable essay was published under its auspices. It was entitled *An Essay on Ways and Means for Inclosing, Fallowing, Planting, etc., Scotland, and that in Sixteen Years at farthest, by a Lover of his Country.* The anonymous author of the pamphlet was supposed to be General Mackintosh of Borlum, who had been a rebel in 1715. Indeed, he was credited with writing the essay while he languished in a dungeon at Edinburgh Castle. The progressiveness of the man's mind was in keeping with the amazing display of practical genius that marked Scotland at this time, for in his essay he advocated under-drainage, enclosing, afforestation, land leases, and—surely the most progressive thing of all—county supervisors of the new agriculture.[1] "Scotland," predicted this pioneer agriculturist, "from one of the poorest, ugliest, and most barren countries of Europe, would in a few years become one of the richest, most beautiful, and fertile nations of the world."

And the prophecy was fulfilled. "The Honourable the Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland" prospered for twenty-two years, its membership reaching the three-hundred mark. It had brought together the progressive-minded landowners and farmers of the country, had disseminated a great deal of useful agricultural knowledge, and had encouraged progressive farming methods and agricultural invention. In its *Select Transactions*, published in 1743, mention was made of the first

[1] England and Scotland are now thoroughly familiar with the work of county supervisors of agriculture.

threshing machine to be invented in this country. It was built by Michael Menzies, a Scot, and, according to Robert Maxwell, the Dumfriesshire farmer who edited the *Select Transactions*, "by it one man could do the work of six".

Two years later the career of "The Honourable the Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland" suddenly terminated. Prince Charles Edward Stuart had come over the sea to the land of his fathers. Scotland once again became an armed camp. Men like General Mackintosh rushed to the Young Pretender's standard ; Lowlanders, in the main, remained loyal to the Crown. In the resulting chaos the first agricultural society ever formed disappeared.

Nevertheless, it had started Scotland on the road to a better agriculture, and by the time it gave up the ghost the farms of Lothian had become models for the rest of Great Britain. We catch a glimpse of the progress that had been made in the famous exchange between Doctor Samuel Johnson and Lord Elibank, the literary peer from Scotland. Johnson, with heavy and questionable playfulness, had defined oats in his dictionary as "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people" !

"But where will you find such men and such horses ?" Elibank inquired.

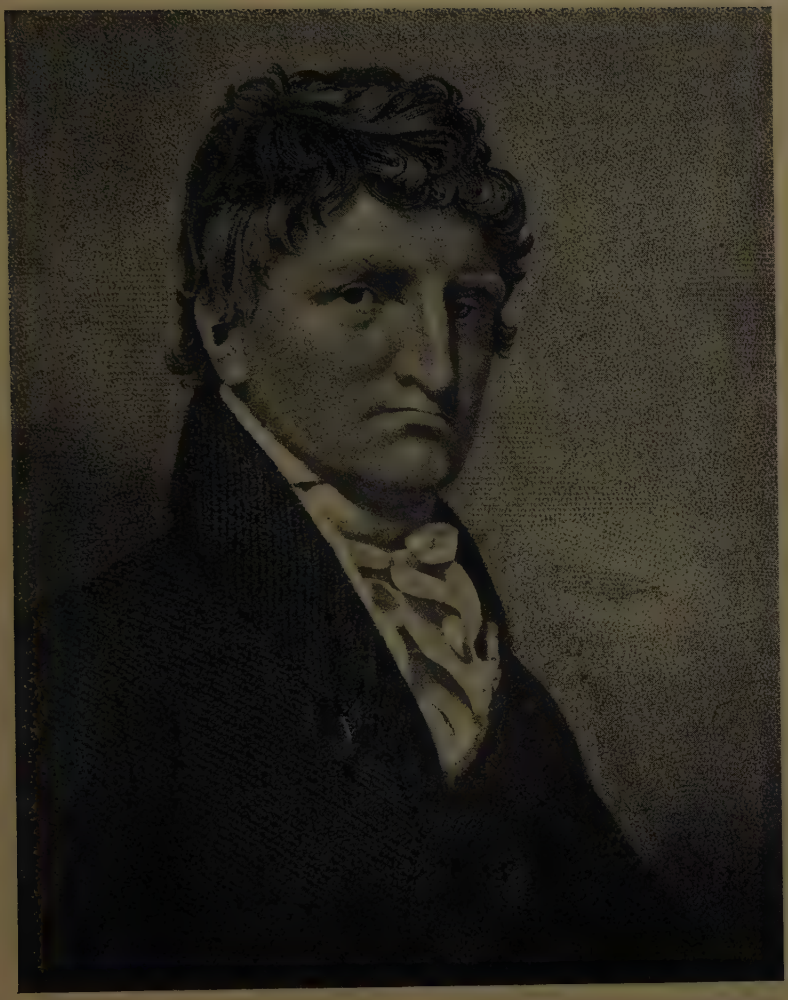
The influence of Scotland's progressive agriculture was beginning to be felt across the border. It is an interesting and significant fact that the British Board of Agriculture was founded by a Scot. On 15th May, 1793, Sir John Sinclair moved in the House of Commons : "That His Majesty would take

into his consideration the advantages which might be derived from the establishment of such a Board, for though in some particular districts improved methods of cultivating the soil were practised, yet in the greatest part of the kingdoms the principles of agriculture are not sufficiently understood, nor are the implements of husbandry or the stock of the farmer brought to that perfection of which they are capable."

The motion was carried by a large majority, and in due course the Board of Agriculture took form Its first president was Sir John Sinclair, and its first task was that of preparing statistical accounts of English agriculture and devising ways and means of encouraging worthy agricultural pioneers. Among the latter John Loudon Macadam, the Scottish road-builder, was mentioned, and Andrew Meikle, the Scottish inventor of the threshing machine. It is worth noting that the Board was still under the chairmanship of its Scottish founder when it succeeded in obtaining the removal of the onerous taxes on draining tiles,[1] and in introducing small holdings throughout the country.

The mention of Meikle's threshing machine serves to remind us that a surprisingly large number of useful agricultural inventions came out of Scotland in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Meikle, as we already know, did not invent the first threshing machine, but his was the first that worked successfully under ordinary farm conditions, incorporating, as it did, the principles of the efficient machines that we

[1] At the Royal Show of 1843, held in Derby, a silver medal was presented to the Tweeddale Patent Drain-Tile and Brick Company, London, for a hand-tile machine, invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale. *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, under date of 1841, records that this tile-making machine was being manufactured in ten different English counties, as well as in Scotland.



SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

Founder of the British Board of Agriculture, 1793

are familiar with to-day. Five years later, in 1803, Mr. Aitchison, of Drumore, in East Lothian, succeeded in applying steam-power to Meikle's threshers.

Oddly enough, threshing machines were working satisfactorily in Scotland—and in England, where Meikle's machines soon proved their worth—for nearly a quarter of a century before a reaper was invented. It was not until the year 1827 that a satisfactory machine was invented, and, curiously enough, it was built by a Scottish minister, the Rev. Patrick Bell, of Carmyllie. This machine was carefully tested under field conditions in the Carse of Gowrie and elsewhere, proved satisfactory, and brought its inventor a premium of fifty pounds from the Highland and Agricultural Society.[1]

That England benefited tremendously from these Scottish inventions goes without saying, but she also benefited by studying the methods of soil management that were being adopted with notable success in the Scottish Lowlands towards the middle of the nineteenth century. English agriculture, as a matter of fact, had been in the doldrums for some time previous to the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, and the farmers south of the Border had been crying out bitterly that they were ruined. It is a habit, of course, that farmers have, in Scotland as well as in England, but the sad case of the English agrarians at the middle of the nineteenth century was looked upon rather cynically by the authorities, for

[1] It is commonly believed, in England as well as in America, that Cyrus Hall McCormick was the inventor of the first reaper. McCormick patented his reaper in the United States in 1834—seven years after Bell's machine was officially recognized by the Highland and Agricultural Society. Moreover, McCormick had sold only seven of his machines by 1844. They were, of course, thoroughly sound reapers, and soon recommended themselves to farmers all over the world. McCormick's father was a Scot, and had built a reaper which the son improved upon.

the good and sufficient reason that the Scottish farmers, under much more difficult conditions of farming, were in a healthy and flourishing condition.

The reasons for this anomalous condition of affairs were not hard to find. The Scottish farmers had been so busy putting new and improved methods of soil management into operation that they forgot, for once, to cry calamity and howl for Government assistance, and when they realized that they had neglected this vocal duty it was too late ! They had demonstrated that they could make their farms pay without leaning on the Government. It was one of the most striking object lessons that English farmers have ever received, and it is a fact that during the first years of Queen Victoria's reign the Scottish methods of drainage, manuring, and deep-ploughing were copied, with excellent results, by thousands of English farmers. The man who introduced scientific under-drainage and deep-ploughing at this time was James Smith, of Deanston, and it would be difficult to calculate the wealth that his methods brought to the agriculture of England. The swing plough had been invented by John Small, of Dalkeith, in 1750.

General Mackintosh's sweeping prediction about Scottish agriculture had come true. Every phase of the industry had been improved tremendously, and the Scottish farmer seemed to possess an intuitive skill, not only in the management of soil and live-stock, but in the gauging of market trends and the transaction of business connected with his farm.[1]

[1] The unsurpassed skill and meticulousness of the Scottish farmer is curiously at variance with the unprogressive methods of the average Scottish farmer's wife. The contrast may be seen in nine farms out of ten in Scotland—hence the steady demand in this country for Danish and New Zealand butter, and the use of milk in Scottish tea !

New and better varieties of oats, barley, wheat, and grasses appeared, and a great deal of the seed went to England to improve crops there.

The most striking, and probably the most valuable, contribution made by Scotsmen to English agriculture, however, was in potato culture. Here was a crop that provided every table in the land with a staple article of diet almost every day in the year, and out of Scotland came a long list of new varieties that found their way into every county in England, adding untold wealth to the fields and gardens of the country, and maintaining their place right down to the present day. The greatest name in the realm of potato breeding is that of William Paterson, of Dundee, who, between 1850 and 1870, developed a great many of the finest varieties that have been grown in this country. Paterson set out to develop a potato that would be immune from the potato blight, which caused such havoc in 1845, and he searched the world for likely tubers. He grew them on his farm, collected the berries, and in this practical manner gave British farmers "Paterson's Victoria" in 1856. The seed of this new species spread over Scotland, then England and Ireland, and it is said that nearly all our present-day varieties are descendants of "Paterson's Victoria". It proved its worth in 1879, for it resisted the blight that broke out in that year.

Paterson was not the only Scotsman who developed valuable potato varieties. Findlay, Mair, Nichol, and McKelvie are names that will always be associated with the humble but valuable potato, for between them they gave to this country such well-known varieties as Bruce, Up-to-Date, British Queen,

Jeannie Deans, Evergood, Royal Kidney, Northern Star, Great Scot, and Kerr's Pink. All these varieties were taken up in England. Up-to-Date, for instance, is generally recognized as being the best potato ever put on the British market, and since it was introduced by Findlay in 1893 it has produced more wealth than all the gold-mines of South Africa.

The breeding of potatoes brings us close to the borderline of horticulture, and perhaps we ought to pause a moment to note what Scots have accomplished in that field in England. Their influence has been considerable, although not in so creative or artistic a direction as in agriculture. The Scots gardener in England has become sufficiently ubiquitous as to be a mild joke. Nearly all the stately homes of England support one or two. We fancy, however, that Scottish gardeners across the Border have earned their good reputation by dogged and dependable work along established and orthodox lines, rather than by creative genius. From the purely historical standpoint, however, it is interesting to scan the work of some of the Scottish horticulturists who headed for London in the eighteenth century.

John Abercromby, who was born in Edinburgh in 1726, was among the first of them. He became a gardener in the Royal Palace Gardens, and built up a wide reputation as a landscape gardener. Like all the Scots who crossed the Border in the eighteenth century, he buttressed his professional reputation by writing a book, *The Universal Dictionary of Gardening and Botany.*

Those were the days when Scots stood high in favour at Court, and apparently no royal garden was complete without one. William Aiton, who was

born at Hamilton in 1731, and moved to London in 1754, was chosen by King George III to manage the Botanical Gardens at Kew. It proved to be a wise appointment too, for Aiton made the Kew Gardens famous. In 1789 he published an elaborate description of the plants under his care, describing 5600 foreign species.

William Forsyth, who became famous throughout England in the latter half of the eighteenth century as an authority on arboriculture, and who was appointed Chief Superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kensington and St. James by order of George III, in 1784, was a native of Old Meldrum, in Aberdeenshire. Forsyth's remedy for injured wood was famous, and we pass it on to any country gentlemen who may have lacerated trees on their estates.

> Take one bushel of fresh cow-dung, half a bushel of lime-rubbish of old buildings, half a bushel of wood ashes, and a sixteenth part of a bushel of pit or river sand; the three last articles are to be sifted fine before they are mixed, then work them well together with a spade, and afterwards with a wooden beater, until the stuff is very smooth, like fine plaster used for the ceilings of rooms.

When John Claudius Loudon, of Cambuslang, arrived in London at the end of the century, he was so disgusted with the tasteless manner in which the public squares were laid out that he went back to his lodgings and wrote an article entitled, "Observations on Laying out the Public Squares of London",[1] in which he advised the planting of the Oriental plane, almond, sycamore, and other brighter trees. His advice was acted upon. Loudon

[1] George Gordon, Earl of Haddo, was chairman of the London Town Planning Committee, 1929–1931.

established the *Gardener's Magazine* in 1826—the first publication in this country to be devoted to horticulture. He also established the *Magazine of Natural History* in 1828.

Great as the influence of Scottish field husbandry and horticulture was on the sciences in England, it has been surpassed by that exerted by Scottish breeders of livestock. We see this clearly by tracing briefly the history of the breeds of cattle and horses in England and Scotland. At the middle of the eighteenth century there were no named breeds of cattle or horses in Scotland—certainly none that had shown any desirable characteristics. In pastoral England, on the other hand, many useful breeds existed at that time. The original Shorthorns, sometimes called "Durhams" and "Teeswaters", were an established and flourishing breed in the north-east of England, and a *Shorthorn Herd Book* was established in 1822. In addition to Shorthorns, England had Herefords, Devons, Sussex, Red Polls, and Longhorns, and a number of useful and ancient breeds of pigs and sheep. The English also had several good breeds of horses, the most widely distributed being the Shire and the Suffolk Punch.

That, briefly, was the position of the two countries with regard to livestock development at the beginning of the nineteenth century; but before it had run its course the agricultural world saw one of the most amazing developments that it has ever witnessed—the building of breeds in Scotland. We know of nothing quite like it in agricultural history. Purely as an artistic achievement it places the animal breeders of Scotland in a class by themselves. For this, briefly stated, is what happened. The Scottish

breeders, starting with the worst possible material, rebuilt and improved the breeds to which they were attracted, made them beautiful to look at, and then, having first established beauty, linked it skilfully with utility. It was one of those queer accomplishments that reflect the genius of Scotland at its very best.

Take the Clydesdale horse, for example. Here we have, by common consent, the most beautiful heavy draft horse that has ever been developed. The perfect Clydesdale is a model of symmetry—from his neat, small-eared head to his flinty underpinning and silky feather. He has spirit, and moves with the easy precision of a well-balanced machine. Search the world over and no horse can be found to match the lordly Clydesdale.

How was this magnificent breed developed? From the clumsy but staunch old English Shire. Both the grand-dams of the "Prince of Wales"—the Clydesdale stallion that may be said to be the progenitor of the Scottish breed—were Shires. Beginning there, the Scottish breeders, with consummate art, bred for quality and beauty. They wanted something better than the Shire—a horse that would combine beauty with stamina and weight. The ideal was never lost sight of. For years no Clydesdale was considered worthy of attention unless he had perfect underpinning and action. Weight, at first, was sacrificed to establish the foundation. There were protests from utilitarians. They cried out that the craze for quality and action was ruining the Clydesdale breed.

Then another strange thing happened—when you consider that the men involved in the process

of building this breed were hard-headed Scottish farmers. With the beauty and action and quality of their breed fixed, the men behind it turned their attention to substance, and in a few years—in very recent years, indeed—they increased the size of their matchless horses, making them the most perfect draft horses to be found anywhere in the world. The Clydesdale, to-day, is returning to England the quality and beauty that the draft horses of that country lack.

With all her breeds of livestock Scotland has pursued the same policy. Her breed of Ayrshires are acknowledged to be the most perfect dairy cattle, from the standpoint of beauty of conformation, that exist. The same thing may be said of her Cheviot breed of sheep. And when we come to the breeds of beef cattle the name of Scotland stands supreme.

For instance, take the Shorthorn. Here was an old-established English breed, but it became world-famous only after Scotsmen began to remodel it on their own lines of beauty and utility. Back in 1846 John Wright, in an article in the *Transactions of the Royal Agricultural Society*, tells us that Shorthorns were beginning to spread into Scotland ; but at the Royal Show of that year, held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there were no Scottish exhibitors of the breed.[1] For seven years prior to that date the famous English breeders, Bates and Booth, had things all their own way at the Royal.

We do not hear of Scottish Shorthorn breeders at the Royal Show until 1849, when Mr. W. Tod, of Elphinstone Tower, won the bull championship

[1] In that year, it is worth noting, the winners of the championships for Cheviot sheep were Englishmen.

with an animal bred by the Duke of Buccleuch. It was a beginning, but no more prizes were taken by Scotsmen until 1863, when Mr. M. S. Stewart, of Southwick, Kirkcudbrightshire, captured the female championship. In the following year, however, a great name appeared for the first time in the lists at the English Royal—that of Mr. Amos Cruickshank, of Sittyton, Aberdeenshire. He won the bull championship. Amos Cruickshank was the man who really created the modern Shorthorn. This man remodelled the breed, making it beautiful, and in doing so he made it a vastly better animal for the butcher. The blood of the Sittyton Shorthorns became famous. It spread all over Scotland, and into England, and at the Royal Shows of the late 'eighties and the 'nineties Scottish-bred Shorthorns were capturing their full share of the prizes at the great English show. Here is the record for these years :

Winner of Male Championship :

1888—Mr. A. M. Gordon, Newton, N.B.
1889—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1890—Lord Lovat, Inverness, N.B.
1891—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1892—H. Williams, Yorks., Eng.
1893—Earl of Feversham, Eng.
1894—J. Deane Willis, Wilts., Eng.
1895—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1896—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1897—Mr. W. Heaton, Bolton, Eng.
1898—Mr. P. L. Mills, Notts., Eng.[1]

[1] The champion bull was bred by Mr. W. Duthie, of Collynie, Aberdeenshire, whose famous Shorthorns were exported to every part of the world. Animals that show his breeding are to be found in nearly every notable herd in England to-day.

Winner of Female Championship :

1888—Mr. R. Thompson, Inglewood, Eng.
1889—Mr. R. Thompson, Inglewood, Eng.
1890—Mr. R. Thompson, Inglewood, Eng.
1891—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1892—Lord Polworth, St. Boswell's, N.B.
1893—Mr. R. Stratton, Newport, Eng.
1894—H.M. Queen Victoria.
1895—J. Deane Willis, Wilts., Eng.
1896—Messrs. Law, Forres, N.B.
1897—Capt. Duncombe, Hunts., Eng.
1898—Mr. C. W. Brierly, Brunfield, Eng.

Coming down to the present day, we find that the Scottish breeders have quite outdistanced their old competitors at the Royal. At the 1933 Show, held at Derby, both Shorthorn championships were awarded to Mr. Albert James Marshall, of Stranraer, Scotland, and out of one hundred prizes awarded in the Shorthorn classes, only twenty-two were won by English exhibitors. The rest were won by Scottish breeders.

The Scottish breeders were not content with remodelling the old-fashioned English Shorthorns to create a breed unrivalled for beauty and utility. They built up two of their own beef breeds, the Galloway and the Aberdeen-Angus, to a marvellous degree of perfection—so much so that the battle of the beef-carcass championship at England's great annual fat stock show at Smithfield, London, invariably simmers down to a closely contested duel between representatives of these two breeds. Since 1899 (which takes us back to the first year in which official records are available) the supreme honour has been won eleven times by a representative of the

Aberdeen-Angus breed, and ten times by a representative of the Galloway breed—twenty-one championships out of thirty-six. For the past thirteen years, without a break, the beef-carcass championship at Smithfield has gone to Scottish breeders. The Englishman is beginning to know where his boasted roast beef comes from—Scotland.

Indeed, without in any way disparaging the English farmer, it may be said that Scottish agriculture to-day, in all its branches, is a model from which England is deriving immense value. Speaking to his political supporters in Worcester on 23rd June, 1934, Mr. Stanley Baldwin said he was proud to belong to the first Government for three generations that had made the interests of agriculture one of its principal occupations. Mr. Baldwin referred, undoubtedly, to the vast agricultural marketing schemes which have been launched under the ægis of his Government, and of which the mainspring is Mr. Walter Elliot, Great Britain's Scottish Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER XII

"SCOTS WHA HA'E FOR ENGLAND BLED!"

It has been said that the genius of the English plutocracy lies in its ability to make the most of its subject races, and this polyborine trait is certainly discernible in the wars which have promoted the growth of the British Empire as we know it to-day. English literature is heavily seasoned with noble tributes to the prowess of the Sassenach in battle. It is he who has kept bearded and bloodthirsty foreigners from invading this green and pleasant land. It is he who has chased unruly races across snowy wastes and blistering desert sands. It is he who has braved the battle and the breeze in fighting-ships. It is he, in short, who has fought and bled to keep the old Flag flying over troublesome territory.

The humour of these pretensions is disclosed by an examination of the record of our genial partners in the theatre of war. We shrink from saying so, but the bald truth is that when they fought alone, they were invariably beaten. The Romans walked all over them, making them hewers of wood and carriers of water. In Æthelred's day, the wall-eyed Danes came over the sea and trounced them. In the eleventh century William the Norman gave them such a fearful hammering that they called him William the

Conqueror, and were tremendously proud if they could claim kindred with his soldiers. When they recovered from that disastrous invasion they spilled a lot of blood and squandered a good deal of borrowed cash[1] fighting poor little Scotland; but they got more than they gave in that long reign of terror, both on land and on sea. In the reign of King James IV, their proud sea-dogs were made to look positively silly by the little Scottish navy. In 1489 five English ships sailed proudly into the Firth of Forth and began to plunder Scottish shipping. King James, with a nice judgment, sent Sir Andrew Wood against the raiders. Sir Andrew had two ships, but he tackled the English, beat them, and took their ships into Leith. King Henry VIII went into one of his dramatic rages over it, and, swearing lustily, called for that eminent English naval strategist, Stephen Bull, and bade him sweep the scurvy Scottish navy off the face of the sea. More, he was to bring Sir Andrew Wood back to England, dead or alive.

The great English Admiral took three of England's biggest men-of-war north to the Firth of Forth and proceeded to teach Sir Andrew Wood a lesson. The Scottish Admiral went out to receive it with two ships, *The Yellow Carvel* and *The Flower*, and the upshot of the battle that followed was that Stephen Bull and his three men-of-war were herded into Dundee. King James was a sportsman. He was so sorry about the way old Sir Andrew Wood had humiliated the English navy that he sent the captured ships back to Henry VIII as a gift—and Henry took them! That was the last time that English

[1] Edward I and Edward II borrowed £420,650 4s. 9½d. from Italian moneylenders—and never paid it back! When pressed for repayment of the loans, they confiscated the ledgers of their creditors.

sea-dogs pitted their skill and courage against those of Scotland—naturally.

We already know what Scotland, with her handful of population, did to England in land fighting up till the time of King James VI. The shadow of Flodden passes by, of course, but Flodden was fought on English soil, and there never was a battle that displayed more vividly the fighting capacity of the Scot and his willingness to lay down his life for a good cause. Even after that terrible set-back, it was no time at all until another Scottish army had humbled England. It was the one composed of Covenanters, and led by Alexander Leslie. It marched into England, smashed the English army at Newburn, and remained on English soil until, by the Treaty of Ripon, peace was declared. All the time that this Scottish army was in England—it consisted of 500 mounted men and 22,000 foot soldiers—it received £40,000 a month from the English Exchequer![1] Alexander Leslie was a business man as well as a great military commander.

English historians claim that the Scots were eventually beaten by Cromwell; but that is not quite true. Man to man, beard to beard, Cromwell's soldiers were never the equal of Scotsmen as fighters. The man who proved that Englishmen will submit to a dictator as humbly as any other race was simply lucky in Scotland. At the crucial stage of his barbarous campaign against the Scots, he was opposed by David Leslie, and the Scottish commander, by superior strategy, had him cut off and faced by

[1] The presence of this victorious Scottish army in England makes a huge jest of the Englishman's well-known boast, that England has never known the foot of a conqueror since 1066.

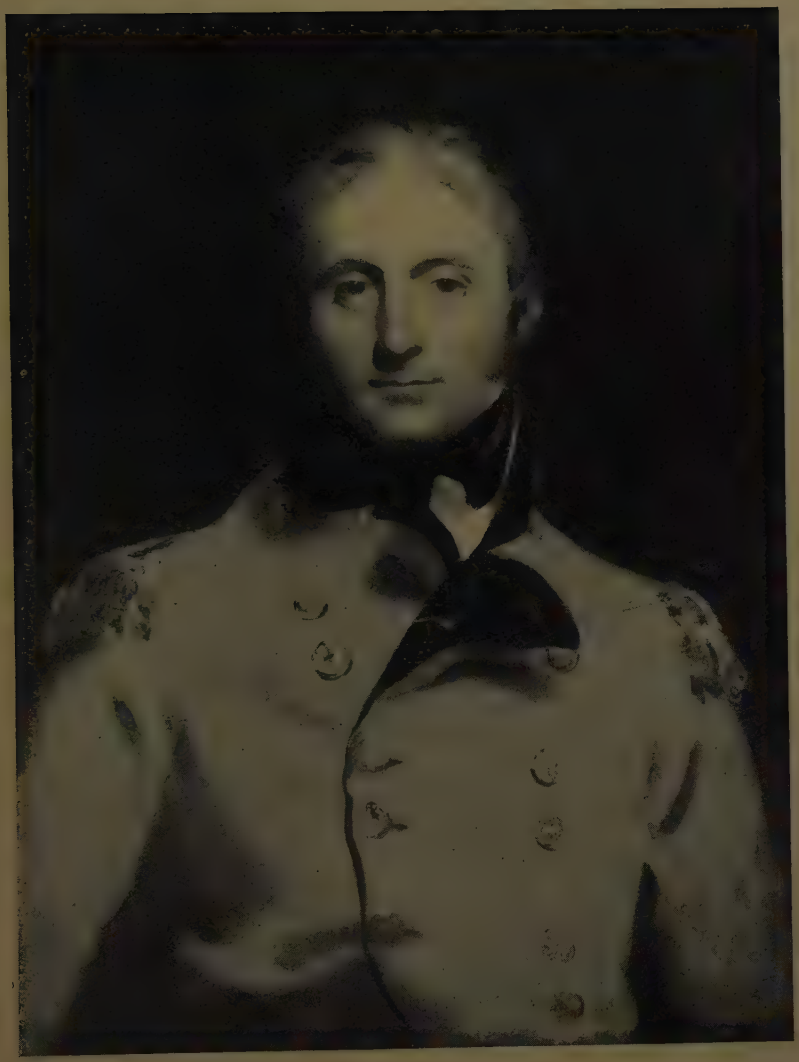
certain defeat at Dunbar. We know what happened. A corps of whey-faced and long-winded clerics converged on Leslie—if the truth were known they had probably had a chat with Cromwell—and they gave the man no peace until they had harangued him into leaving his impregnable position to meet Cromwell's cavalry on the level ground. The Scots on that occasion were beaten by English cart-horses and Scottish donkeys.

Not until England began to get the benefit of Scotland's military and naval genius, and Scotland's ferocity, did she blossom out as a real fighting nation. The curious fact has never been noticed by English historians, and the Scottish people are so excessively modest that they would naturally shrink from mentioning anything that redounded to the credit of their ancestors. It has been our unpleasant duty to develop this opaque patch of British military history, and we are obliged, after considering the result, to push Jock Tamson forward. His name is not nearly so well known in British military annals as that of Tommy Atkins, but we shall see that it has meant a good deal to England.

To begin at the beginning of England's modern military history, it is worth noting that the theory of the strategy she employed so successfully in Europe was laid down by the great Scottish military genius, Sir David Dundas. With rare judgment England seized those ideas, and Sir David's *Rules and Regulations for His Majesty's Forces, and Rules and Regulations for the Cavalry*, became the official manuals for the British Army. They guided our troops to victories right up to the beginning of the era of mechanical and chemical warfare.

England began to utilize Scottish fighting material after the Union of the Crowns was consummated, but for some reason or other the great English historians overlooked the fact. The Seven Years War is a case in point. Whoever heard of Scottish soldiers in connection with it? What English child would believe that it was not a glorious parade of English arms? Well, the war ended, as we know, in the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Six years before that happy termination of the conflict, however, there were eight battalions of Scottish infantry in the Netherlands and only seven English battalions. In the second year of the war England had increased the number of her battalions to fourteen, but the Scottish battalions numbered eleven. In the third year of the war the number of English battalions stood at fourteen, but the Scottish battalions had been increased to thirteen. In the last year of the war there were twenty-five English battalions in the war zone and fifteen Scottish battalions—surely a proportion out of all reason, considering the small population of Scotland. Still, it was a good thing that the Scots were there in such numbers, for, as things turned out, they hung on and won the war after their allies had wilted.

The Scots did not get credit for bringing victory out of defeat. They were merely pawns in the hands of the military caste who ruled England, and they continued to play that subservient rôle in the military operations of England on the Continent and elsewhere. Seldom have finer soldiers been treated in such a cavalier manner. On our own soil, as the years passed, the cool contempt of the military bureaucrats towards Scotland was demonstrated again



SIR JOHN MOORE

A great soldier, and a great Scottish gentleman

and again. One of the first things the Government at Westminster did after the Union of Parliaments had been achieved was to place all the Army contracts for Scottish regiments with English tradesmen. Prior to the Union, of course, Scottish soldiers had been equipped with clothing and weapons by Scottish tradesmen.[1]

That was bad enough, but our friends across the border followed it up by strengthening many of their own wobbly fighting units with Scottish recruits, and became quite proud of regiments that were largely composed of raw-boned men who spoke broad Scots and Gaelic! The 47th Lancashire Regiment, raised in 1741, was a case in point. The English were very proud of that old regiment. No wonder! It was raised in Scotland. So were the 55th Westmorlands, in the year 1756. The Second Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment, raised in 1782, was entirely Scottish. Such regiments as the 11th Foot, of Devonshire; the 7th Royal Fusiliers, of the City of London; and the 38th Staffordshires, were all stiffened up with Scots.

But let us get on with England's wars. Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Ticonderaga take us past the middle of the eighteenth century, and remind us that Scottish regiments fought with great distinction for the Empire in those days; but we may pass them by with a word[2] and proceed to the first great conflict

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[1] The casual attitude of the military bureaucrats to-day towards the Lowland regiments of Scotland—the finest fighting forces in these islands—is merely a continuation of the old tradition.

[2] At Dettingen, in 1742, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, commanded by Sir Andrew Agnew, were the spearhead of the British forces, and their fine fighting qualities were noticed by James Wolfe, who took Quebec with Scottish soldiers.

At Fontenoy (1745) the Black Watch smashed the famous French cavalry and covered the retreat of the British troops.

connected with the expansion of our modern Empire —the war against the French in North America.

The key to victory in that great struggle was the ancient French city of Quebec, perched far above the majestic waters of the St. Lawrence River. The city was strongly fortified, and its defender was General Montcalm, whose military genius was infinitely superior to that of the British commanders of that day. The British troops, 8000 strong, commanded by General James Wolfe, came up the river in the summer of 1759, and disembarked near the Isle of Orleans. The stage was set for the battle that was to change the destinies of the two leading Powers of Europe. Everything had worked smoothly, because the difficult task of bringing the troops up the great river, and keeping the coast clear after they had been disembarked, was in the hands of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, a very capable and determined Scot.

Displaying questionable strategy at the outset, Wolfe attacked the French capital without studying it sufficiently. He was repulsed from the impregnable heights with a loss of 400 men. Warned by that defeat, he remained on the river, under the protection of Admiral Saunders, until September. The truth is that Wolfe was getting jumpy; but the months of inaction had given him opportunities to study the remarkable position of the city he had set out to capture, and he learned, from one of his Scottish officers, that there was a path up the beetling cliffs, at the spot now known as Wolfe's Cove. Time was pressing the British Commander, for winter comes early on the St. Lawrence River, and his supplies were running out. He decided to take his troops up the sketchy path under cover of darkness.

The well-known story of the famous assault, as written for our school histories, depicts General Wolfe as the resourceful hero who carried through the daring project. The Scottish soldiers who took part in it have been pretty well ignored by English historians. It was a Highland officer, General Simon Fraser, who guided Wolfe and the Fraser Highlanders up the cliffs in the dark; and it was Fraser who, when the creeping, kilted men were challenged on the Heights of Abraham by a French sentry, replied in French—thereby giving the British soldiers their chance to silence the French outposts.

In the morning, Montcalm, already beaten by corrupt French politicians, saw the Plains of Abraham swarming with kilted men. Wolfe gave his attention to the right wing of the army; the left wing was commanded by General James Murray, a Scot. Montcalm came to the attack with his battalions of half-trained men, but he was confronted by hard-bitten Highlanders. Our musketry broke the French ranks, and then, taking to the broadsword, the Frasers turned the battle into a rout. Montcalm was killed.[1] Wolfe was killed. The command of the British Army was taken over by General Murray, and it was this gallant Scot who completed the campaign that ended in the downfall of the French in the New World.

The next war in which British soldiers defended British honour—and property!—was the short and merry tussle with Surajah Dowlah in 1764. In

[1] Montcalm was one of the greatest military geniuses, and one of the noblest characters, that France has produced. He is the only man who defeated the British on four different occasions. He had Wolfe's plan of attack figured out, but was crippled by Governor Vaudreuil. Well might his tomb bear this moving epitaph: *"Le destin en lui derebant La Victoire, L'a recompense par Une Mort Glorieuse!"*

dealing with that troublesome Indian potentate, the British War Office displayed one of its rare outbreaks of genius, for it left the campaign in the hands of a Scotsman, Sir Hector Munro, who demonstrated, in very short order, that wild men from the Indian hills can be tamed by wild men from the hills of Argyllshire and points north.

Scotsmen were not so prominent in the next war into which the country blundered—the American War of Independence. It was precipitated by a wrong-headed English King, aided and abetted by stupid English jingoes, and its vast operations, on land and sea, were conducted almost exclusively by Englishmen. A Scotsman exposed the inefficiency of the British Fleet.[1] On land the English commanders, Burgoyne, Howe, and Cornwallis, made such a ghastly mess of things that their clumsy tactics make painful reading even to-day. Highland regiments captured Fort Washington, then Howe nullified the victory by hanging back and going into winter quarters. It was just the respite that General Washington needed to whip his army together again. Burgoyne, on his way down from Canada to join Howe, was defeated at Saratoga Springs, largely because he had ordered Fraser's Highlanders to retreat. The only credit which came to British arms in that war of arrogance and stupidity was the splendid showing made by the Scottish regiments, even under notoriously bad generalship. The Scots Guards, for instance, never encountered a single defeat, and they were in hot actions at Brooklyn, Brandywine, Fort Washington, Germantown, and

[1] John Paul Jones was the Scot in question. With much smaller ships he repeatedly outwitted and out-fought British men-of-war, eventually crossing the Atlantic and successfully raiding the English coast.

Catawba River. If the men in command had been as worthy of their uniforms as the Scottish soldiers were, the American War of Independence would have had a very different result for British prestige and British power.

Having lost the American Colonies, our statesmen and militarists handed themselves some bouquets, in the form of titles, and then proceeded to wear themselves out promoting little wars that were necessary to the maintenance of our honour. We had to rush to the defence of Gibraltar ; but the danger of losing The Rock was averted by General Elliott, who did not belong to Weston-super-Mare. Then came the fearful reverses to the British Army in France in 1794, when, in that terrible retreat from Nimeguen, General Dundas and the Black Watch saved our troops from complete annihilation. We had five years of uneasy peace, then trouble broke out in Mysore. Tipoo Sahib was on the rampage. He was eventually bottled up in Seringapatam, his capital city, and the task of bearding him was given to Major-General Baird, a Scot. Baird led Highland regiments to the attack, and the fact that he meant business was shown by the speedy way he went about his job, for within six minutes after giving the Highlanders the word to go, he saw the British flag fluttering on the walls of Seringapatam.

Those were little wars, mere military *hors d'œuvre* leading up to a struggle in which England's very existence was threatened. The shadow of Napoleon Bonaparte was sweeping across Europe. It had touched Africa. French troops were in Egypt. The threat against England was plain. The British Fleet, loaded with troops, sailed for Aboukir Bay, and

there, in the face of French fire, General Sir Ralph Abercromby and Major-General Moore, both Scots, succeeded in landing their troops. They struck immediately at Alexandria, and there the battle-scarred veterans of the Black Watch stood firm against French cavalry. Sir Ralph Abercromby was killed, but another Scot, General Hutchinson, took his place, and a few months later the French troops, numbering 13,000, surrendered. The Scots had won the first round with Napoleon.[1]

The shadow of the Corsican lay blacker than ever across Europe, however. He was quite convinced that he was a superman—as a matter of fact, his methods were those of the high-pressure American salesman—and he stuck his hand into his waistcoat very dramatically and declared that Great Britain's power must be broken. *Allons!* There was, of course, the difficulty of getting at England,[2] so Napoleon, after failing in his plan to land troops in Kent, evolved his Continental System, by which the Continental countries were forbidden to import English goods. Spain stood it for a while, then rebelled. It was the spark that set Europe on fire. Great Britain, not too reluctantly, moved to the support of Spain, and the Peninsular War began.

The chief interest which this campaign holds for the British people lies in the fact that it threw into prominence two great military geniuses—Arthur

[1] In 1797, following the defeat of the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, the British Fleet mutinied. Admiral Adam Duncan, of Dundee, who was keeping his eye on the Dutch Fleet, had only two ships left, but fooled the Dutch by signalling to an imaginary fleet. Shortly afterwards he smashed the Dutch in the Battle of Camperdown.

[2] Napoleon's plan to land a huge army in England was frustrated by the vigilance of Sir Robert Calder, an Elginshire man, who commanded the British squadron detailed to watch the French armada. He bottled the French Admiral up at Ferrol, and kept him bottled up.

Wellesley and Sir John Moore—and that it demonstrated that Napoleon's sales-manager methods could be beaten by something better—real military genius. Wellesley's great day was yet to come—at Waterloo. The Peninsular War belongs to Sir John Moore, for it was glorified by his courage and his dazzling strategy. Indeed, one may search the pages of military history and not find a more classic example of intuitive skill in handling an army than was exhibited by Sir John Moore, of Glasgow, in his dramatic retreat to Corunna. Viewed from the broad angle of its relationship to the frightful struggle that followed, it stands out clearly as a set-back from which Napoleon never recovered.

The Corsican's plan was to advance rapidly into Spain with a vast army and wipe the British troops out of the Peninsular. His divisions poured over the mountains. Sault was at Saldana. Napoleon himself was hurrying inland from Madrid with 40,000 infantry and cavalry. Other French generals with well-equipped divisions were converging on the little British Army. It was a grim display of power and remorseless speed.

Sir John Moore matched his wits against those of Napoleon, and proved himself the cleverer tactician. He struck quickly at the French lines of communication, then retreated with deliberate skill and speed, keeping out of the range of the vast pincers that reached out for him, and cunningly leading the vast French armies far from their bases. From first to last, the execution of the withdrawal was a classic example of courage, skill, and endurance. Invincible Scottish regiments fought the rearguard action as the little British expeditionary force was

guided out of the reach of Napoleon's ponderous machine. The retreat was accomplished in the dead of winter, under incredible hardships, but it was the master-stroke that changed the whole trend of the struggle against Napoleon. While he was pursuing the phantom-like British Army, word came that Austria had turned against France. Like a disgusted sales-manager who has seen his whirlwind campaign fall short of its objective, Napoleon left for Paris, leaving Sault to deal with Sir John Moore.

Sir John led his gaunt men into Corunna. Somebody had blundered at the War Office. There were no transports waiting to carry the weary troops to safety. Sir John turned his face to the foe. Corunna was hurriedly fortified. The French launched their formidable attack. It was really a battle between picked French troops and seasoned Scottish troops that followed, and the cold steel of the Highlanders brought victory to this country. Victory !—but tragedy as well, for in the savage engagement Sir John Moore received a mortal wound and, with a few calm words, died. Thus ended the career of one of the few able military commanders this country has ever produced, and one of the most humane and exalted characters that have ever served in the Army.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

The scene of war shifted again. The year was 1815. Napoleon, stealing away from Elba, had set France on fire again. He had come back to his hypnotized army, and the hour had come, as he put it, "to measure himself with Wellington". The culmination of the long struggle between Napoleon and Great Britain came, with a vast crescendo of clashing arms and a shambles that stunned Europe. Waterloo!

There have been a great many nonsensical things said about the famous battle, and not the least nonsensical of them was the Duke of Wellington's statement that it was won on the playing-fields of Eton. There is a certain type of Briton who does believe that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, simply because that type of Briton finds it difficult to believe that a war not won by public school men of the right sort would be a vulgar conflict.

Waterloo was a vulgar conflict—a conflict in which the best troops of France belaboured the best troops of Great Britain at close range. It was no fit place for the young gentlemen of Eton, because staff-officers did not count at all. It was a case of batter and smash, with the odds in favour of the troops that could stand up longest under gruelling punishment. Men looked into the whites of one another's eyes. Wellington himself was up with the veterans, swearing like a trooper, and had to jump a hedge. Napoleon had to shake himself out of his Man of Destiny pose, and urged his troops forward with the dramatic zeal of a cheer-leader at an American college football game. There was no strategy worth mentioning. The armies just faced each other on the

slopes, like neat plantations of trees, and hammered away till the French troops threw up the sponge. In short, Waterloo was an exceedingly vulgar battle, and Eton may be thankful for the fact that her sons had very little to do with the beastly business.

The men who broke Napoleon's heart that day and sent him reeling towards Paris and oblivion had hair on their cheekbones and heather in their voices. They faced the best men that Napoleon could call up, and broke them. One fact emerges from the smoke of the battle—the turning-point came with the desperate hand-to-hand fight around the farm-house of Hougomont. Napoleon's brother, Jerome, was sent to take this strategic point. He poured men against it. The Black Watch and the Gordons were holding the line left of the road leading to Brussels. The troops to the right and left of them gave way.[1] It was at this crucial moment that the Highlanders were ordered to charge. The Scots Greys moved up, passed through the opened ranks of the infantry, and to the skirl of the bagpipes and the wild cry of "Scotland for ever!" the famous charge that broke the French attack was under way. With the Gordons hanging to their stirrups, the Scots Greys thundered into the French column, shattering it. The tide had turned. Well might Sir Denis Pack ride up like a madman, shouting: "Highlanders, you have won the day!" They had.

Napoleon was beaten, but he made one more

[1] Wellington made no secret of the fact that he had trouble with the English regiments. General Allan, his private secretary, quotes him as saying that he owed the victory entirely to the admirable conduct of the old Spanish infantry (these were the troops, largely Scottish, who had served so gloriously under Sir John Moore in the Peninsular), and that the other English regiments were unsteady and alarmed, and had to be handled severely in order to prevent them from leaving the field altogether!

desperate attempt to retrieve himself. The famous French Guards were sent into the shambles. The very earth rocked with the force of their assault; but the British lines, with Scottish regiments in the key positions, stood firm as the Rock of Appin. It was then that Wellington decided to advance his whole line, and, cursing at Lord Uxbridge, who did not see the genius of this masterstroke and tried to hold things back, the Commander-in-Chief drove his weary men forward—to victory.

The Duke of Wellington was Irish. He went into politics, and like most men with military minds, made a proper ass of himself when dealing with peace-time problems. It was during this unhappy period of his life that he said so many foolish things, and the most foolish of all was his statement that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. He should have known that Eton would never see the humour of it.

With Napoleon out of the way, England waxed rich and mighty. All sorts of sharp business men made fortunes in our expanding export trade, and with more money than they knew what to do with, and no idea that their descendants would have to pay income taxes, they established themselves in the fine big empty mansions that are such an intriguing feature of our landscape—and newspaper advertising—to-day. The dear old colonies, with the help of the United States, emptied these mansions by building factories and supplying their own needs; but before that happened, England—that is, the word that had come to mean Great Britain—had to fight a good many times for her struggling outposts. The fighting was done largely by Scots.

While the clouds of Waterloo were piling up, for instance, England was obliged to unsheath the sword in Nepal. Lord Minto, General Auchterlony, and Sir John Malcolm were the men in charge of the campaign, and when they called off their troops the Nepal durbar had formed a new opinion of Scottish soldiers and England had added the rich hill territories of Simla, Mussoorie, and Naini Tal to her Indian Empire.

A far bigger task awaited Scotsmen in India, but in the meantime the middle and upper classes of England (formerly Great Britain) settled down comfortably to forty years of peace and prosperity. The tocsin of war sounded again in 1854. Something had gone wrong in the Crimea—something that involved England's honour. Mr. Gladstone rumbled. *The Times* thundered. The upper classes became exclamatory, and agreed that the time had come to teach Russia a lesson.

The Crimean War was really a story of gallant Scottish soldiers in the field, capable Scottish Admirals in the surrounding seas,[1] and muddling, half-hearted politicians at home. Sir Colin Campbell, of Glasgow, was the Commander-in-Chief of the Highland Brigade, and with this superb fighting machine—it included the Black Watch, the Camerons, and the Sutherland Highlanders—at his disposal, proceeded against the Russians.

We have always been thrilled by Sir Colin's tactics, for in those days Army commanders had to expose themselves to danger. Instead of sitting in

[1] Admiral J. W. Dundas commanded the Black Sea Fleet, and Admiral Sir Charles Napier, another Scot, commanded the Baltic Fleet. Napier was treated scandalously by the Admiralty. He was succeeded by Admiral the Hon. R. Dundas, another Scot, who smashed the great fortress at Sveaborg.

comfortable quarters far from the scene of the fighting, issuing terse orders and stabbing viciously at maps with bronze paper-cutters, they had to lead their men to death and glory. Sir Colin Campbell was the last of the British Generals who pursued that old-fashioned policy, and he did it artistically, inspiring great artists to paint stirring scenes in which shouting men, neighing horses, and bullet-riddled flags are gloriously mixed up. Personally conducted battles, so to speak, with Sir Colin up in front waving a sword. Forward !

The enemy, forty thousand strong, and supported by 106 guns, had made himself comfortable on the left bank of the Alma. It was necessary to "shift him", as the Scots say, and he was shifted. The British troops, who formed the left wing of the advance, were outnumbered twenty to one. Faced by such odds, they began to falter. It was at this critical stage of the advance that Sir Colin Campbell showed his mettle, and the mettle of the regiments he loved.

"Forward, the Forty-second !" came his order.

To the skirl of the bagpipes, the Highland Brigade moved forward against twelve Russian regiments ! It seemed to be asking too much of the Scots, but they continued to go forward. They forded the Alma, halted for a while on the face of the heights, then moved forward again, waiting for the word. It came at last. The long line of bayonets gleamed, away went the Highlanders, and they did not stop until they had routed the Russians and sent them flying helter-skelter towards Sevastopol.

The war was not yet won. At Balaclava the Sutherlands had to face Russian cavalry, and they

reduced it to a disorganized tangle of horses and men. Then came the dismal siege of Sevastopol, which subjected our soldiers to unspeakable hardships and finally exposed the lukewarm and lackadaisical attitude of the piddling politicians in London towards the conduct of the war. It was almost more than the country deserved when the Russians evacuated Sevastopol in September of 1855, and many a man at home would have liked to have seen the Highland Brigade turned loose in the House of Commons with fixed bayonets. Never, in all her history, has England been more gallantly served by Scottish soldiers than during the Crimean War.

England had learned, by this time, to rely on Scottish Generals and Scottish soldiers, so when real trouble developed in India—and it did in 1857, when the pampered Sepoy regiments mutinied at Meerut, old Sir Colin Campbell was asked to take things in hand. It took time to get out to the Bay of Bengal in those days, of course, and before the hero of the Crimea got there a lot of things had happened. The massacre at Delhi was one of them, and if there had been any doubts in English minds about the gravity of the Sepoy insurrections, that cold-blooded murder of helpless women and children wiped them away. The whole of India was a smouldering volcano, liable at any moment to erupt and wipe out the handful of British people then living in the country. Delhi was really recaptured by John Nicholson and the army of Sikhs he raised. Nicholson was the first man to step over the broken walls of the city, and in doing so he was killed.

Meanwhile, murderers were running amuck in the country, and the English people gasped with

horror when the news came that Nana Sahib had murdered 122 women and children at Cawnpore. An avenging arm was reaching across India, however. General Havelock was on the way to the scene of the horror. He left Calcutta with the 78th Highlanders, and when the dusky rebels saw his kilted, hard-bitten men, the word flew around that the wives of the men murdered in Delhi and Cawnpore had appeared. They were wives from hell, as the Sepoys found out. It was said, by witnesses of the attack on Nana Sahib, that some of the Scots were crying with sheer emotion when they plunged their bayonets into the disciplined gangsters who had massacred the British women and children.

Scots had come to grips with the most dangerous uprising that the Empire has ever faced. General Havelock and Sir James Outram marched on to the relief of Lucknow; the Seaforth Highlanders cut their way through the Sepoys with cold steel, and, fighting desperately all the way, cleared the road to the Residency. There, as we know, Havelock and Outram were besieged for six weary weeks, but the Campbells were coming. Sir Colin's pipers were heard at last outside the walls:

> Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
> Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
> Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
> Stinging all the air to life.

A hole was battered in the walls of the city, and the British troops passed through. The Sikhs, with most of their officers shot, hesitated. Sir Colin Campbell broke the dangerous spell. "Colonel Ewart, bring on the tartan!" the old boy yelled. The tartan came

on, like a mob of madmen. From building to building they raced, hacking mercilessly with their bayonets, and over the insane din of the slaughter squealed the mad pibroch of battle.

It was a great dramatic moment in military history when Sir Colin Campbell, Sir James Outram, and General Havelock shook hands in the Residency; but the most desperate phase of the Indian Mutiny had yet to come. Sir Colin knew it, and he acted quickly. The garrison was hustled away to Cawnpore before the surrounding hordes of maddened Sepoys suspected that the move was in contemplation. General Havelock, racked by disease, worry, and fatigue, died on the road. Outram carried on. The crisis of the Mutiny was approaching. Time was precious. Sir Colin drove his weary men towards Cawnpore. They reached the Ganges at last, halted, then, led by the Highlanders of the Forty-second, scattered 25,000 Sepoys with the bayonet.

Lucknow remained—and the humbling of that citadel of sedition proved to be the most desperate battle of the whole Mutiny. Again it was a case of Scots against Sepoys, in the ratio of one to ten; but the veterans of the Black Watch, the Sutherlands, and the Camerons fought with berserk fury, and when they paused to wipe their bayonet, Lucknow was won. With its fall the Indian Mutiny fizzled out.

The Indian Mutiny, of which it may be said that it was scotched by Scotsmen, was the last of a series of dangerous wars in which our country had been engaged. Fifty-seven years were to pass away before the Empire was threatened seriously again, but in that long interval of comparative peace we had to defend our rights in China, the Soudan, Afghanistan,

and South Africa. In all of these campaigns Scotsmen bore the brunt of the fighting, but the fibre of the race received its supreme test in the Great War. This is what we gave to England during that life-and-death struggle : [1]

Sir Douglas Haig, of Bemersyde, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France, and the most promising generation that was ever reared on Scottish soil.

Yet the blood runs strongly still. The breed goes marching on. New generations fill the places of those who went out, with high faces, into the Great Storm. Scotland For Ever !

> Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
> We are not now that strength which in old days
> Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
> One equal temper of heroic hearts.
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield !

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[1] In applying to official Scottish sources for the total number of Scotsmen who were killed in the Great War, we made the astounding discovery that the figures are not available, and that they have never been compiled. The names of all Scotsmen killed in the Great War are preserved in the Scottish National War Memorial at Edinburgh Castle, but to get the total figures it would be necessary, we are informed, to take up residence in Edinburgh for several weeks in order to go through the Honour Rolls in Crown Square and count the names therein. Surely it is time that the Scottish people knew, from official sources, how many of their countrymen died in the Great War.

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